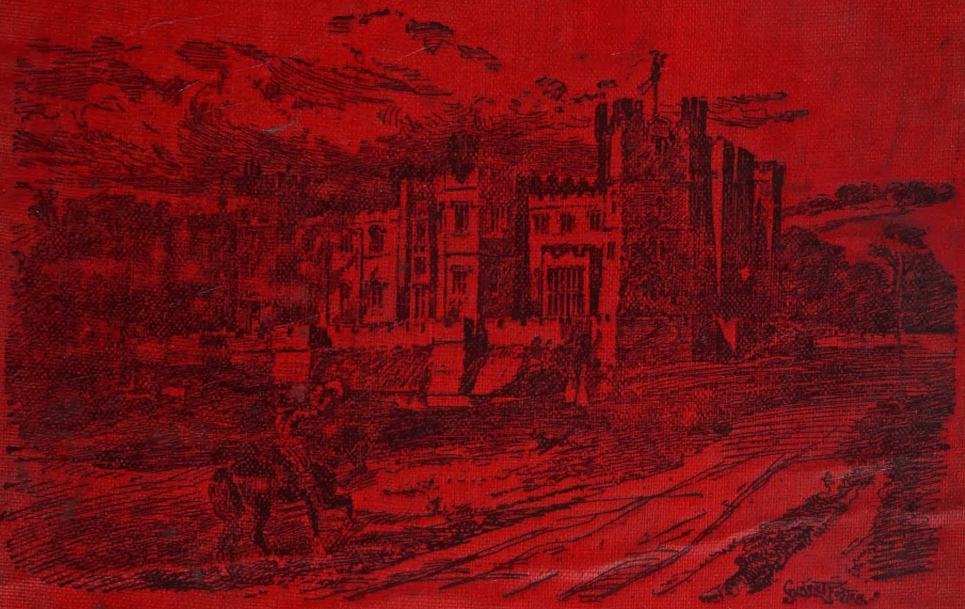
Richmondshire



By EDMUND BOGG.

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RICHMONDSHIRE.

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Richmondshire:

An Account of its History and Antiquities, Characters and Customs, Legendary Lore, and Natural History,

BEING A COMPANION VOLUME TO "THE VALE OF MOWBRAY."

BY

EDMUND BOGG.

AUTHOR OF

"UPPER AND LOWER WHARFELAND"; "EDEN VALE"; "THE BORDER COUNTRY"; "LAKELAND"; "THE VALE OF MOWBRAY"; "THE OLD KINGDOM OF ELMETE"; Etc.

WITH UPWARDS OF 230 ILLUSTRATIONS AND 7 MAPS.

LEEDS: JAMES MILES.
LONDON: ELLIOT STOCK.

OCTOBER, 1908.

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PREFACE.

If any excuse be needed for this volume on "Richmondshire," it will be found in the charm and romance of the subject as well as in the favourable reception accorded to the first—"The Vale of Mowbray." In truth, the production of both has been a "labour of Love," and over it has been expended the leisure hours of quite four years! The original estimate was for a book of some three hundred pages, instead of which, the wealth of material furnished by this old Shire—comprising the three beautiful river-valleys of Swale, Tees, and Yore—has expanded them to some seven hundred—more than double!

Surely if the subject at all justifies by its interest and importance—when the old order is so swiftly passing away—the labour entailed by its chronicling; then it only remains for the Author to tender his sincere acknowledgments to those gentlemen who have taken interest in the work and facilitated his labour in placing on record what might otherwise be lost: to Dr. Arnold Lees for his chapters on the Wild Flowers of the

dales; to the Rev. J. C. Fowler for his Geological Sketch of Swaledale; to my friend, Robert Rodwell, for several Maps and Drawings, and his interesting companionship on many a journey; to Captain Chapman for the loan of his fathers portrait; to Mr. J. H. Blackett and Mr. C. E. Cookes for Illustrations of Bedale and Richmond; and to Mr. C. Wilkinson for Reminiscences of Upper Wensleydale.

EDMUND BOGG.

LEEDS,

October, 1908

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A Geological Sketch of Richmondshire.

We often hear the remark "How dull the country is!" But, rarely do we hear anything about the dulness of the intellect, that is frequently where the defect lies.

"If the mind be blind, the eye cannot see,"

says an Eastern proverb, very truly.

One of the many things to add to the interest of country life is the study of Geology, which opens up a new vista of thought and interest, and makes every hill and valley, river and rock, a study, and every stone heap a thing of fascination. Indeed, the surface colouring of the land and the pictorial effects cannot be understood apart from such knowledge. In travelling, again, the interest is greatly increased by a knowledge of geology, which is really required to make the sculpturing of the earth's surface intelligible. "Speak to the earth and it shall teach thee" said Job of old, and his words were wise and true—as he thought of the great Creator.

It is difficult in a few pages to give an adequate outline of such a wide and broken district of hill and dale as Richmondshire. The foundation rocks of this district are carboniferous, or mountain limestone succeeded by the Yoredale rocks, and millstone grit. The shore line of the ocean in which these carboniferous beds were deposited was in the North and they increase enormously in thickness as we approach Derbyshire. They are known as Palæozoic or Primary, and are amongst the very old sedimentary rocks of the country.

The limestone was formed in a deep clear sea, far away from the mouths of muddy rivers, and contains vast remains of *crinoids*, or sea lilies (some flourish now in warm seas), marine shells, such as the huge *Productus giganteus*, *Orthosarites*, *Nautili*, *Ammonitidæ*, and many bivalve shells—*Trilobites* still survive from the Devonian period—very ancient crustaceans, in appearance like the modern woodlouse, but much larger, up to two feet in length, and marine. They literally swarmed in the earlier seas, and 400 species and 50 genera are known, their hard shells enabled them to be beautifully preserved. Corals of various kinds abounded, such as *Lithostrozion* and *Syringopora*, and with calcareous algæ (Halimeda) or plant remains formed large masses of limestone in the warm sea.

This mountain limestone extends from the Tweed to Derbyshire, and in patches in Somerset and Wales. The Yoredale Rocks of Professor Phillips are formed of sandstones and shales with bands of limestone; lead ore abounds with other minerals, filling up the cracks or fissures, deposited in veins by water passing through them long subsequent to their formation.

The millstone grit is a very coarse sandstone succeeding the Yoredale series—it covers a large part of this district even now washed down by great rivers from high land and containing remains of plants—it forms a series of wild moors in Kinder Scout and other districts on the Pennine Chain, down whose eastern slope rivers have cut romantic valleys. The great coal period now comes on when vegetation was so rank, coal swamps were forming, and ferns and coniferæ were everywhere.

The Permian period is the next, and consists of magnesian limestone, here a narrow strip of which passes through Richmondshire and is continuous from the Durham coast to Nottingham; it is worked extensively for limestone at Ferryhill and also for copper in other parts; it is the highest of the Primary Rocks; it

contains Polyzoa, corals and shells. The fishes of this period were most allied to our sharks, and were armoured with hard bony scales. The plants still partook of the fern-like character, with large calamites and coniferæ.

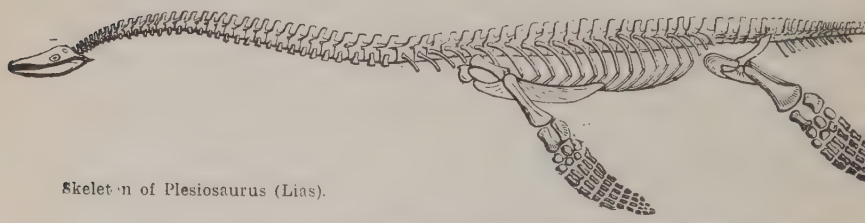
Pterodactyl (Chalk) a batlike Saurian with spread of wings amounting to 18 or 20 feet.

We have now to consider the great uplift of the Pennine Chain—the backbone of England—extending from Northumberland to Derbyshire, which occurred after the Permian rocks had been laid down. At this time the coal measures and Permian strata formed one continuous sheet, but they were all swept away from the top of this great ridge, between the Cheviots and Buxton, and the coalfields of Lancashire and Yorkshire were separated. So far we have been describing Palæozoic Rocks, as these only, exist in Richmondshire at the present time.

It is interesting to remember how different was the distribution of land and water in this ancient era. Most of what is now

Europe was one archipelago abounding in large and small islands, our own forming an insignificant one with parts of Scotland, Wales and Cornwall above the water.

We omit the secondary rocks, and how many of them once rested on Richmondshire, Triassic, Rhoetic, Lias, Oolites, Cretaceous In going to Northallerton or Thirsk, however, we cross over the great Triassic or new red sandstone rocks, which underlie the Vale of Mowbray, and extend over the Continent. In some districts, so well-known for their great salt deposits and brine springs, ranging in England from Middlesborough to Nantwich and Droitwich, the salt occurs in beds as much as 100 feet thick and was the result of evaporation in inland seas, by the side of which footprints of animals are beautifully preserved—chiefly reptiles: great Amphibia known as *Labyrinthodonta*, from the curious formation of the teeth.

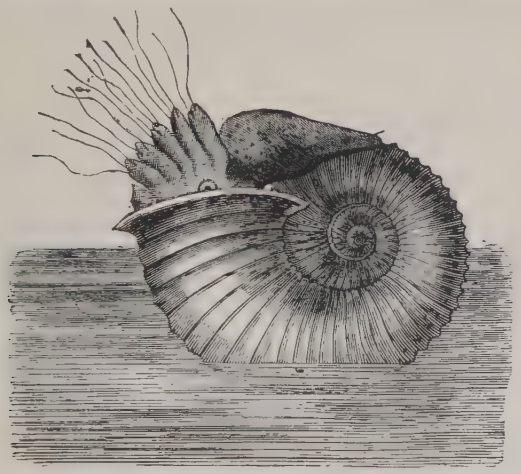


Skeleton of Plesiosaurus (Lias).

And now we must pass over vast periods of time and consider the last great geological event which left this island practically as we know it.

For ages past the great platform of Europe had risen, and it was larger as a land surface than it is at present. England was part of the continent, and the Rhine and the Thames formed one mighty river running into a small Northern Sea. The elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, lion, hyena, bear, wolf, deer, and horse roamed over our land, similar, yet different from their existing descendants. The climate began to grow colder and the great

Glacial Period came on. The general outline of hill and dale was as we know it approximately, when huge glaciers, 1,000 feet thick, came down upon Yorkshire from the English Lake district, Scotland and the Cheviots, and Norway, carrying destruction before them and leaving their moraines for us to marvel at.* The melting water from these great glaciers flowed down the Vale of York, and it has even been suggested, helped to make the English Channel. Oscillations of the land took place, up and down, valleys were scoured out, hills planed down, the courses of rivers on the plains altered in many cases, and Yorkshire came finally to rest at a lower



Ammonite (allied to the Nautilus) Carboniferous, Lias, Oolite.

level by quite 100 feet (probably much more), than before the glacial epoch. The old beds of the rivers are 100 feet below the sea level, and are filled up with drift clay brought down by the ice, thus showing that this part of England stood at a much higher level before the glacial period set in.

* Prof. Kendall Quart Trans. Geol: Soc. Vol. LVIII.

The great Ice Age was a very long one, and according to our present knowledge we may say that it ended perhaps 50,000 years ago.

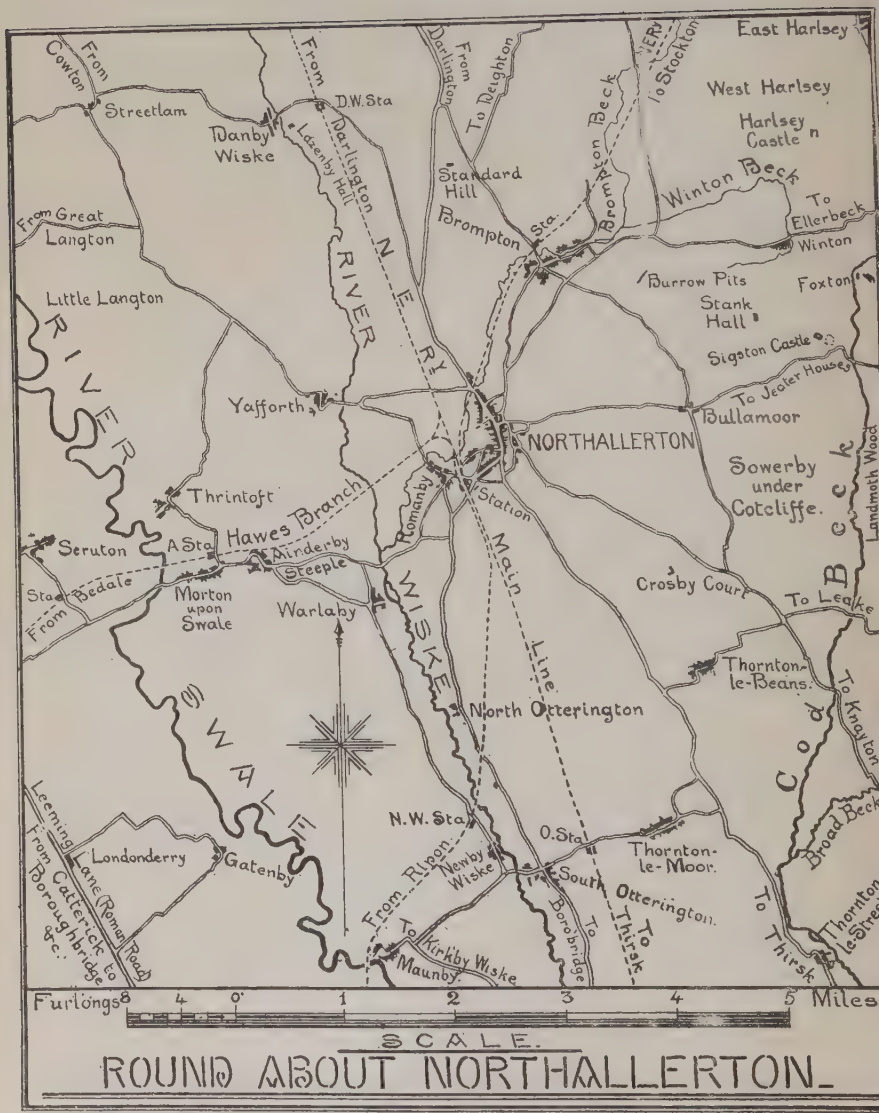
The causes of the glacial phenomena are in theory and various, one of the latest ideas being, that the sun is a variable star. These glacial periods seem to have occurred at long intervals, as indications of the transport of ice are found in the carboniferous, permian, and cretaceous times. With the glacial epoch departed the mammoth, the musk ox, the woolly rhinoceros, the Irish elk, and other animals. The valleys are still being excavated by streams and rivers, and the forces of denudation are ever at work.

Fossil remains of Elephas, Antiques, Hippopotamus, and Rhinoceros, found in the Aire Valley. See Leeds Museum.

We conclude this little sketch in the hope that, as education advances, many more people will be found to study the grand science of geology in the reverent spirit of a well-known geologist recently deceased, of whom it was said: "The face of the earth was to him the face of a great angel, with infinite smiles and anguish-lines, and profound sympathies with peace and suffering stamped upon its features; every lineament a line of tragical history, full of pathos and sublimity."

J. C. FOWLER.

Whorlton Vicarage.
August, 1906.



ROUND ABOUT NORTHALLERTON.

Richmondshire.

CHAPTER I.

Richmondshire.

An ancient Palatinate, that is, enjoying Royal privileges, imbued with Historic significance, and rich in mediæval castles and old-world places, still strong links between the past and the present! It casts a strange mosaic of glamour and incidents on spots of bygone greatness, set in scenes of wild and primitive solitude. Through this "Shire" of Eld, having birth and baptism in the grand Pennine Range of Northern England, two rivers—the Swale and the Yore—flow to their union in the Ouse, and their bourne the Humber Sea, through long leagues of truly magnificent and soul-inspiring scenery. Between this olden territory of Richmond and the broad Vale of Mowbray, lies a still more ancient "shire," that of Allerton, the pictorial features of which and its historic life we must briefly describe, to connect the two districts included in our Work.

Northallerton.

Alvertune of old, the name has now become North-Allerton, so as to distinguish it from several other Allertons in this country. The town is set upon slightly rising ground, near the confluence of two streams, and about a mile and a half east of the little river Wiske. An ancient Borough, it was long governed by a Bailiff under the Bishop of Durham, he being Lord of the Manor; and

his bailiff as his Deputy presided at the Elections of Members of Parliament. These were chosen by a majority of the burgage-holders, about 120 in number!

The town is encompassed by an area of rich and fruitful of land called Allertonshire. Formerly it was especially famed for its good markets, and its three fairs for horned cattle, horses, and sheep—notably for prime fat oxen.

Leland gives considerable aid in this view of affairs:—"From Kirby Wiske to North-Allerton, and four miles by pasture and corn ground, I marked by much of the way from Tollerton unto Wiske Bridge, most commonly called Smeeton Bridge, that I passed in a sweetly fertile valley betwixt Blackmoor Hills by east, and Richmondshire Hills by west, a good distance being betwixt them. The town of Northallerton is one fair long street lying by south and north. The parish church is large, but I saw no tombs of Noblemen in it. There was a house of Friars on the east side of the town. And but a mile on I came into the town I saw a hospital of St. John, founded by the Bishop of Durham. At the west side of Northallerton, a little from the church, is the Bishop of Durham's Palace, strong of building and well moated; and two flight shots west-north-west from it be ditches and the dunjon hill where the castle sometime stood. No part of the walls thereof now appeareth. Northallertonshire is wholly of the 'Dition' of the Bishop of Durham, and such gentlemen as have lands there be of the ward of the Bishop. These gentlemen be of the most name in Northallertonshire; Strangwaise of Harlsey, where Strangwaise the judge builded a pretty castle; Malvry, Conyers, Vincent (in Smeeton parish); Thwaites, whose house I saw on the left hand, a little on this side of Smeeton Bridge. There is very little wood in Northallertonshire, and but one park, at Hutton, now without deer. The place called Cowton Moor, where, as some say, was the field of the Standard betwixt the Englishmen and the Scotch, is four miles

by north-west from Allerton. There is good corn in Northallerton, yet a great piece of the ground that I saw at hand is low pasture and moors, whereof part bear some firs."

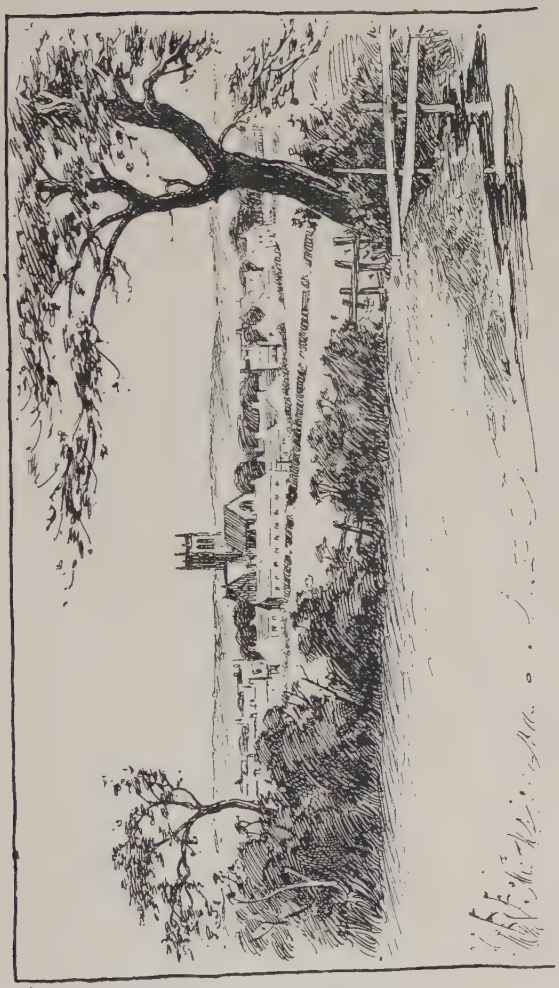
Such is a brief record of its past; times have changed, and some of the particulars, true once, are now not applicable; still then as now high cultivation and a great measure of prosperity have ever marked the place.

Recent research proves the town to stand near the site of a Roman station, and traces of this are still evident. Several relics were unearthed during the formation of the railway line which cut right through the "camp." They are mainly such as a Roman occupation would leave. Here no doubt was a Villa and small camp, where some important Roman official resided whilst overseeing administration, and keeping in check the local Celtic chieftain (or Regulus) of whose 'clan' the 'little kingdom' is now represented by 'Allerton-shire.' Such "Reguli" are often mentioned in Roman records. The Castle, afterwards built on the west side of the town, is another evidence of native rule.

Alvertune was given by William Rufus to the Bishop of Durham, of whom one was the builder of the castle necessary to check the menaces and obstinacy of unyielding Kuldeeism—one of the things which brought about the Battle of the Standard—an invasion of England by the Strath-Clyde confederacy, as hostile to Norman rule as to that of Roman Bishopry. In that great and memorable fight, Normanism and Episcopacy conquered; but the extinction of Kuldeeism did not follow, for in 1341, William de Alverton founded an Augustinian Priory—all traces of which, however, have disappeared. It stood on the east of the street on the ground behind the old Fleece Tavern. Another Monastery, of Carmelite Friars, stood in part near the house with vine-clad walls, still known as Vine House, and traces are still visible on the Brompton road. The "Rule of the Friars" was the means adopted by Kul-

deeism as a last weapon of defence against Monachism. These Friars were the 'scourge' of Monasticism establishments. In the beginning, they were beggars pure and simple, mendicants and dependents on the charity of others, having surrendered everything of property in order to preach the Good Word. Their cry was, consistently, and taken literally, true enough: "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." They were brethren, fratres, Freres, known in English speech as Friars—the Salvation Army of the 13th and 14th centuries.

The Church of Northallerton is consistent with the secular history of the town; and as to its order and parts may be a native offering therefrom. It is dedicated to All Saints, and is "large and ancient," as its dedication suggests, being the usual dedication of the Saxon churches, of which its predecessor is said to have dated from 630. The present fabric is in part Norman, suggestive of its connection with the two-fold victory of the Standard and the triumph of the Episcopacy; in other parts the style of architecture running down to perpendicular, indicates every step in the growth of the town. The church is commonly described as cruciform, but is not regular in plan; the central tower is crowned with pinnacles. Its fine proportions are discernible from a long way off as well as near hand. The tower and massive piers which carry it are of later date than the nave, and many of the stones retain the "masons' marks" through which each man's work could be identified. The oldest part is the massive arcade of the north aisle (Norman). The south aisle, arcade and transepts are later, showing the transition to Early English and Perpendicular. The noble chancel (Perpendicular) dating from the last Restoration, blends well with the great central tower; it is the fifth erection. The second one (of Norman time), probably finished with an apse, may be destroyed by the Scots in their great raids of 1318 and 1346, during both, the town of Northallerton being greatly damaged.



Northallerton from the North-West. [*Percy Robinson.*

In the north transept (the Lascelles chapel) are gravestones to this important family, who for several centuries were connected with the town. Stank Hall, three miles east, was for long one of their residences. Against the north wall of this chapel is a mural slab to a Metcalfe, which family were linked by marriage to the Lascelles. Also a very ancient chest, iron-girt, immensely strong; and likewise portions of the old "Quire" wood-work. The prospect looking towards the west door is both interesting and picturesque, the south aisle, with its light circular columns, being seen through the openings in the massive Norman pillars of the north aisle. The south doorway is a good example of the Edwardian style, and contains a "Benetura." In the south transept are remains of a pre-Reformation altar, a piscina, and numerous fragments of Runic Crosses: all these relics of antiquity proving the foundations of the church to date from the early Angle times. Tradition has it that the first church (builded of wood) was reared by Paulinus; but the more reasonable source of its foundation may be ascribed to the zeal of the monks of Iona, sometime in the 7th century.

As to the place-name of the town, by the Domesday scribe it was written Alvertune, or Alvertun, and Allertun. Simeon of Durham calls it Alvertona (the Latinised form), and Peter of Langtoft writes it Alvertoune. Gale, the historian, thought the name derived from good King Alfred—Alvredtune; against this the many other Allertons in this county are to be reckoned with, pointing to some commoner and recurring character locally, designated by the name. It may safely be referred to the salient feature of the country-side, the abundance of the Alder-tree flourishing finely hereabouts. Of old it was the Capital of a Shire—Allertonshire, and had about 40 villages and hamlets under its jurisdiction. As a writer says, "Both by prestige and reputation it can still claim to be the capital of the North Riding." Its origin may be put

down to the Brigantes, a branch of the Celts whose presence there at the Latin invasion necessitated a Roman station to hold them in thorough subjection. This Roman stronghold, though greatly altered and partly obliterated in the making of the N.E. Railway, can still be traced half-a-mile west of the town, by the village of Romanby—the Roman place of the Dane, which got its name from the circumstance of the occupation. From its ruin, out of its demolition, attributable to the anarchy following on the Roman withdrawal, arose the Anglian capital of Allertonshire.

The earliest noteworthy event in the life of the place is the raid of Beornedus, or Ernedus, who in the year 769 burnt both Alvertune and Catterick. It may appear singular that both these places are the location of a Roman camp. Alvertun is again mentioned in 865, when a furious battle occurred near the town betwixt the Saxons under Alfred, and the Danes under five famous leaders, who in this and the two following centuries frequently raided the Kingdom, and settled in large numbers in Mowbray Vale, leaving in the place-names an abiding memorial of their residence.

Of this fight, Peter of Langtoft says :—

"Till Alfred our King com Tythings starke,
That five Kings and five Earls ver comen of Denmarke
That will on him reune and reve him corowne,
With all ther grete folk that lay in Alvertoune."

The Norman Conquest and its succeeding vengeance left a pall of gloom on Allertonshire. Simeon of Durham, living at this time, says, "During the space of nine yeares the land lay totally uncult—between York and Durham not a house was inhabited: all was a lonely wildernesse, the retreat of wild beasts and robbers, the terror of travellers." When the devastation, and deluge of blood had somewhat appeased the Norman monarch, the country

gradually assumed once more its prior peaceful agricultural conditions. Ere very long the stern king was gathered to his fathers, and his son, William Rufus, granted to William, the Bishop of Durham, the 'Manor of Alvertune,' and he commenced constructing a strong castle, to rivet still more securely the gyves of bondage on the Saxon, in order that Episcopy and the harsh rule of the Norman could triumph. Allerton continued to make part of the patrimony of St. Cuthbert, that is, the See of Durham where Cuthbert lies buried, until the Ripon See was formed as late as 1836, when it was transferred to the latter Diocese.

In 1174 Hugh Pudsey, the "Warrior" Bishop, surrendered the castle to the King, who decreed its demolition. Out of the debris a palace for the Bishops of Durham was built, a palatial structure indeed, moated and ramparted after the fashion of the times, quite strong enough, properly garrisoned, to withstand a foray of Scots. To-day, the site of castle and palace are occupied by a beautiful cemetery, ringed as of old by ditch and bank. In this palace several of our kings, notably the three Edwards and King John, were entertained. No doubt the Princess Margaret was fêted here during her famous journey North to her marriage with James IV. of Scotland.

One of the more interesting houses "with a story" is that of Porch House, facing on to the east end of the church. It was built in 1584 by one Richard Metcalfe, who was a direct descendant of Thomas Metcalfe, of Nappa. In 1784 it was modernised, alas! to the loss of much of its charm. Yet even to-day, its walls seem to mutely tell of Past Days, and bear the impress, like a face furrowed and wrinkled, of great age. This branch of the famous patronymic, Metcalfe, continued to reside at Porch House well into the 18th century, Dorothy, the last to remove here, dying at Bowness in 1842, aged 88. The Rev. J. F. Saywell says, "No family of importance has been more identified with Northallerton than

that of the Metcalfs." It is interesting to add, that a descendant of Thomas Metcalfe, of Nappa, is now living at Porch House.

Northallerton consists mainly of one long and wide principal street, to which a great number of narrow alley-ways or chares give access from ancient tenements behind. The Nags Head and

Parish Church, Northallerton. [*Walker.*

the adjoining houses, with creamy-coloured walls, ancient windows, and red-tiled roofs, blends a touch of the antique on entering the town from the station. Whilst the Durham Ox Hotel, the Nags Head, and the Golden Lion (with its gilded monarch, long array of windows, and its three quaint bays), gives a further note of interest.

The Three Tuns and the King's Arms, the latter with its steep roof, are also features which arrest the observer. In the twilight, when sharp outlines are all softened, the street assumes quite a picturesque charm and character—its long irregular line of roofs, and the lights glancing from the windows and shimmering on the roadway, and figures gliding mysteriously, and the fine grey church tower looming grandly forth above the houses, is a thing of majesty and beauty for the eye to rest upon.

Apart, however, from its beautiful and commanding church, and the newly-built somewhat imposing County Council Offices, there are no structures calling for special comment, unless it be, in passing, the old Jacobean and Georgian Inns, antique galleried and roomy, in and out of which the gentry and farm-folk of Allertonshire bustled, becaped and top-booted, in the "old days" of plenty and easy going. To-day noise and clamour are strangely absent, a sense of desertion being the keynote of the place except on market and fair days. Then the old town reassumes its mantle of briskness and wassail—a brief re-visitation, as it were, of the ghosts of the past, yet differently clad.

Two of the old landmarks disappeared only in 1873—The Butchers' Shambles (the Town Hall is now on the site), and the ancient Tollbooth, which stood in the centre and at the widest part of the main thoroughfare. This last building served the triple purpose of court-house, lock-up, and place of public assembly. Before the passing of the Reform Bill it was the custom to carry the two elected Members in a chair hoisted high on the shoulders of stalwart "free and independent" (?) men. The round was from the Tollbooth to the Market Cross and from there to the Golden Lion—this ceremony being known as "Chairing the Members." A sequel to this scene was the chairing of old Duke Flower, a popular character, who on such occasions came in for his full share of mob favour.

The Fleece Inn by the Town Hall is the oldest building in the town, apart from the church, of course, and has undergone many alterations, yet it still shews externally and internally its Tudor origin. Vine House, now the Cottage Hospital, with its grape-vine clad front, is likewise still a beautiful and ornate feature of the street. The vine in 1789 covered 137 square yards, and at that time was said to be the largest in the kingdom, and had it not

The Parish Church, with Vine House on the right of the picture.

been accidentally damaged at the hands of a pruner—it is said liquid ran from the wound freely—would doubtless have been now of far larger spread. It is of the hardy sort known as Black Hambro', and altho' in the open air and so far north as this, used most years to bear fine fruit. It still lives—one can hardly say flourishes—although much shrunk, and in September, 1906, bore a goodly array of green fruit. Its age is put down at nearly 300 years.

Northallerton was formerly celebrated for the brewing of a "good strong ale," which Langdale, the historian of a century back, reproachfully asserts is much on the decline both here and elsewhere. "Northallerton in Yorkshire does excel all England, nay all Europe for strong ale,"—thus sung Giles Mornington in praise of its good malt liquor. One of those most celebrated for the brewing of this ale was a Mistress Bradley. Ah! this was in the good old days; where in these days of enlightenment can one find good ale at all? We have our supervisors, and scientific brewing chemists, etc., but the secret of the fine foaming brew has apparently been lost.

"Rich in corne lande" wrote the Antiquary of this shire nearly 400 years ago! Doubtless true enough for his day, but yet how much more so in our own! Anyone who made the journey between York and Darlington in the months of August and September in this year of grace, 1906, could not fail to be struck by the full fruition, stone-fruit and grain alike, in this Vale of Mowbray—a waving sea of amberous ripening cornland with islands of orchards wreathing around every village and homestead, grange and farm. The lush-green breadths of grass and turnip and wurtzel crops, the wheat, bronzing and heavy-eared, all asway in the breeze, shewed rich and healthy, and seemed to promise an ample wealth of yield both in cereal and fodder food. Pale golden oat-fields waved luxuriantly, rising and falling in long wave-like sweeps before the invisible wind! The pale yellow of the barley fields made a fine contrast and seemed equally well matured. The Vale was in all reality a 'Land of Plenty,' and we can the more readily realize how very accurate were the words of the old antiquary when he sketched the features of the land: "There is good corne and pasture in Northallerton."

Northallerton has links, too, with men of note in the past. It was the birth-place of Sir Gosselin Denville, a most notable

highwayman, robber, and at length outlaw, of his time—the 14th century. The Denvilles were a honourable Knightly family, by extraction Norman, for they came over from the north-eastern province of France with William the Conqueror, and settled at Northallerton. On the death of his father, Sir Gosselin (educated for the Church!) wasted his patrimony in riotous living and then turned freebooter on a large scale. (See *Rymers' Account.*)

"The first enterprise of note which we find recorded of Sir Gosselin, is one in which he was joined by Middleton and Selby, two noted robbers of that time, with a considerable force. Their design was to rob two Cardinals sent into this Kingdom by the Pope, which they accomplished with great success—not only travellers, but monasteries, nunneries, and houses, were the object of their attacks, and they were not merely content with booty, but barbarously murdered all who made the least opposition. A Dominican Monk of the name of Andrew Simpson was once met by our knight and his associates, and obliged to surrender his purse; wishing, however, to make pastime of him, they compelled him to mount an adjacent tree, and preach an extempore sermon. The monk selected for his text these words, "*A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, who stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead*;" and he commented thereon in a very pathetic manner, hoping to move the hearts of his hearers, but without success, for they were too far plunged in iniquity to reform. They continued their course and every day became more formidable, and robbed with such boldness that country seats were forsaken and safety sought in fortified cities. They defeated forces sent out to suppress them, and were not deterred from any project, either by the magnitude of the danger, or the greatness of the individuals concerned. The king himself when on a tour through the north of England, was beset by the gang in priest's habits, and he and his nobles had to submit themselves to be rifled. This robbery was highly resented, and several proclamations offering great rewards were issued for the apprehension of any or of every of them The promise of premium bred traitors among themselves, and in less than a month sixty were delivered up to justice. The last exploit of Sir Gosselin (who was also a partisan of Thomas, the rebel Earl of Lancaster) was an attack which he made on the Bishop of Durham. They rifled his palace at Northallerton (where the bishop then was) of every valuable, and maltreated not only himself, but his servants and family, and also took possession of the manor of Northallerton belonging to the bishop. His amours were many, and among them was one with the wife of a publican whose house he used to frequent, not so much for the goodness of the ale, as the beauty of the hostess. The husband however sought his revenge in due season, and betrayed the knight and his men one

evening while they were carousing in his house. The sheriff and five hundred men surrounded the party, who fought desperately, but it was not before two hundred of the besiegers had fallen, and were so completely hemmed in, that they were obliged to surrender. They were escorted to York under a strong guard, where, without the privilege of a trial, they were immediately executed to the joy of thousands, the satisfaction of the great, and the delight of the community, who waited upon them to the scaffold, triumphing in their ignominious exit."

For longevity, too, Northallerton acquired a reputation. Spite of, or on account of (who shall say?) its strong ale, its sons lived long. Very rarely do we find a man taking a wife to his bosom after passing his century of life, and yet such was the case here in one instance at least. The Register of the Parish Church records that on August 25th, 1783, George Lumley, of Northallerton, was married at the age of 104 years to Mary Dunning, "a maiden of nineteen summers." The aged wooer affixed his uneven 'mark' to the Register, and the signature of the young bride is very shaky; yet who knows but their honeymoon and after life may have been very happy? The greatest, bravest, and best Knight in all Christendom was the child of an aged father; and Abishag lovingly tended King David in his old age, the period when he most needed sympathy and nurse-like attentions, so it is quite possible that Mary Dunning, tho' history is silent on her capacities and personality, dutifully cherished 'the declining years' of her centenarian mate.

Another ancient, Mrs. Mary Cornforth, an inmate of the Union house, is also a good example of longevity: now in her 103rd year, she is in full possession of all her faculties. It is just possible, therefore, that some of the natives of this district may outspan the patriarch Henry Jenkins, who lies buried at Bolton-on-Swale. So, too, in 1721, a Mrs. Ann Stringer was buried in Northallerton churchyard having reached the great age of 108 years.

A curiously singular blend of good and wild traits in character is that of Pat Rafferty. Pat is a good-humoured, well-meaning 'Oirishman' enough, but when under the baleful influence of drink is "not meself at all," but noisy and quarrelsome. Times without number he was fined 2s. 6d. and costs, but without the desired effect of keeping him sober by lessening his means of buy-

The Old Tollbooth, Northallerton.

ing liquor. He, however, was almost polite and courteous to the Bench, and when his usual sentence, 2s. 6d. and costs *or* 'seven days' was passed, Pat invariably smilingly bowed low and expressed his 'Thanks' three times: "Thank yer honor—thank yer honor—thank yer honor." On his first appearance he was asked *when* he could pay the fine. "Why," replied he, "shure enough I would have paid yez to-day if I had not bin dhrunk yesterday!" He came so many times and oft before the magistrates, that at

length he was solemnly warned 'next time' he would be allowed no option of a fine. So, in due course, he was sentenced to the House of Correction for the hebdomadal period. Again it was "Thank yer honor—thank yer honor—thank yer honor!" Night came on, Pat commenced bang-banging on the cell door.

"What's the matter, Rafferty?" called the warder.

"Why, shure enough, are ye not afther letting me owt?" demanded Pat.

"Certainly not, Pat," said the warder, "you are in for seven days."

"Why shure I know I'm in for sevin days, but his honour did not give me sevin nights—let me owt; I'll come back in the morning," and undoubtedly he would have done, but Pat, alas! was not allowed to give this proof of an Irishman's honour. Seven nights there had to be between the seven days, much to Pat's surprise and disgust.

Romanby.

Close to—indeed conterminous with Allerton, is the little rural red brick village of Romanby. Before the railway was made the two places were separated by a half mile of pasture-land, but now Northallerton has spread to the south-west until the two are practically one. The name tells the story of the place plainly and simply—the site of the Roman occupation, and this must have been so strikingly evident to the invading Norsemen, so they coined the name Romanby (the only one in the county) which remains a lasting memorial of the Roman Camp here. It is just to the south of the Roman camp: so it is the Romans' and the Danes' place, formerly (with a long interval) in the occupation of both. The village scatters itself about a large Green which, in Summertime when the geese parade and file about and the cattle graze in groups, forms a pleasant old English picture for the mind to reflect upon, but there

is nothing of more than passing interest. To the west a path crosses the beck by a quaint pack-horse bridge, and over the meads to the Roman camp, the outworks and trenches of which can be faintly traced. The church, dedicated to St. James, is modern, but in the past there was an ancient chapel—the Romanby Chapel erected in the 13th century. This has totally disappeared, only 'Chapel Garth' perpetuating its memory. Romanby has an 'air'

Old Pack-horse Bridge, Romanby. [*Edmund Bogg.*

nevertheless—a sleepy old-world touch of distinction about its mellow crumbling brick walls, its green-mould and mossy roofs, etc.—unique in its own quiet way. The N.E.R. station and line and railway bankings have in no small degree overlaid and obscured its landmarks, but for its history there is surely enough remaining for imagination to reconstruct its life through twenty centuries.

Allertonshire in its place names is mainly of Anglian ascription, and yet singular to say, closely adjoining to its capital (North-allerton) we have a bit of Dane-land, as it were, the outpost or neutral zone of the Wiske country, and which is strongly impregnated and penetrated by the speech and footmarks of the Dane.

In 1759 a terrible murder was committed near this place. A gang of coiners were located here, its members men of outwardly reputable appearance, who had rented an old Manor Hall. This has disappeared, but it stood opposite to and over against the village draw-well. The old house, like others of its class builded in the troublous times of the Reformation, had its vaults and secret chambers. For long the gang kept its unlawful business secret. At length, unfortunately for herself, one Mary Ward, servant to the chief of the gang, discovered the meaning of the mysterious and nefarious procedures, and unwittingly told the secret to her sweetheart. What she had heard, seen and told, appears to have quickly come to the coiners' knowledge. At once, to save themselves, they resolved to murder her without suspicion falling upon them. At nightfall on the following Sunday, a man in seeming haste drew up at the door of the Manor and calling loudly for poor Mary told her he had been despatched at the urgent request of her mother (who was at the point of death), and who wished to speak with her child before she passed away. Staggered at the sore news, she hastened to her master's room to beg leave of absence for the sad purpose, her mother dwelling-place being some eight miles from Romanby. The man feigned sleep, so she left without his consent, and mounted the steed behind the messenger. On reaching Morton Bridge the ruffian brutally told her of her fate. Quickly realizing her terrible danger, she slipped from the horse and sped towards an adjoining spinney, through which ran a path familiar to her. Here doubtless as arranged she ran right into the clutches of two of the confederates. Story has it that the doomed wench

fought frenzidly for her life, but what could avail a young girl's muscle against men who feared the discovery of their crimes against the Mint, which at that period meant death on the scaffold. The girl was cruelly done to death, her arms being both broken in the struggle. Only one of the miscreants was ever brought to justice. Since that fateful night the spirit of poor Mary Ward, of course robed in white, oft keeps its weary vigil by the bridge.

"O! sights are seen and sounds are heard
On Morton Bridge by night,
When to the woods the cheerful birds
Have ta'en their silent flight.

For Mary's spirit wanders there,
In snowy robe array'd,
To tell each trembling villager
Where sleeps the murdered maid.'

Brompton.

Nearly two miles north-east of Northallerton lies Brompton—a large village presenting to the antiquary and historian features of almost unparallelled interest. To the ordinary tourist there is perhaps little that is curious to be seen, and yet this vicinage is visibly graven by the footmarks of people stretching back over 15 centuries! On its south and east sides it is flanked by a ridge, the outside brim of hill-land dividing the Cod beck valley from that of the Wiske. Its name, Brompton, may derive from its situation, for four at least of the Bromptons in Yorkshire are similarly at the foot of or below the brim of hills: Bryn, Celtic—Bram or Brim, Anglian. Its suffix, 'ton,' is of course Anglian and denotes place or town, a spot set apart for a settlement surrounded by a ditch or hedge (Tynan—a town) as a guard against wild beasts and foes. So plainly, we arrive at the name Brompton.

The village, in two portions, semi-detached, affords strong contrasts, distinct in character. The two parts are separated by a ridge, a narrow street running from one to the other over it. The part lying to the east is quite typical in its Dutch-like features. There is a very long large Green both sides bordered by houses, some of a quaint and primitive style of architecture. Through the green a broad shallow stream, the Brompton beck, flows slowly. Besides its use as a pleasure ground for children to romp over, the green—and who does not love a village green, where youth and age and happy memories of a careless life may mingle?—swarms with flocks of geese and ducks, and is indeed locally known as Duck Island from being the rendezvous of these fowl. In summer-time the numerous broods of ducklings and goslings straying about become hopelessly confusing, and lead to disputes, when at eventide some find their way to the wrong pen or hutch. At times in such cases the only course seems to be division of the hapless individual goose, as in Solomon's decision of old. But to prevent mistakes, each cotter usually puts some distinguishing mark on his bird so that strayers may be detected at a glance. For all that, many a bird provides a savoury dish for someone it was not intended for.

Near the second Green, the west of the village, and including the churchyard, is no doubt the site of the ancient Anglian 'ton.' Its foundation dates from the 6th century. On the introduction of Christianity among the Anglians, early in the 7th century, a rude church, its walls of logs and roof thatch of reeds, was erected; and this gave place to one more durable of stone, coming to an end in the 12th century, which was replaced by a Norman structure. This in its turn was 'restored' and practically rebuilt during the 16th century, and again and lastly restored in 1868. The most remarkable and interesting features of this church consist in its numerous 'hog back' tombstones or 'grave covers,'

and crosses, being indefeasible evidence of its old world existence. It is indeed singular how strongly hog-back tombcovers arrest the eye of even casual passers-by, their curious and striking shapes perhaps accounting for it, but to the antiquary they are a veritable magnet of interest and speculation. There is something primitively quaint yet strangely imposing, even fascinating, in that

Hog-back Grave Cover, Brompton. [*A. Vivian*

abiding dumb rock-sentinel, representing faithfulness in beast-life, holding grimly on by teeth and claws, mutely watching and guarding the sleepers; the tomb covers, Pagan in sculptured contours it may be, but Christian (full of Hope and Expectation) in feeling. They even seem to symbolise more than a simple cross, lasting on through the changes of Dynasties and centuries of time, unmoved and faithful to the idea of the hand and age which wrought them —a strangely subtle symbol of Death and Life combined, of

strenuous life here and enduring rest hereafter. There is, too, in them a crude semblance or suggestion of some Pagan deity, Sphinx-like, watching over the frame of some noble and ancient warrior taking his well-earned rest "after life's fitful fever"—a someone not to be overlooked or forgotten, by reason of his enduring monument, lying, a mute bulk, like the chrysalis of a butterfly, in expectation of awakening to a new life.

The rarity of these carved tomb-covers as well as the peculiarity of their shape add to their interest. In date they may be ascribed to 8th or early 9th century, some time *after* the tide of Christianity had flowed south over at least the north of England, where they occur, here and there, more or less perfect, from Upchurch in the 'Wirral' of Chester, through Heysham, Penrith, and this centre of Brompton, for eight at least fairly perfect and fresh from immersion in the soil, were found when the foundations of Brompton Church were disturbed at the last restoration in 1868. The 12th century builders of the stone church removed them from their original position, utilising them possibly to secure from their size and weight a better foundation for the walls of the edifice they were erecting. This keeping them from the destructive action of air and the weather has been the great factor in preserving them: most are as fresh to-day as when they came from the hand of the craftsman's chisel.

Four of these 'hog-back' grave covers were given to Canon Greenwell at the time, and by his instructions were removed to his museum at Durham. One can scarcely credit an assertion which has been made that if the Canon had not arrived opportunely the stones would have been broken up for rubble for the walls: one may wonder if such vandalism could have taken place at the end of this 'enlightened' 19th century.

The rounded end of each stone is cleverly (perhaps symbolically for the British or Danish Bear) tooled to represent an ursine beast. (See sketch.) Each bear is shewn as curled up, like a kitten plays, rump below, head forward and bent over on the roof or ridge of the stone. The claws of the fore arms, and in one or two cases the hind feet as well, clutch and grimly hold on to the cover, whilst each one grips desperately in its jaws a plaited cable, the ridge of the roof, which suggest the seal and symbol of Eternity, as does the Sphinx of the Libyan desert, making, as it were, a mock of Time. One of the ' og-backs ' has four rectangular panels on the side, filled in with the twisted rope work of Saxon type, usually ascribed symbolically to the net of fishermen, and associated in particular with Saint Peter.

In the church are also preserved portions of several distinct Crosses (eight or nine) of contemporary age with the grave-covers, at the head or foot of which they were doubtless originally placed. If all these relics of old-world ideas in relation to art and religion had been carefully preserved, Brompton would now possess a collection unrivalled in the kingdom—perhaps in the world. The concurrence of the interlaced scroll or ' twisted-cable ' cross, usually attributed to the Saxon age, makes the tomb-covers doubly enlightening; moreover, it is quite probable that other tombs and crosses have been destroyed, while yet more may on excavation be unearthed. From these relics as a whole we may safely infer, I think, that Brompton must either have been a notable place for eminent persons, or that some sanguinary struggle took place near this ecclesiastical centre where chiefs or leaders would most conveniently be interred. In my opinion, I suggest the sculpturing on all the stones belongs to the Iona or Lindisfarne school, and has, therefore, been the work of early Anglian settlers, or it might possibly be not residents but wandering art-masons, travelling from place to place, as we know, the Italian wood carvers

and other craftsmen did up to the middle ages from the earliest times. In type the scroll-work is Celtic, and both bolder and more regular than that on the 'hog-back' at Heysham on the shore of Morecambe Bay, below St. Patrick's Chapel there, fine as that is. This last, moreover, bears markings that, attribute them as we will

Hog-back Grave Cover and Cross, Brompton [*A. Vivian*

to Christian symbolism, strongly suggest Norse or Scandinavian influence notably in its four naked figures of Gods with uplifted arms, its tree (Ygdrasil) of life, its hound heads as supporters, its tile zig-zag on the cope for the roof of the world, its animals with long curly tails and its wide antlered deer (the 'sacred hart'). All are of surpassing charm in their varying degrees of difference, as well as the ruder or less well preserved examples thinly scattered here and there throughout the North of England and the Scottish

lowland. Yet the collection at Brompton remains without a rival, and everyone will agree in a feeling of gladness at the finding of and careful preserving of such dumb symbols, graven after some ancient model now lost or broken, that yet speak eloquently to such as have a key to their rune-like character. The Art Craft must have been brought westward with the immigrating Celt from the hieroglyphic East, and only in heraldry do we seem to-day to have any successors to their symbolism.

Hog-back Tomb Cover, Heysham Churchyard, Lancaster. [*F. Lees*

Apart from history, tradition and evidences in the ground point to three or four Battles having been fought in the neighbourhood in pre-Conquest times. These are all thrown into the background when compared with the great fight of 'the Standard,' which, likewise, took place within a mile of Brompton—in fact,

during the parley which preceded the fight the village of Brompton stood between, parting the rival outposts. There is also, both from scrutiny of the ground and tradition of the villages around, reason to believe that the place known as Barrow or Burrow-pit holes—a line of excavations in the brow of the ridge, and a short half mile east of Brompton- was formed to make a breastwork for the English army. It is the most commanding position this district affords, and whoever held it could see plainly and so be prepared against any flanking movement in the plain: the eye can sweep across ditch, hedge and lowland, to the bank of the Tees, and north-eastwards to the sea at its mouth, and west to the outlying arms of the Pennine range demarking with bluff terminations the dales of Swale and Yore. Here then on the N.W. corner of Bullamoor, if we regard tradition and local history, must we place the English army previous to the fight of the Standard. A barrow means a place of burial, and one historian says was a place of Roman sepulture, but again a barrow is an artificial mound; and yet, curiously, there are here no mounds nor signs of burial, only a long pit dug in the hill crest, which would make a very strong bulwark against an army charging up from the plain. Burrow 'pit-holes' are the local title, and the local people aver that the holes "were aal meade 'e war toime." The duplications of words having the same meaning, pit and hole, point, too, not to a tumulus or a barrow, but to excavation; and this indeed, without any doubt, is the defence work done by the English at this 'Standard' battle. We press this point because there are so few actual relics of the great fight. Undoubtedly it took place—equally is it almost a matter of local tradition, and the earthwork (tho' partly obliterated) a plain proof of a fortified position.

Burrow-pit holes being so near the village, yet hidden from the eyes of the parish constable, the place was for long, and down to 1850 a resort of sporting characters, gamblers, pugilists, and

cock-fighters, as many as half-a-dozen combats going on at a time on the Sabbath day. "Other times, other manners": things have undergone a great change, and one for the better in this respect.

Returning to the story of the battle, we must first consider the state of things which led up to the fight. It has been called the Battle of Northallerton. Buchanan says the action was fought at "the village of Allerton," but that historian is undoubtedly wrong. The Battle of Brompton would be a fitter title, considering it was waged fully three miles from the former place. Allertonshire had barely recovered from the punishment and devastation the Conqueror had meted out with merciless mailed fist; and the husbandmen there, either busy garnering their crops or looking with pleased expectation at the promise of rich fruitage later in the season, were, many of them destined to help to swell the 'Scot's pits' graves in Scots-pits Lane, hard by Standard hill, before many hours had fled, in order that a foreign feudalism and episcopacy might reign triumphant. The fight took place 22nd August, 1138. It has been known as the 'Battle of the Standard' from the fact of a Standard made from a ship's mast fastened on to a low four-wheeled car, and having affixed to its summit a pyx or small casket containing the blessed Host, having been the centre or rallying point of its side. A later monkish historian tells us that the bannerets of St. Peter of York, St. Wilfrid of Ripon, St. Cuthbert of Durham, and St. John of Beverley, were affixed to other points of this sacred pole. Early chroniclers, however, make no mention of such a combination of flag-emblems, and in the urgency of the moment it seems hardly credible that such a joining of trophies with their respective forces could have been brought about.

At this time—in Stephen's reign –England was in a fearsome state of disorganisation and lawlessness. The country was covered with castles—"occupied by devils," says one graphic recorder—

"who were, everyone, the law unto themselves and none other," whilst the vilest of Feudalism reigned supreme over humanity. Since the previous century, when Malcolm had taken Princess Margaret (a daughter of Saxon royalty) to wife, the sympathy of the Scots appears to have gone out to the oppressed Saxons, although in their raids, the robber element among them, certainly did not show consideration for those they harried of home and possessions. Another pretext for invasion, alleged by David of Scotland, was to assist the unfortunate Matilda, the rival claimant to the Crown of England.

Standard Hill Farm. [*R. Rodwell*

Before the engagement, Robert Bruce and Bernard Baliol (both of whom held lands under the Scots' King) had an audience with David, and beseeched him to return with his army to Scotland, and at the same time offered to bestow upon his son Henry for so retiring without a fight the Earldom of Northumberland. The Scots' leaders laughed this proposal to scorn. At this, Bruce declared himself absolved from any homage due to David, and his Lordship of Annandale and Baliol followed suit in repudiating

fealty; and they returned within the English lines. This incident *before* the contest must ever be interesting to the descendants of these men, who nevertheless, be it remembered, in course of time became Kings of Scotia themselves. But there was trouble in the Scottish rabble-force from the outset. Hitherto the Galwegians who fought naked, had always been in front and borne the brunt of the fray, but David, well knowing the skill and prowess of the English archers, reversed the order of onset, placing his mail-clad soldiers and bow-men in front. The Galwegians resented this change movement 'to the rear.' To appease the cabal the King vacillated and yielded after all, placing them in the fore-front. When all was ready the Scots burnt their tents and impedi-ments of travel, and amid a blare of trumpets, howls, and a slogan of "Albany-Albany," rushed to battle. Terrific was that first and wild charge, but it failed to break the English line. It was now the English archer's turn: their 'clothyard' shafts were let loose, arrowy shower after shower, a rain of missiles which stuck where they struck in the flesh of the stark ranks of the Scottish front. In their agony it is said they were soon fighting blindly without any order, killing their companions in their fierce rage. When the attack was developed it fell lightly in comparison on the mail-clad soldiers of York, though for a time the field was keenly contested. Presently the leader of the Galway men fell, arrow-shot, and his men began a retreat which quickly became general. A demoralised rout was the sequel; arms and baggage were thrown away, and they fled, scattering like frightened sheep in the hands of a hireling shepherd. Scots'-pit lane, although no doubt an ancient track over the moor, marks the line of flight and the man-hunt in fields and woods which followed, wherein all caught were killed without grace for the mere sake of killing. Some perished of hunger, hundreds were drowned in the effort to cross the Tees (where ford there was none). Yet others wandered about to finally find a grave

in quiet country churchyards. In such places as Otterington, Ainderby, and Danby Wiske, the old country people still point out "'t'soldiers' grave what fell it battle" of Standard Hill—merely a slightly elevated portion of land a mile west of Brompton, but probably about the centre of the actual field of fight. A few relics have turned up under the plough from time to time, and a curious ancient sword was exhumed here a few years ago.

From Brompton we will follow the lane leading to Bullamoor, and by the wayside we cannot fail to note alien rock boulders, 'travelled erratics' as geologists call them, brought here by the glaciers of ice covering the land and dropt here as the climate grew warmer and the icy covering melted! Over the moor we keep to the wide grass-grown green lane, with its flower-gemmed margin, where many an uncommon wilding, the Pyramid Orchis, Eyebright, Spurrey and Red-rattle is born 'to blush unseen,' and dies a 'thing of beauty' but an unrecorded joy. On our left hand, across the fields, is the site of Stank Hall, once a home of the Lascelles, two farmsteads now occupying the spot. It was on Bullamoor that the disloyal insurgents gathered their forces during the Rising of the North. At the crossing is an old hostelry, should the traveller need refreshment for the inner man. From here we descend gradually into Northallerton. The view from Bullamoor (Bull, big or large) over the town is both extensive and charming, extending, as it does, from How-hill above Fountains' to Cross Fell, the highest ridge point of the Pennine range. The great plain lies like a map unrolled before us, fat grain-land, pasture, and red-soiled arable, town and townlet; grey tower and tapering spire, guide posts each for the eye to mark the distances, with here and there a shiny sheet of water, or the sinuous glint of a beck, gliding through the lush champaign. Light and shadow, like a whirling fantasy

chasing each other dancingly, whilst rippling shafts of pearl and purple hues shoot through rifts in the silver-grey and billowy clouds from a sky half angry, half frowning and smiling by turns.

The Lower Wiske Country.

This is a district separated by low ridges from the Codbeck and the Swale. The Wiske is a diminutive thing to be called a river, but has its birth hard by Mount Grace Priory. Its early reaches flow several miles in a north-westerly direction; then with a sweep it runs directly south, and joins with the Swale about half-a-mile below Kirkby Wiske. Its lower course drains and irrigates most fertile land: John Leland first spoke of this; but our description of the Wiske country must be brief.

We begin with Thornton-le-Moor: which village lies snugly sheltered from the biting east wind at the foot of the ridge dividing the two river-basin areas. The outlook from the brow of the hill, over the village, westward, is one to long remember for its peculiar beauty and deep-toned richness. The only inharmonious note—symbol of modernity—is the huge tower-like Baxter's 'Celebrated' Brewery. There is a story that when it was in course of erection, the Archbishop chanced to be passing in the train, when the rising tower caught his eye. Full of wonderment: "Dear me!" he is reported to have said, "I wasn't aware of any such church tower being built in this part of the Diocese." However, Thornton is not behind the times—it has a neat Church and a large Brewery, and the ales here have a fine flavour, due, I am told, from the special quality of the water derived from the gypsum in the adjoining hills. There are a few superior houses in the village, and others antique and picturesque. The aspect is pleasing: every cottage has its long strip of garden fenced in, gate to the road, on both sides of the street. In the flood-tide of Summer, when trees are in full leafage, and the gardens parti-

coloured with blossom, the scene is very pleasant to the eye. It was not so always: a large green spread to the very cottage doors, and the befouled waters of an open ditch or drain slowly filtered through margins of mud and filth, for ducks and geese to revel, and grunters to wallow in. This was in the days of cock-fighting and badger baiting, for which it had a far-spread renown. Baronets, Squires, and well-to-do's came in spanking equipage and on horse-

A Street View, Thornton-le-Moor.

back, and the poor people from far and wide to be in at the sport. Ah well! it is refreshing to know the 'fine doings' that took place here, in this connection, are now and for long only a memory.

Aye, and far worse things than those mentioned were enacted here. During the reign of Edward I. the powerful Richard de Malbis was overlord of this place. The Malbises were a notable race, and their homeland was by the Ouse banks at Acaster, in the Ainsty. In the days of the Norman Kings they claimed free right

of Gallows, and so did Richard, Lord of Thornton, too. His dealing of 'summary' injustice—sentence before trial—towards the oppressed people became notorious. In the end, Richard had to answer before the King for his crimes, and violation of Magna Charter. In defence he boldly claimed Right of Gallows at Thornton-le-Moor, as what he and his forbears had held and used since the Conquest. And it was true. For over 200 years the Malbises had the right to put to death at will the churls and serfs of their lordship! In strong-handed Edward's day, the 'right' began to be questioned. Here at Thornton, it seems, the Malbises had not only the 'Deadly never-green,' but also a tumbril and a pillory. The cross-tree was the chief instrument of execution, which meant that any poor man (or woman for that matter) might be strung up for the most petty crimes, without trial by jury, at his whim! What might we expect of such old-times, however, when even some years later the Archbishop, who was pre-eminently "a man of gibbets," which he declared he had used 'Ab antique'—from antiquity. This, when speaking of his 'rights' in 1293! Evidently Edward was waking up—looking into matters. Strange evidence, this, of an Archbishop—"a man of peace and love." But let us hope he tempered his justice with abundant mercy. Richard de Malbis (the dark or swarthy) was the last of his family who dare assert this 'Gallows right.'

Other ignoble instruments in use here, were the tre-bucket, the fossa (or water pit), and later, the ducking-stool for scolds. 'Tis well for us that such contrivances are obsolete, an appanage of those "good old times" one reads of, and so rarely experience in the 'new.' Even the stocks which stood here, and are perpetuated in the name Stocks hill, have disappeared; and, as we said, beflowered homesteads border the King's highway, in this day (of the Seventh Edward's) grace, and the dawn of a Twentieth Century.

The Domesday scribe refers to this place as "Torentune"; in the early 14th century, it was written Torenton-in-mora, and later Super-moram, last of all, Thornton-le-Moor. The name bespeaks its origin—the Anglian 'ton' (town) on the moor, whatever 'thor' or 'tor' might be, a proper name or the quickset thorn, so suitable for a fence or hedge by reason of its thorns. A 'ton' is a hedged or paled-in place—for mutuality of protection set in a waste of unreclaimed forest or moorland. This the 'Super-moram' and 'le Moor' plainly point to.

At what period the old Chapel of Ease was founded, there is no record. Certainly the village had one in the later Norman Era, for in 1208, in a confirmation of a grant of King John to the Bishops of Durham to St. James' Hospital, there is made a mention of the Chapel of Thornton 'on the moor,' and of the Chapel of 'Thornton Super-vivarium'; and a most graphic picture of the past is the description of this notable grant. It tells of mills and lands, piscaries and pools, vivariums, forests and furnaces, towns, village and chapels fromage, soke and dues. Nearly all the above places can be traced at present. The church here is now the Parish Church, of the large parish of North Otterington, with its three churches, of which the Revd. Thomas Parkinson has been for over 35 years the respected vicar, and resides here. He is author of "Yorkshire Traditions," "Lays and Leaves of the Forest," "Washburndale," etc., and to him the writer is indebted for much information relating to this district.

'Bauld Willie,' as the Scots named him, better known as Belted Will, Lord of Naworth and Warden of the Marches, was the lord of this place in the 16th century, and the name of the Malbises and that of Belted Will shed in their differing ways some light and lurid lustre of romance on the district, albeit they were both apt to accord to such who came into their clutches very short shrift, reminiscent of Jedburgh justice, and Lydford's 'Law,'

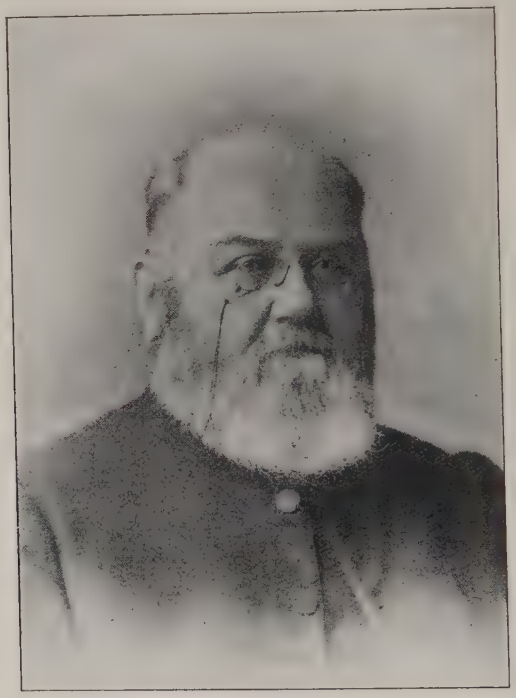
"Where in the morn men hang and draw;
And sit in judgment after."

From here a mile and a half S.E. is the hamlet of Thornton-le-Street, but it lies outside the Wiske country. Here are an ancient church, an old Manor house, and a length of the Roman road is still plainly visible. The Hall is the residence of Earl Cathcart, a descendant of the Earl of Murray, an ancestor of his, who raided so ruthlessly and wellnigh devastated the very demesne that his descendants in after centuries became possessed of! Such is the whirligig change which time and circumstance bring about. Further north, off the main road, stands Thornton-le-beanes, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Northallerton. It is a quiet rurality, yet with a life lingering on from Anglian times to To-day. In the Confessor's day it was in the hands of Turkill, son of Thorald—names suggestive of its first founders. In Domesday it was written Gristorentun. The present Chapel of Ease is an 18th century structure. The inhabitants chiefly live through agriculture, tho' formerly in 'pin-fold' and 'pound' days, nearly half the people were engaged in hand-loom weaving, or in the preparation or 'heckling' (dressing) Flax. To-day, the number so employed in all Allertonshire is only four persons: Change everywhere, hereabouts! The old stage-waggons and the smocked waggoners have gone, so have the coaches, to be replaced by that malodorous abomination, the motor car. A few more years and the last of the linen weavers will have gone the way of all flesh, with him, the whirr of the shuttle and the secret of the craft.

North Otterington.

This parish is situated in the fruitful plain of the Wiske (that tiny river flowing just a little to the west), and is in shape like unto a leg of mutton, including Thornton-le-Moor and Thornton-le-Beanes the old church being at the knuckle end of the leg. At the present

time there is no village worthy the name, only a tradition, akin to that about Leake, that the place was formerly far more populous than now. This isn't quite without foundation; the fields north and east of the church show mounds suggestive of founda-



The Rev. Thomas Parkinson.

tions of perished buildings. It may have been one of the villes destroyed at the Conquest, or burnt during the great raid of the Scots after Bannockburn. In a list of ruined villages made after this raid, that of North Otterington is named. Another "old legendary tale" is, that a number of Scotchmen, who in their

errorised flight had strayed (probably from the field of battle—Standard Hill), coming to the Wiske and not able to ford, wandered south and lost their lives, and found a grave about the Otteringtons and Kirkby Wiske. The natives still point to spots near the churches where large quantities of human bones have at times been unearthed. Very strangely mysterious seem these unauthentic half-probable legends of flights, fights, and finally, burial! Again, the change or rather reversion of custom to cremation was to come. Then, as now, burning and cinerary urns were only for the rich. All the available data point to an unsettled state of Society, order and barbarism, feud and foray, mad thirst for revenge, and indiscriminate plunder of hearth and home.

The Revd. T. Parkinson says, that sites of other supposed lost villages are known. One is Coktune, and is actually mentioned in Domesday Book as within the Soke of Northallerton. The socket of an ancient cross, and the name Stock hill seem to bear out the story. The cross may have been one set up by the followers of St. Aidan to indicate the site of an intended church.

The real history of Otterington centres around its Church, which for 800 years or more was the mother church of the parish, but since 1868 has been a Chapel of Ease, subordinate to its daughter church at Thornton-le-Moor. The foundations go beyond Norman times undoubtedly. It is dedicated to St. Michael the Archangel, and this fact, with the fragmentary crosses discovered during the renovation of 1871, no doubt leans towards a Saxon origin. The first church appears to have come to an end before the 12th century, replaced by a late Norman edifice. Concerning this there is yet another tradition akin to the Leake one, viz., that the builder intended to have raised it at a place near Perry-trough which is the socket of an old cross, as already mentioned, but that the material brought hither in the daytime was mysteriously removed, unseen of eye, during the night, to the site of the present church.

A mile south is the more important village, South Otterington, by the highway leading to Northallerton and five miles distant from that place. The etymology of the place-name of the twin villages is rather puzzling, particularly in the prefix 'Otter.' Was this from the tribe the Otterings, sons of Othere or Otter, who, according to Pagan rune, was descended from that creature the Otter, half fish half animal, whose name he bore? Or has the name come from Otho, a personal name; the 'ings' and 'ton' are alike easy of understanding if this be so—the enclosure of the tribe of Otho. Of course the more obvious 'ing'—a meadow—must not be forgotten, but to-day the terminal 'ing' (as in Storthing) means the meeting place of a Parliament.

The church, dedicated to St. Andrew, is modern, with tower and slated spire and is the third structure that has stood on the site. It dates back to Norman times, as the roll of Rectors shows, one being Tho-de-Askham, rector of the first mediety in 1349. In all probability this man was a forbear of the celebrated Roger Ascham, who hailed from this very district. Anciently the territorial owners here were of mark and distinction. A survey of the parish shows conclusively its natural divisions and strongly-moated sites. This kind of defence by moat and vallum would be easy enough to make by reason of its proximity to the Wiske. In a field north by west of the church, the ditch and bank of a mediæval Hall is very apparent, likewise the location of ancient gardens, with their terraced parterres and landers (water cuts) of the Tudor period. The village proper had its moat as well—an effective defence in olden times against the marauding Scot. The Byland monks, too, had a 'grange' here, and the remains of their large vivarium (a water-pound to retain fish alive), doubtless a gift to them from the Bruces of Skelton. The Fauconbergs, the Malbises, the Talbots, and the Herberts all at one time or another held lands in this parish. Nearly all the

villages hereabouts on the east bank of the Wiske bespeak in their names Anglian foundation---Thor or Tor, and Otho and Otter and their tribal description the Otterings, one and all are unmistakably of Angle origin.

Let us now cross the Wiske to the west bank at Newby-Wiske, a few hundred yards away, the terminal 'by' indicating that here the Danes were concerned in the founding. From Melmerby and Baldersby on the south to Danby Wiske and Birkby on the north,

Newby Wiske

a distance of 16 or 18 miles, nearly every place-name betrays Scandinavian occupation; whilst, strange as it may seem, in the little river the Wiske the tongue of the Celt is revealed, and although explained by the fact that the natural features, hills, rivers, etc., of a country got their appellations at the hands of the earliest colonists, it is none the less interesting and instructive that such a narrow water-way should define and limit so clearly the Anglian

district of Allerton from that of the Dane or Skane on the west bank, and written so clearly that those who run may read.

At three or four successive periods the hardy and adventurous Danes and Norse Vikings, swarmed on our shores like busy bees, and those who came at first to plunder, remained to further cultivate and develop the lands they found so amenable to their toil in husbandry this district to the west of the Wiske, and rich in consequence of their incursions in names traceable to their settling down to a pastoral and agricultural existence. This was the period when a Viking immortalised himself by carving in Norse characters on the stonework of Carlisle Cathedral the inscription—"DOLFIN WROTE THESE RUNES ON THIS STONE." Once settled, the Danes soon laid aside axe and pike, except in self-defence, and took to ploughing digging and draining the land of the dispossessed Saxon, or that which they were indisposed to cultivate, and we think it reasonable to conclude that this long strip of country on the western bank of Wiske was (for most part) on their advent a wild forest or marish region in virgin state: many a village and farm springing up on it, and prosperity following. Few richer tracts can be found to-day than that betwixt Swale and Wiske, as the result of those early pioneers busy in those early days breaking up the earth, dyking, planting and building their homes and rearing their churches where the communities were thickest. A pleasant thought that the men of York to-day owe something to an alien horde who, whatever their first intention, remained to bless the land.

Situate on the west bank of the little river from which it gets its name, Newby-Wiske is peaceful, pretty and rural, with a long 'Green,' fine trees and imposing mansions on the s.w. On the east the cottars' gardens nearly reach down to the Wiske serpentining slowly through the rich alluvial soil to join the Swale three miles below. Treasure-trove, in the shape of a red clay jar, containing 270 silver coins, was discovered under a thorn

tree in Wandel field, on the estate of John Rutson, Esq. The coins were of the reigns of Elizabeth, James I., Charles, and Philip IV. of Spain. How the jar came to be secreted in such an unusual place is a mystery, though doubtless hid during the unsettled period of the Civil Wars and Commonwealth.

Kirkby Wiske is two miles further south, and lies half circled by the river, which here flows through willowy banks: its name tells its tale—another bit of Dane's-land. This village has specially picturesque features, as seen from several standpoints, with its church's embattled grey tower rising massively and impressively above the cottage roofs. The church is of old foundation, its beginnings witnessed the days of the Sea Kings, but the first edifice was replaced by a Norman structure; little of this even remains. Dead have been brought here for burial probably for more than a thousand years, with the result that the churchyard is heaped up as if it were a tumulus. The grandly typical carved Norman doorway, with chevron ornamentation and the heads of demonical beasts, is a survival of the Norman structure. In the walls of the chancel are triple sedilia, a piscina, and canopies for figures on each side of the east window. There is likewise what seems to have been an altar-tomb, a recessed arch, with crocketted canopy. There are many such arches in the north walls of chancels in our churches—one in the same position may be seen in Easby Church, to be described later. Such arches are known as 'Founder's Tombs,' but as there is no effigy in this instance, it may have been used for the Easter Sepulchre. There is a beautiful mural monument "*To Fanny, the wife of Francis Arthur Edward Samuelson, who died July, 1897.*" Another reads, "*Here lyeth the body of W. Christophere Carter, the husband of Isabella Carter, of Kirkby Wiske, who died in Christ, the 5th day of June, in the year of our Lord God, 1688.*

This stone must lie
Till I his wife doe dye."

The church has undergone many changes, and from evidence of fire, it may have been used as a place of refuge during the Scottish raids. It stands, as we have said, on a small rounded eminence, a kind of natural tumulus for the thousand Christian dead who sleep by its walls.

Kirkby Wiske. [*R. Rodwell.*

All around the village the footprints of old race occupants are indelibly graven in the soil in shape of ancient camp lines, works of fortification, or of sepulture. When excavating near the bridge, quantities of bones of both wild and domestic animals were exposed, and in making foundations for the rectory, between 40 and 50 skeletons were laid bare, disposed face downwards, as if hurriedly interred after some skirmish. Natives still speak with bated breath of "awful deeds which happen't here et war taam."

Immediately N.W. of Kirkby the land rises a few feet, and becomes a large level plateau, which has once been surrounded by moat and rampart, enclosing also the present village at its south-east corner (and the river Wiske, with its vertically steep banks, said to be the most sluggish in Yorkshire, anciently here far wider and slower-flowing still, eddies and curls oilily through reeds, willows between slimy mud banks), formed an impassable barrier on the east. The encampment I consider to be the original settlement of the Dane after their raid into the Swale country. The situation is a strong one from the military point of view, being practically cut off on three sides by the Wiske and the river Swale. Every yard of ground about here bears the visible impress of history, rival feud or frontier strife.

Kirkby is the birthplace of several notable men. As a scholar and writer the name of Roger Ascham stands first, a classic in pure English not yet surpassed. His advice to authors is worth quotation :—

"He that will write well in any tounge must take the council of Aristotle, to speak as the common people do; think as wise men do, and every man should understand him; and the judgement of wise men follow him. Many English writers have not done so, but, using strange words, do make all things dark and hard.

"Once I communed with a man who reasoned the English tounge to be enriched and increased thereby, saying, 'Who will not praise that feast where a man shall drink at dinner both wine, ale, and beer?' 'Truly,' quoth I, 'they be all good, everyone taken by itself alone, but if man put Malmsey and Sack, red wine and white, ale and beer, all in one pot, you shall make a drink neither easy to be known nor wholesome to the body.'"

Sound argument, methinks, forgotten or unwotted of in these later days of fine writing; and yet as our vocabulary grows by contact with foreign elements inevitably as it does, and has done for three hundred years, it becomes more and more difficult to speak or write without using words whose roots are aliens.

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But it would be well to quote a passage taken from Ascham's "Toxophilus," describing the Wind in a snow storm, as if he could see it, the occasion being a journey he made from Kirkby Wiske to Boroughbridge :—

"To se the wynde, with a man his eyes, it is vnpossible, the nature of it "is so fyne, and subtile, yet this experience of the wynde had I ones my selfe, "and that was in the great snowe that fel. iiii. yeares agoo : I rode in the hye "waye betwixt Topcliffe vpon Swale, and Borowe bridge, the waye being "sumwhat trodden afore, by weye fayrynge men. The feeldes on bothe sides "were playne and laye almost yearde depe with snowe, the nyght afore had "ben a little froste, so yat the snowe was hard and crusted aboue. That "morning the sun shone bright and clere, the winde was whistelinge a lofte, "and sharpe accordynge to the tyme of the yeare. The snowe in the hye "waye laye lowse and troden wyth horse feete : so as the wynde blewe, it "toke the lowse snow with it, and made it so slide vpon the snowe in the "felde whyche was harde and crusted by reason of the frost ouer nyght, that "thereby I myght se veiye wel, the hole nature of the wynde as it blewe yat "daye. And I had a great delyte and pleasure to marke it, whych maketh "me now far better to remember it. Sometyme the wynd would be not past. "ii. yeardes brode, and so it would carie the snowe as far as I could se. An "other tyme the snowe woulde blowe ouer halfe the felde at ones. Sometyme "the snowe woulde tomble softly, by and by it would flye wonderfull fast. "And thys I perceyued also that ye wynd goeth by streames and not hole "togither. For I should se one streame wyth in a Score on me, than the "space of ii. score no snowe would stirre, but after so much quantitie of "grounde, an other streame of snow at the same very tyme should be caryed "lykewyse, but not equally. For the one would stande styll when the other "flew a pace, and so contynewe somtyme swiftlyer sometime slowlyer, some-"time broder, sometime narrower, as far as I could se. Nor it flewe not "streight, but somtyme it crooked thys waye sometyme that waye, and "somtyme it ran round aboute in a compase. And somtyme the snowe would "be lyft clene from the ground vp in to the ayre, and by and by it would be "al clapt to the grounde as though there had bene no winde at all, streight-"waye it woulde rise and flye agayne."

The country between Kirkby Wiske and Ainderby Steeple is finely undulating, with park-like lands and woodland cover, as, for instance around Newby Wiske. From Kirkby we journey north from Wiske to Swale, in a mile or so reaching Maunby,

a pretty bit of rurality, and one carrying in its name a double burden of word-lore. In its prefix 'Maun,' equal to 'maen' —a boundary, or pillar or cairn of stone—it is purely Celtic; in its suffix 'by,' as indubitably Danish. Here by the entrance is the Mansion house and pleasure grounds, with a double row of linden trees in front. On our visit this spot was a blaze of massed autumn foliage, every tint in the scale of leaf-hue, from Virginia creeper crimson to the wan yellow of elm and poplar. The village street is wide, the houses scattered, and the whole aspect clean and healthy. The small green at the west end appears to have formerly been moated. Nor is the sunlit Swale which here flows past set deep in its banks, without charm in its coy and retired curves, overhung by willows, ash, alder and elm in its silent windings.

The Swale at Maunby. [*Edmund Bogg*

In our path to Ainderby we pass High and Low Sowber, situated in the fat cornlands of the Swale. At Sowber Hill, the home of the Huttons, there is a natural curiosity known as a "Blowing Well." The shaft of this well irregularly and alternately audibly belches out and sucks in atmospheric air. The sounds are supposed to be due to caverns or subterral passages and cavities in the magnesian-lime stone, the beds of which here underlie the red sandstone of the district. There are other wells in the vicinity behaving similarly.

We now pass Warlaby, a small rural village, resting on the rich grassland and tilth of the west bank of the Wiske. Its name is a singular one. Whether its prefix signifies War or Whorl we leave our readers to decide.

Ainderby Steeple is nearly three miles south-west of Northallerton, and its church tower is a well-known mark in the landscape for miles around. It stands most commandingly, and the lofty tower, as descried from afar, gave to the place its distinctive title of Steeple, to distinguish it from other Ainderbys in this district, with the Danish 'by' for suffix. The Domesday book form of the name is Andrebi, in the Soke of Alverton, and in the Confessor's reign a Thane (Torchil) was chief possessor. He had six carucates of land here, and there was a church at that early period. The church is dedicated to St. Helen. It has been judiciously restored, and contains several objects of interest. This village too, has its 'green,' and a large one, doubtless playing no less a part in the local history of old and young than the rest of its kind—a feature in middle-English days and nights on which it would be easy to enlarge. Fine trees and several quaint houses, with Ainderby Hall and its background of wood, all combine to make up pleasant pictures.

Morton on Swale, near that river as its name shews, has a good

bridge, and the Manor house is an interesting-looking structure, with its huge chimneys and heavy mullions.

The west bank of the Swale in this neighbourhood will come in for description under Bedale. From here we turn towards Danby Wiske, with just a peep at the ancient village of Yafforth,

The Church, Danby Wiske. [*Edmund Bogg*

1½ miles from Northallerton. Its chapel of All Saints is a modern structure on old foundations. The old Hall, an ivy-covered antique, is picturesque of aspect. Near the Wiske is an eminence, How Hill—looking as if it were a huge tumulus its summit having been trenched for defensive purposes.

Danby Wiske.

This is a small village on the west bank of the Wiske, four miles north-west of Northallerton, bearing in its name, we should have thought, the ancient family of the Danbys. But whether they took their name from it, or gave theirs to it, the fact remains that the Domesday scribe in the 11th century writes the name Danebi, and thus reveals (like Romanby) the people who founded the place. The Wiske glides through the shallow dale between the old hall and the village proper, with osiers and willow-weed for margin, and old railings leaning ricketty this way and that along the bank top, forming many a suggestive little country picture, especially when we recollect that it flows on "for ever," still bearing its old British name—"Uisge," water.

The village has little that calls for attention, except the church, which is an 'ancient,' and set in a large God's acre, dyked round, as it is exposed to flood. The architecture is chiefly 14th century, but a Norman porch and font prove conclusively its founders. Over the porch is a semi-circular Tympanum, on which are three rudely carved figures, a work doubtless of great antiquity, and one which has given rise to no small amount of conjecture amongst antiquaries One view is that it symbolises the Angel of Judgement weighing in balance the good and evil deeds of a soul, and the Angel of Mercy in the act of supporting the scale laden with sin, as if to tip the scale-pan back in favour of the good deeds of an accused.

The interior consists of nave, north aisle, chancel, and south porch, and west tower. There is also a massive Norman font and an Aumbry. Over the door to the tower stairs is a sculptured flagstone reversed, as lintel, of a female in full 13th century costume (low relief), a rare piece of work for that early period. The north aisle had additions and alterations in the 14th century,

and the chancel and tower are of that period. The exterior of the fabric is impressive and venerable.

To the east and west of this village on the higher ground, are foundation marks of ancient occupation. On the high east bank this is particularly noticeable– evidently there has been here an ancient stronghold, giving place to the present Manor Hall, now grey with the lichens of many long years.

One and a half miles north is Hutton Bonville, once the home of that ancient knightly family of Conyers, whose daring deeds during the 'Border' Warfare are told in song and story--true old reivers they were. It was Sir John of this ilk who, according to legend, slew "the monsterous, venemous, and poysonous Wyvèron, wyvern or worm," which is said to have devoured so many people. The church of St. Lawrence is a plain structure, but the site is ancient.

Further north there are several places of interest, Birkby, the two Cowtons, and Appleton Wiske further east. The constable and inhabitants of Birkby were charged, with those of other places, at Quarter Sessions, Richmond, July 14th, 1609, with "not keeping the Night Watch." Clearly even in that day there was necessity for the night guardian. At East, or more locally known South Cowton, there is a fine church. The porch has a parvis, and over it are the arms of the Conyers; the chancel contains three alabaster effigies, two of which represent females, one being that of Lady Alice Conyers. The effigy of her husband (the founder of the church), is in full armour, and wears a Sanctus collar. A few hundred yards from the church are the remains of Cowton Castle, also said to have been built by Sir Richard Conyers.

CHAPTER II.

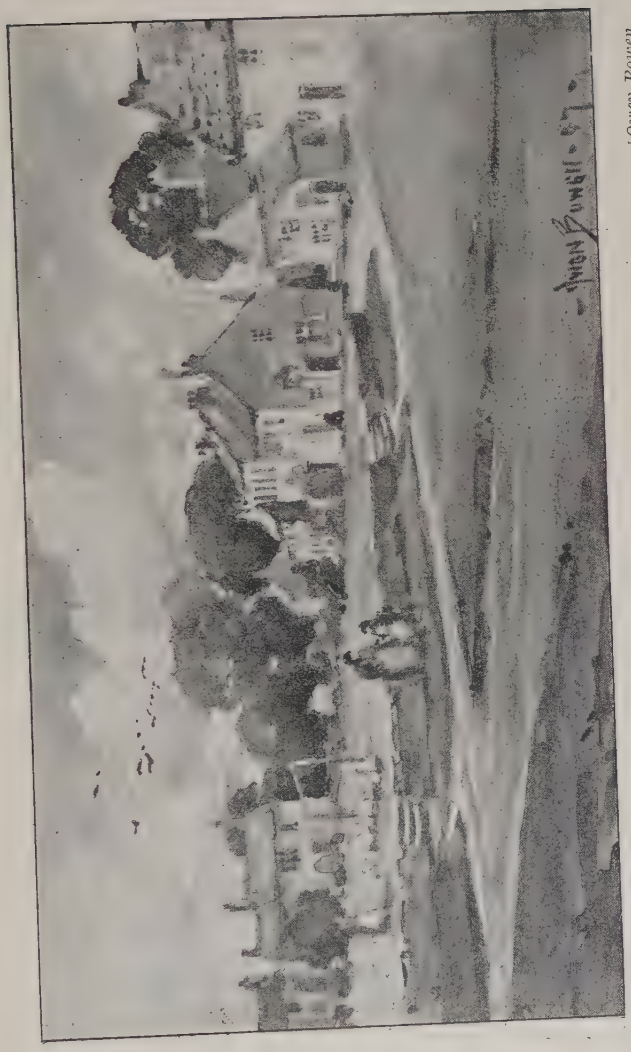
Scorton.

We now take leave of the Wiske Country and move West to the middle reaches of the Swale, where less-travelled it runs with more exuberance in a stonier channel. En-route we pass the old village of Langton, seated on the very verge of a marsh lying between it and the river; through pleasant country lanes with sheltering arching of oak and elm; past Kiplin, with its beautifully timbered park, and also (for the present) Bolton-on-Swale.

The road from Danby Wiske lands us ultimately at Scorton, from whence our descriptive pilgrimage properly takes up its staff and sets off, best foot foremost, for its far-distant goal.

Scorton has a unique charm. Quite a large village, it is set along the four sides of a beautiful raised green of spacious area, some four acres in extent. Here the parabolic flight of the football on the occasion of our latest visit, suggested the more practically patriotic pastime of Edwardian and Tudor days, when Henry Jenkins had charge of a horseload of arrows for Flodden Field.

On the north side of the green is the Grammar School, founded in 1720, and still holding a good position as an educational establishment. On its east side, in a large garden, is the Hospital of St. John of God, conducted by Brothers of that Order. They have spent their energies and lives in that benevolent cause, the care-tending of *incurable* males. There is room for about eighty. The house was formerly the home of the Bower family. In 1807 it was acquired by a number of nuns known as "The Poor Clares," who dwelt here upwards of half a century. Hailing



Scorton Green. [*Owen Bowen.*

from France, they sought sanctuary on British soil from the terrors of the French Revolution. They removed to St. Clare Abbey in 1857.

For 250 years at least the name of Scorton has been linked with Archery. "The Scorton Arrow" (of Silver) is shot for annually by English bow-men. The giving of this prize is custom of Eld, indeed, emanating from the days when sportsmen-ancestors were so adept at the long-bow as to be famous far beyond the seas. The practice of the noble art of archery did not by any means fall into dispractice till far into the 18th century. Skill in use of the bow was a duty expected of 'Young England' down to the commencement of last century almost. At the Quarter Sessions held at Thirsk, April 21st, 1612, Richard Rymer, junr., and Thomas Walker of Allerton are summoned to appear "for that they do not exercise shootings on the longe bowe."

Scorton from this well-preserved green has a character of its own, the houses on its border broken here and there into picturesque groups of differently pitched roofs. At the south-east angle especially, a cluster of antique buildings break the monotony of the skyline, the yellow and white walls and old red-tiled roofs contrasting finely with the green turf and the clear blue or silver cloud-studded sky in the background. The old school, the hospital, the sunlit walls, and the flickering of shadow upon them from the leaves of the trees in brown velvety tints; not omitting to mention the old time inns of 'coach-day' aspect; with the cattle and white geese ranging the green; form a series of charming 'sets,' once seen long printed on the memory.

From Scorton by lovely lane and field-path we soon reach Bolton-on-Swale, a pretty little English village indeed. The peep we get of the church tower and the village about it, through trees, as we approach Bolton is very fine; besides which it will be

famous for ever as the burying place of that English patriarch, Henry Jenkins. The early form of this place-name is Bodelton. The prefix 'Bodel' is a variant of the Norse 'Boll,' or old English Botl, Bolt, Byld. These root-names are of importance, in determining the development of meanings in names of local significance. 'Built,' that is, reclaimed or cultivated land, becomes an 'abode' in Norway. The phrase "tak a boli" connotes "to take a farm." Similarly, in Iceland, 'bol' and 'boali' denote the lair of cattle, 'bol' and 'Kiva-bol,' the place where sheep and cows are penned.

CHAPTER III.

Bolton-on-Swale.

Bolton-on-Swale is a charming rural red-tile-roof village, set gem-like in park-like champaign, rich in umbrageous woodland, and fruitful soiled with its river-strand just to the south-west. Its double row of humble cots, their garden garths odorous with old English perennials like southernwood, rosemary, damask roses and stately hollyhocks, Canterbury-bells and blue-spired Veronica, each in its season, make up a sweet picture in a double sense. Its ancient Tudor Hall, near by the church, is dignified in age; its quiet greys blending with the hues around. As with many another village, its church dominates the scene, as does the monument in its graveyard, marking the last resting place of Henry Jenkins, goal of that long pilgrimage of one hundred and sixty-nine years. Born in 1501, he died only in 1670—"*1670, Decem. 9th, Henry Jenkins, a very aged and poore man of Ellerton, buryed.*"

Epitaph on the monument erected by subscription to the memory of Henry Jenkins:—

"Blush not marbles
"To rescue from oblivion
"The memory of Henry Jenkins,
"A Person obscure in birth,
"But of life truly Memorable:
"For
"He was enriched
"With the goods of nature,
"If not of fortune,
"And happy
"In the duration,
"If not variety
"Of his enjoyments:
"And
"Tho' the Partial World
"Despised and disregarded
"His low and humble state,
"The equal eye of Providence
'Beheld and blessed it.
"With a Patriarch's health and length of days,
"To teach Mistaken Man
"These blessings are entailed on Temperance,
"A life of labour, and a mind at ease,
"He lived to the amazing age of
"169.
"Was interred here December 6th,
"1670.
"And had this justice done to his memory in
"1743."

"ELLERTON-UPON-SWALE, 1670.—At the York Assizes this year, that extraordinary instance of longevity, Henry Jenkins, appeared as a witness in a cause between the Vicar of Catterick and William and Peter Mawbank, wherein he deposed that the tithes of wool, lamb, &c., had been paid to his knowledge 120 years or more. He was often at Fountains' Abbey during the residence of the last abbot, who, he said, frequently visited his lord, and drank a hearty glass with him. He remembered going to North-allerton with a horse-load of arrows for the battle of Flodden Field. He died in December, 1670, at Bolton-on-Swale."

Bolton-on-Swale

Half a mile southwards, through most delightful country, under spreading branches and through lush pasture and cornland, brings us to Ellerton-on-Swale, Jenkins' birthplace. It is only an unpretentious hamlet of humble dwellings, and gave birth to one almost as lowly and a much less picturesque figure in the roll of history. The thatch under where he was born stood in the garden at the

junction of three lanes, and the little plot is much the same as when the patriarch dwelt here, altho' even the memory of this wonderful long-liver seems in danger of being forgotten by the rising generation. In proof of this I may say that to my enquiry of a lad of some dozen years respecting the name of him who once

Henry Jenkins. [*From an Old Print.*

dwelt on the very site of our colloquy, perplexity was evident—the lad was quite at a loss to answer anything. However, the next youth I met saved the scholastic and historic reputation of Ellerton, he responded to my question promptly—"Henry Jenkins!" And one may add, if there is a place apparently eminently suitable to long life it is Ellerton—pretty, peaceful, rural, slumberous Ellerton, like Langton, Bolton and Scorton of Anglian founding.

Around it a magnificent landscape undulates; wood, hill and moor in the background of the picture; in the foreview, a winding river, and pleasant lanes bordered by hedgerows scented with rose and honeysuckle, the perfume of meadow sweet, with frequent overarching glades of oak and elm.

Not one harsh unnatural sound offends the ear, only the soft musical drowsings, the hum of bee, the coo-cooing of the ringdove, and the merry song of birds, the contented lowing of the kine, the far-away rumble of wheels on the high-road, and the distant sough of Swale water. Such surroundings give to the pendulum of existence a steady even swing, that in Henry Jenkins' case lasted a hundred years beyond the allotted span of a man's life. Be it remembered, also, this was before the 'Age of Pills,' for Old Parr had not at this time discovered the elixir of long years. Neither was it an age of temperance, for Jenkins tells how he quaffed many a goblet of sparkling nut-brown brew when bearing messages to or from Fountains' Abbey. There is a story that towards the end of his long life, a certain attorney in quest of Evidence, journeyed to Ellerton-on-Swale; on his arrival, he saw in the garden of the cottage a feeble white-haired man with the winter's frost of years upon his head, seeking the warmth of the sunbeams. Thinking this was the man he sought, the lawyer began to question him; the old fellow listened patiently, and then feebly replied in a piping voice, "Ah dean't knaw owt aboot it! Gang yer ways int t' hoose and ask my fayther, he'll 'appen tell ya." The man of law, marvelling what the appearance of the father would be, passed in, and saw there, cowering by the ingle-nook a poor helpless shrivelled wreck of humanity, who with the utmost difficulty explained "That his memory was gone, but that his fadder at t' back o't hoose chopping sticks could tell him all aboot it." Marvelling still more, our lawyer went there, and found the patriarch still hale and hearty at the age of 166 years, and far more vigorous

than his grandson. He greeted the stranger courteously, listened attentively to his remarks, then pondered deeply over things that had occurred a century and a half earlier, and such was his memory and knowledge of bygone facts and customs, that his evidence won the case for which he was specially subpœned.

In our path to the Swale, we pass Ellerton Manor, an old gabled structure, adorned with a number of very fine and large elms on one side. In the pastures, remains of a moat can be clearly traced, proving the former importance and antiquity of the spot. Close at hand is the river bed here spread out to great breadth. The characteristic feature of the Swale and its banks here, are the irregularities of the stream; at one place rushing impetuously through intricate channels, at another broadly flowing over wide beds of sand and shingle through which it carves a course. In places banks of sand of considerable volume, washed down by the floods of ages, have been thrown up and so far altered the original course of flowing water, alway a straight line (the very cause of its irregularities), that in one place here the river bed is 150 yards wide, the stream proper, when not in spate, is of but a few yards width.

From Ellerton suspension-bridge the view up stream is full of allurement. The numerous windings of the Swale, Catterick Church and village shewing finely forth in the middle distance, the rising of the billowy landscape beyond, with the halo of romance, sunset-hued drooping over it, the background of distant hills over which the declining sun sends roseate shafts, give to the reader a picture in inadequate words of a glory not soon to be forgotten.

Across the river are the high mounds of a pre-historic fortalia, partly natural, formed by the debris cast up by the river (during ages) which here takes a sharp bend, and half encircles the hills, partly artificial, added to by man.

The light suspension footbridge, dancing and rebounding beneath our footsteps, thrown into shadow by the Castle hills, makes a piquant contrast with the pre-historic stronghold.

Note as this bridge is not a public one, strangers should ask leave to cross it, at Ellerton Manor.

Castle Hills, on the west bank of the Swale, abut right on the river, and from a study of their main features have evidently been an ancient British stronghold. As a local worthy remarked, "Theer was war doon amang yon castle hills i' former times."

Judging from its situation, close by the Roman road, along which any enemy would enter this district, the man was doubtless right. War has certainly raged about this hill-fortress on more than one occasion. Of that story of successive frays over eight centuries, from the Roman invasion and through Engle and Danish wars down to the forays of the Scots of later times, will ever remain a secret. A spade might reveal some fragment of the tale.

Castle Hills are about a mile below Catterick, form a strong military position, half encircled by the Swale, and roughly make a square with a deep moat on the landward sides. At the north-west angle is a tumulus, separated by a deep depression from the main platform which has artificial-looking mounds at its angles. The approach on every side is so steep as to give immense advantage to the defenders. Seized on for its natural advantages and fortified against invasion, and to guard the ford, the other ford higher up at Catterick was equally guarded by another and similar fortalica. These, together with the Cataractonium of the Romans, furnish us with the only possible key to reconstruct the ancient history of this district.

CHAPTER IV.

Catterick, and South Bank of Swale to Richmond.

A short walk from Castle Hills, south by east, stands Killerby Hall, written Chilwordy by the Domesday scribe. In early Norman times it fell into the possession of Scollandus, Lord of Bedale, whose grand-daughter Agnes carried it with her other fee to Brian Fitz-Alan, and a castle was erected at their manor of Kilwardeby. The present hall occupies the site of the older stronghold. The ancient name of the place is both descriptive and revelatory—for it bears the stamp of three peoples and their ideas. 'Kil' is either chil, calc, chalk (only there is no lime rock near), or 'Kel,' a fount or spring, as in Keld and Kildwick. Celtic Latin in one case and Anglo-Saxon in the latter; and 'ward,' middle syllable, undoubtedly Anglo-Saxon, whilst in the terminal 'by' we as clearly see the signature of the Dane.

From Castle Hills a very pleasing walk of a mile by river bank and along an old lane, brings us to Catterick, a small town—it would seem almost an insult to dub it a village, for here in bygone centuries, the roads resounded with the tramp of legionary armed men, whilst not alone celebrated Generals but even Kings and Emperors have rested here; aye, and Kings and Princesses have met for the celebration of the nuptial rite, and the shout of after-rejoicings have rung the welkin, for Catterick was at that time a seat of Royalty. In later centuries the rush, rattle and patter of horses feet and coach wheels passing through the town was a thing of more than daily, almost hourly, occurrence. As earlier, so in the coaching days, Catterick was a point of some importance,

Looking up the Swale towards Catterick, from Ellerton Manor. [*Owen Bowen*
The North part of Castle Hills on the left of picture.

It is no exaggeration to say that every square yard of this district bears deeply engraven on its soil the impress of Native and Alien feet, whilst the names hereabouts are everyone more or less suggestive and revelatory of races of men belonging to an old long-past world. Neither must we say the 'village' when looking upon the quaint and peculiar features of this town-place, so characteristically and eloquently telling us in its every detail its chequered history. The story of its desertion is graven plainly enough now for any eye to see, yet a mute dignity still pervades the district from ancient citadel and camping fields to the now somewhat antiquated inns here, and the fine old George and Dragon by the bridge over Swale, alike each one crying out its former glorious associations and the neglect of later times. As we muse over the mental panorama, what a strange medley of motley figures flit across the stage of vision: various in garb, costume or accoutrement! Yet how pathetically mournfully the place appeals to us, shorn as it is of almost every vestige of ancient glory and meed. The spirit has fled, and only fragments of the skeleton and ashes even remain visible. Peradventure we may be treading in the exact form of some now long-dust Celt, Romans of the Sixth or Ninth Legion, or patient colonising Skane!

Remains of the Celtic occupation are unmistakably evident, and the outline of the Roman City of Cataractonium and the military 'way' leading thereunto. This 'Watling street' of the Conquerors is still traceable, as well as the place-marks left by the later Teutonic colonisers, with here and there relics of mediæval England; the later Tudor and Jacobean features are apparent to all. Why, Catterick was in its old age and its prestige on the decline when Richmount, with its massive fortress, ruinous weed and flower-mantled castle walls was yet unknown, because unbuilt! Catterick had been thrice reduced to ashes, each time revived to a further lease of state, before even one stone of Richmond had been

set in its course on its massive and nature-bastioned headland rock! One must naturally feel a deep reverence for that once so high, now so low, and of such a hoar antiquity. We might even without false sentiment bow in spirit before the countless hosts, each one instinct with the ambitions and passions of humanity, that have passed and repassed here! The rumbling of ancient British chariots, the tramp of Roman soldiery in stately progress, eagled-banners fluttering, the trappings of the steeds jingling and clattering, the hoarse half-savage war chants of the invaders who follow on, or the more pleasing melody of marriage bells; all these scenes may be fitly and with historic truth recalled, making the passing of the centuries a wondrous tale indeed.

Musing thus as the centuries glide past, we can clearly hear the rush and thunderous passage of stage-coaches on the Leeming Lane, the curious creak of harness—a sound to itself—jingle of horse bells, the blast of the guard's horn; and see—in fancy—the gay costumes of Stuart and Georgian days, the stately magnificence of their lumbersome equipages, with outriders and postillions, grooms, post-boys and stablemen scurrying hither and thither at the sound of the horn. Or again, it may be an eloping amorous couple careering madly through the old town's street in their exciting race to the 'sanctuary' over the Sark at Gretna. Ah, well! it is only a day dream, a wraith of the shadows of the past.

The pageant of militarism is only a memory. The two kings and princesses who were wedded here have centuries ago returned to the dust from whence they sprang. The echoes of the invading war-cries died away 600 years ago; even the whirr and clatter of the flying mail and the race to the Border have followed them into the dim antres of the past. Ichabod!—the glory is departed—all vanished, like "the baseless fabric of a vision," and, to-day, the impression of Catterick is of something burthened and sorrowful, with its long drawn-out life of more than 2000 years!

CHAPTER V.

Catterick and its Name.

To make the matter, which has been much confused, quite clear to our readers, at the outset we must state one fact, that is, that the Roman city of *Cataractonium* and the Caer Cateraic, or Catterick of the Britons, were two distinct places, standing nearly a mile apart, sufficiently close, however, for the confusion to have arisen through similarity of the name and not clearly understanding the respective history of the Caers or Camps.

It was the same at Boroughbridge the Isuer of the Brigantes, the Roman city of Isurium adjacent and yet distinct and non-related. In the Itinerary of Antoninus the place-name is spelt Cataractonium by Ptolemy, and by the Geographer of Ravenna, Cateroctoniam. Professor Phillips, the antiquarian geologist, preferred to designate it Cathairigh, signifying a fortified place, and shewing in its spelling the connection with the Norse-Celtic 'Cathair,' a stronghold formed for defence.

Another writer calls the place Caer-dar-ich, which connotes 'Caer,' a camp, 'dwr,' water -the camp by the river of Swale.

Richard of Cirencester, styles the place Cattaracton, and (fortunately) gives the further light of explanation by telling that it was one of the Ten Cities of the Britons, governed by Latian Laws, with full liberty to follow their own privileges and customs, and with the right to add to or reject any edicts of the Conquerors.

Camden, the great luminary of Topography in the 16th century, describes Swale as flowing by "an old city which Ptolemy calls Cateractonium—the town of the cataract"; and below the sheer 'till' stone embedded bank the high Thornbrough camp-plain is still very much as to surface what it was so many centuries ago. The river Swale does indeed still rush down in swirling eddies as of old, having piece by piece no doubt deeper and still

The Green, Catterick. [*Edmund Bogg*

deeper scored and carved out its course under the steep bank, a hill buttress that proved a great obstacle to a straight course, and compelled the curves and deflections we find so picturesque to-day. There is no actual cascade warranting the term Cataract at the foot of the Thornbrough camp buttress; but centuries ago there may have been more actual drop than now, and a little higher up there is

a series of rapids and all along this reach of the river, save where transitorily Swale runs over flat beds of rock, the waterway may be aptly described as turbulent. In times of winter and spring spate the river fairly howls and roars in its mad foam-flecked race, not unlike the wild career of some unbroken-in steed.

The Roman Watling Street crossed the river about midway between the side of the camp and the present bridge of Catterick, from thence the road runs to the Tees at Pierce Bridge. It is easy to make out the line of the old 'street' from the camp over the fields to the west of Catterick and on in the direction of Leeming, where every 'native' dubs it the 'street' in local parlance to this day!

The Latinised name of this station is from 'Kata,' a Greek root having the sense of throwing or rushing down. As we have said—and it is a point to make very clear—the Swale hereabouts does rush down in a series of torrential leaps, overthrowing obstacles, though there is no 'force' meriting the word waterfall. We may find this root in all sorts of words, as in 'Catalogue,' a series of things set down, and in 'Catacomb,' as meaning carved out below ground.

Reverting for a moment to the name of Swale itself, that word means variable water, a flow swelling, rising, and 'swaling' away as coal does in a fierce fire, with a rushing noise. In this sense in the North and in Devonshire this word Swale is still in use, and connotes wave-like rises and falls, undulations of anything, the phrase "Swales" of moorland being often heard. In the word 'swathe' of mown grass too, we have a variant of the same word in a similar meaning. In North Yorkshire it is common to hear of a rapidly consuming fire as one 'swaling away,' and a generation or two back the cottager was wont to remark of a tallow dip whose flame was wisked by a draught unevenly until the

melting grease ran down in congealing ridges, "Leak hoot, cannle sweales" (swales); and 'swaling' (an act of throwing) is a word still used in that sense by the lads in the East Riding. The Teutonic sense of Swale is to engulf, receive into. The 'swalow-holes' funnel-like depressions in the limestone of the dales higher up have also a cognate etymology.

Let us now try to explain the name Catterick, anent the component parts of which philologists have been wont to dispute with one another without stint. The original appelation was of British (Celtic) coinage, and was most likely derived from Caer-dwr-ich. 'Caer' was a stronghold, 'Cahir' (Irish) to-day a castle; 'dwr' always connoted something which flowed, ran off, *i.e.*, water. Professor Phillips indeed preferred to spell the word Cathair-igh, which is the Gaelic signification for a fortified city. But again, the name may just possibly be derived from the personal name of some chieftain or Regulus, such as Caratauc or Caractacus. Catterick would be in the fee or under the dominion of Cartismandua, Queen of the Brigantes, and her name or that of her city signifying great stones was Cathair-ys-maen-ddu. And it is not impossible that here at Catterick Caractacus found a refuge when he fled (as we know) from his Caers in North Wales before the arms of the conquering Roman.

A British tribe, the Catti, had likewise a real existence, and Catterick may not inconceivably connote the stronghold of the Catti. Here, however, as at so many other places, the Romans latinised the existing names of the places they annexed; Caer Ebrauc, or Aberauc, became Eboracum, and the Brigantian city of Isuer enlarged to Isurium; whilst the Lyn-dun of the Celt was changed into Lundinum. So here at Caractuac, or Caer-dwr-ich, the Romans observing the turbulent Cataractal character of the Swale under the bank of their commanding camp, unintentionally or not

'punned' on the Celtic signification of the adjacent station, and dubbed it Cataractonium.

The Angel Inn, Catterick. [*Owen Bowen*

After the departure of the Romans, Catterick flourished under British rule for over a century, and then became Saxon by conquest; was burnt by Earnredus the Tyrant in 769; revived again in the following century; and here King Ethelred married the daughter of the celebrated King Offa, of Mercia. Twice during the 9th and 10th centuries the place was wrecked and racked by the Danes, after the last of these ravagings never regaining its former glory and importance.

Yes, indeed! Catterick is to-day engraven with many and strange memories, beginning with the old British, through successive Romanic, Saxon and Danish occupation, down to the

Coaching-Days of the Georges, William, and early Victorian years, and the horse-training and racing times of the last century. On every hand picturesque high or low pitched and tiled roofs cluster irregularly about the embattled church's tower, which rises above them like some grey fort. Catterick, too, has a pretty 'green,' with a shallow water-cressed stream flowing through it. The old coach-call inns, the Angel and the Golden Lion, are much the same in appearance as they were a hundred years ago. Yet, we cannot but reflect that this sleepy old place has seen high jinks of all sorts in the past, in the roysterous revellers' days of the Georges. Several examples of Jacobean and Tudor architecture remain. One very ancient structure, with massive walls and peaked gables, is spoken of locally as "the Abbey building." One of the hostelries, the Angel, I think, has still standing room for about a hundred horses.

Catterick, too, has more than one personal fame-link with the past. It was in the arms of the Rev. Dr. Scott, vicar of Catterick, that Nelson, England's typical salt-hero, breathed his last in the cockpit of the *Victory* to the dirge of a sea-fight's thunderous clamour. It is perhaps natural that a feeling of sadness intrudes itself when one looks on the now age-like torpor which seems to enwrap the old ville. Its old gay concourses, civic or military, have passed away for ever, the requirements of modern civilization calling for such different facilities of access to a sea-board, coal-seam, water-supply, or deposits of ore, china clay, or what-not.

Just to the north of the church is Palet Hill, or perhaps known by the name Catterick Swart, an artificial eminence similar in many points to the Wendal Hill at Barwick-in-Elmet, and that other at Maiden Bower near Topcliffe. Such mounds are scattered over the county, and are doubtless of Celtic construction and origin. This one is probably the only early British relic left above ground at Catterick. From its summit a fine view of the

surrounding champaign can be obtained. Local informants gave two reasons for the existence of Palet Hill: one averred a great battle to have been fought here by "Aude Oliver Crumwell;" while another said it was formed by the old rubbish, earth, etc., thrown out of the foundation pits when the church was built. The latter, when told the hill had been standing a thousand years before church or Protector were, he was dumbfounded. Yet there can not be the least doubt that this hill forms part of the entrenched camp of the Brigantes, which occupied the site on which the church now stands.

Catterick Church. [*A. Sutton*

The church, dedicated to St. Anne, stands on high ground and dominates the village. It is a notable structure, not in any unique architectural feature, but from its position, the solidity of its appearance, the antiquity of its foundation, and the story of its re-building. Its founding no doubt came about subsequently to the baptism of multitudes in the Swale here by Bishop Paulinus early in the 7th century. The original contract for rasing the old church and replacing it by the present one in 1412 is still extant

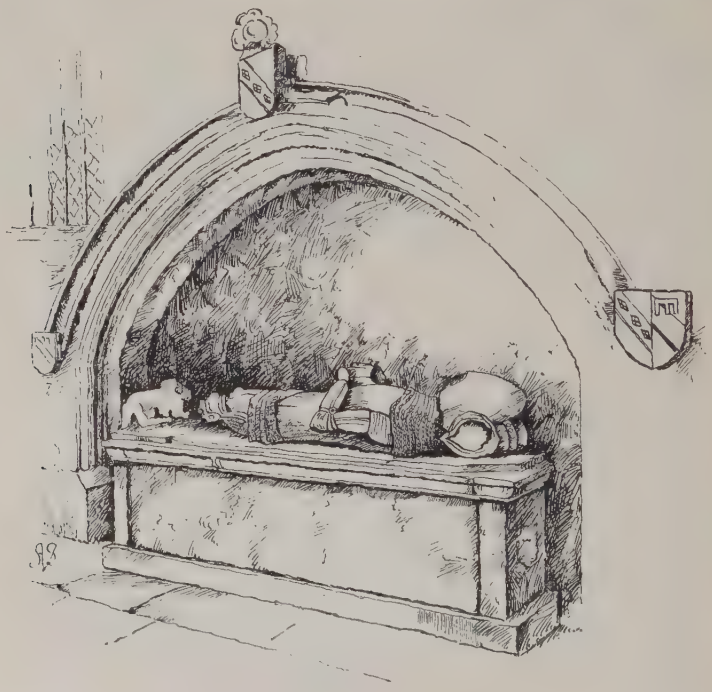
at Brough Hall. The work was undertaken by a local mason, one Richard Cracall, hailing from the village of that name, a few miles south, near Bedale. The Indento (Indenture-Contract) runs to a great length, and describes minutely all the details required in the construction, which "the said Richard Cracall shall make good—werkemanship and mason crafte," and finish it in three years from the start unless some unforeseen calamity "sodayne were or pestilence" interfere may be "resonabill excusion for the forsaide Richarde." The price he was to receive was 170 marks, in cash equal to about 114 pounds sterling, and a gown given by William Burgh. The "Endentoures writyn atte Burgh the daye and the yeare aforsaide."

Canon Raine, in his admirable work, "Catterick Church," says it is interesting to observe that there are evident signs of local or countrified workmanship such as one might expect at the hands of a native craftsman like Cracall. This was doubtless the chief work of his lifetime. Contrary to the custom of the period, too, the indenture was drawn up in English, for the builder's convenience, he being doubtless ignorant of Latin.* The price, not £200 of our present money, seems a small sum, but when we consider all the advantages Cracall had in building material, stones already squared, and the small wages of the period which would, however, buy much more meal or meat than at present, the figures do not seem inadequate. Moreover, the tower, vestry, porch, and lengthening of the two aisles did not come into the contract. A chantry

* "It is interesting to observe with what care this valuable document was preserved and cherished by a pious family. For a long period they made it in fact serve one of the purposes to which the blank pages of a family Bible have in more modern days been devoted; and carefully recorded upon its *back* the deaths of the heads of their house, and their place of burial, until the days of parish registers and heraldic visitations. From that period it slept securely in the charter chest of the family, until it was again brought to light by Sir Henry Lawson, and its importance appreciated."

was built at the east end of the north aisle by William Burgh and Richard Swaledale in 1421. The church is a commanding pile, with fine tower, and a lofty nave. The stone arch of the south doorway is late Norman, and part of the earlier church. The porch itself is later, and over its entrance are three stone shields, on which are cut the arms of old Richmont, a cross flory; Burgh, on a Saltire five swans, and the three bars of Aske. Dame Katrine of Burgh, the foundress, was an Aske and the wife of William Burgh.

There is a fine example of a 15th century font, around the upper belt of the bowl are armorial bearings—the three shields, and the coats of Burgh, Fitzhugh, Scroope of Masham, the Lascelles, and the Nevilles.



Tomb of Walter de Urswicke, Catterick Church. [*A. Sutton.*

Under a canopy and resting on an altar-tomb, at the east end of the south aisle, is the mutilated effigy of a knight, Walter de Urswicke He was Constable of Richmont and Keeper of the 'New Forest'—a wide tract of virgin ground, moor and scrogg-land reaching from the north bank of Swale to Stainmoor and the Tees, and westward across Arkengarthdale to the Pennines. In those early days this was a wild and lonesome district indeed; roadless, alternate ramparts of rock and treacherous bog, infested with wolves, wild boars, also the stag and other breeds of smaller game. John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and Earl of Richmond, granted Walter de Urswicke an annuity of forty pounds a year out of the manors of Catterick and Forcet, for his brilliant services at the battle of Navarre in support of the noblesse of Knighthood. The details of the ornamentation of the effigy are rich and typical of the time.*

In the east end of the north aisle was also the burial-place of the De Burghs and the Lawsons. In this aisle, too, are two monumental ogee niches, beneath which doubtless some members of the Burgh race sleep. Within the chancel is a three-stall or triple Sedilia, the work of Cracall. †

* On a brass plate in the middle aisle is the following inscription:—HERE LYETH JOHN SWALDELL, GRANDCHILDE TO RICHARD SWALDELL, WHOSE PREDECESSORS BVYLT HALFE THE SINGINGE QVYER WTHIN THIS CHVRCHE, WHO DIED THE SECONDE OF MARCHE, ANNO DOMINI 1630. "The Singing Qvyer"—what an interpretation of the word *Chantry!*

A tablet, affixed to the north wall of the chancel, commemorates the author of "Drunken Barnaby," &c, Richard Braithwaite, of Burnside, in Westmorland, Esq., for particulars of whom we must content ourselves with referring to Hazlewood. Braithwaite's first wife was a Lawson, of Nesham Abbey. He married secondly Mary, daughter of Roger Crofts, of East Appleton, in this parish.

† In the Church yard, beneath the east window is an altar tomb, bearing inscriptions, which are worthy of being recorded:—

Heer lieth buried the bodie of David Batie, the Kinge's Ma'ties first

Catterick Bridge.

Leaving Catterick, a pedestrian can make choice either of the highway to the bridge, or the line of the old Roman street—if the fields are in fallow and not sown for crop—to the camp and fording place over the Swale. From here the 'street' runs northward to Pierce Bridge, Binchester, Lanchester, Ebcester, and finally, Corbridge-on-Tyne, nigh to the Roman wall of Hadrian. About two miles beyond Catterick, another Latin 'way' branched off to the west by Greta Bridge and Bowes, and over rocky stainmoor to Brough in Westmoreland and Carlisle.

The bridge across Swale at Catterick is a goodly stone crossway, and spans the river just below the old fording-place of the Romans. The original indenture for its erection is, like that of the church, still preserved at Brough Hall. The contracting parties were seven landed proprietors of the district and three master masons, who were to raise it "between the olde stane Brigg and the new Brigg of Tree"—this evidently a wooden crossway a little higher up west in the direction of Brompton. "Quilke forsaide brigge, with the grace of God shall be mad sufficaint and workmanly in masoncraft accordend in substance to Barna Castele brigge." It was completed in 1425, but since then has been doubled in width, so as to carry the increase of traffic by stage waggons and the passing of the numerous coaches which then held the road.

From here the nearest way to Richmond is across the bridge and by way of Brompton and Easby on the north side of Swale;

Postmaister of Catterickе, who dep'ted to the Marcie of God the vii daye of Maye, A.D'i. 1610, whose sowle I hope doeth rest in peace.

Here also lyeth the body of David Batie his sonne, who after succeeded him in his office of Postmaster, and dyed Aug. the Anno Domino (ita) 1631 ætatis 53, being 22 years in the office.

but to-day our path lies along the south bank by way of Colburn and Hipswell.

Street Scene, Brompton-on-Swale. [*Owen Bowen*

On the south-east side of the bridge was a chapel, served by a priest from the hospital of St. Giles, which formerly stood on the high south bank of Swale, just opposite Brompton. Remains of this old Chantry can still be traced in the outbuildings adjoining.

Here, at the foot of the bridge, is that once fine old inn the George and Dragon. The hightobys' and old mail coach had both their romance and triumph and travel: both alike have vanished, and with them, it is feared, that most intelligent of man's servitors—the blood hack of the road; its only legacy, to all appearance in these later days of grace, being a noisome-fumed machine, but more

dangerous because speedier, which both offends the nostril of the wanderer in the pure country air along the bonny white highway, and necessitates the uglification of blue veil and goggles of the venturesome engine-turned passenger. To a Ruskin, or anyone with a real love of Nature's well of beauty undefiled, even the mail motor-car that has of late invaded the Dales higher up, is an abomination of dust and stink. All this has taken the place of that cheery gaiety of life formerly seen at the George and many another coaching inn, with its stable-boys and grooms outside, and its rosy velvet-cheeked, ivory-teethed chamber and parlourmaids within, as good as gold, and clean of heart as Nature makes such things. And what a rousing sight it was, in those old days gone never to return, to watch the mail arive or depart. The coach, horsed by four magnificent glossy equine Apollos, large eyed, sensitive of nostril, and glossily sleek as bronze 'Marley-horses.' One can almost hear the creak and jingle of harness or crossbar; and then, once "off!" the shrill music of the horn, the 'grap-grap' clatter of the horses' hoofs, and the landlord and his buxom lady at the door to "welcome the coming," or "speed the parting guest." The arrival was perhaps the more impressively theatric than the departure, though that had its drama of possibly less hopeful but more satisfied expectancy. Stablemen and boys and even saucy kitchen and chambermaids, agrin with pleasure, standing by; the impatient pawing horses, the burly be-caped coachman now passing a last word, now mounting to his high throne—King of the Road—till he descends again with a mighty condescension born of the conviction that he knows how to handle the ribbons and the powers of his roadsters to an ounce, up hill or round curve. Now swathed in rugs, he takes the reins, grooms deftly strip off the blankets from the horses' backs and at the last moment give a smooth finishing touch to the glossy coats of the impatient coachers, the guard gives a signal and, "Tally Ho!"

(as another chase has it), at a burst they are over the bridge and lessening each instant to the eye as they career up and along the old street—the admiration, the envy, the shrine of an unfading memory to every eye beholding the scene of such action.

This George and the Dragon (not now a licensed house) was formerly a great place of resort of the gentry visiting Catterick Races. There was an inn here as far back as the times of the Tudor Kings. John Leland mentions it in his Itinerary. It probably dates from the building of the bridge if not even earlier. It was certainly one of the best class of turnpike posting houses. Two of its landlords, Daniel Ferguson, and John Fryer (of coaching fame), are still remembered.

But first let us cross the pastures by the footpath, and in half-a-mile we reach Brompton-on-Swale, an Anglian settlement under the dominance of Gilling. Standing compactly, a cluster of red-tiled dwellings by the Swale bank, the river describes a half circle around it. The walk by the riverside path on a summer evening is a charming one indeed to the thoughtful mind with an observant eye. The responsive chords in Nature attune man's soul to the mystery of almost spiritual beauty, irradiating earth and sky. The prospect entering the village at the Town End Cottage is very pleasing. Old inns and quaint houses, with late Tudor and Jacobean porches and decorations, fix our attention. Pear tree House, with its fruit-tree still flourishing and fruiting, is a quaint instance of Nature adorning man's handiwork. The tall poplar trees give a graceful aspect to the scene, and the leaded panes of the old-fashioned bow windows, made more beautiful by ivy and other climbing creepers, with the neat garden plots by the long main street, are all most satisfying and suggestive features of the place. The entrance from Richmond side, embowered in trees and with the cottages in clusters (as if for mutual support and comradeship) is perhaps the most picturesque corner. Here is the

church of St. Paul and all that now remains of the ancient Reformation Elm.

Brompton-on-Swale. [*Owen Bowen*

The village has lost some of its ancient prestige and prosperity since commercial and passenger traffic left the road for the rail, with the stopping of stage-waggon and coach. On various occasions in the history of the place, the river sweeping onward in flood with terrific fury has been the cause of inundation and overthrow, to the west end of Brompton-on-Swale in particular. During the winter of 1672-3, the spate carried bodily away a dwelling-house, and the parish men were ordered to provide "a convenient habitation" for the homeless man and his family.

As a local quaintly put it, "t' river taks what it likes away, an it maks no bother aboot it." Less historically, according to Mother Shipton's prophecy, Brompton is doomed to be washed away "by Swale at flood when God sees good." In another very different sphere Brompton has a fame: it is the suppositious scene of the undoubted wholesale Baptism of Converts by Bishop Paulinus, which reaches far back into the early days of primitive Christianity.

Upwards from here the Swale begins to assume the character of a turbulent mountain river, for although its fall in level is not great, from Brompton to Richmond the channel becomes deeper and deeper in the eternal rocky heart of the hills. Just to the west of Brompton, the Gilling and Skeeby beck, a biggish stream with a picturesque course, falls into the Swale.

We now return to the south bank of the river, by way of Catterick bridge again, and crossing it trend upwards to the right on to the Thornbrough plateau, the Cataractonium of the Romans, a walled camp or city, enclosing nine acres of table-land. On the west border is a wall some 80 or more yards in length and quite seven feet in width. This wall was raised by Sir William Lawson with the squared stones excavated from the original rampart. The foundation lines of the Camp were laid bare in 1851, when abundant relics of the Roman occupation were discovered. All these are housed at Brough Hall in the immediate vicinity, as is fitting, along with other Anglian and Scandinavian relics found in the district. Steeply under the high slant of the land on the north, the river Swale swills and swales itself away over a rock-laid river bed. To look down, almost vertically on the foaming fuming brawling water, is a great help to the imagination in unrolling the panorama of the past—we seem to hear the savage slogan and exulting war-cry of the wild Caledonians—the Picts—

in their furiously repeated attempts to storm the Roman stronghold, followed by the brassy clash of shield and armour, and the shrill defiant shouting as the North-men were hurled or pressed back into the Swale's chill and deadly embrace. All along this high bank of Swale from Thornbrough bank to where the stream from Coldbourne (the cold burn) slips through a marshy quag slope into Swale, the scenery is bold and romantic. We stand indeed on the brink of that precipice which Swale or its forerunner, a glacier in the Ice age, carved out in finding a bed for itself, many many thousands of years prior to the Historic period.

On this high bank, opposite the west end of Brompton, are the foundation marks—all that is left—of the Hospice of St. Giles. It is said by Clarkson to have been founded by Henry Fitz Randolph, Lord of Ravensworth, during the reign of Henry III. The prospect from this, the highest brim of the river cliff hereabouts, is romantically striking. A most magnificent vista of wooded and terraced country to the north and west being in view. A little to the south is Brough Hall in its well-wooded parkland. The mansion is the homestead of Sir John Lawson, Bart., whose forerunners were the Lawsons and Burghs. The latter were seated here as early as the 13th century. The Lawsons have always taken the deepest interest in the antiquities of the district, and to them are due the important discoveries which have been made at the adjoining camp.

On the rising ground a bow-shot from the hall is a very fine Roman Catholic Chapel, dedicated to God and St. Paulinus. It was built by Sir William Lawson in 1837. The church is in transition Norman style and very imposing, the walls of smoothly polished sandstone, both within and without, the roof is of stained oak, and the windows are very beautiful. The east one is filled in mosaic with stained glass copied from the Five Sisters at York.

We now drop down from the hospital site to the Cold beck, the serpentine meanderings of which, margined by a various undergrowth and pranked with red campion and puce geranium, yellow vetchling and silver stitchwort, with the pale blue bells of the giant 'hedgebell' (*Campanula latifolia*) in their one season; bramble and wild dogrose everywhere in the brake, and scented mint with keen watercress in the limpid rill itself, through the deeps and up the shoalings of which beck trouts glide or glance: all alike by their perfect wild and natural perfection satisfy the eye as one passes up the winding miniature vale to Colburn's hamlet itself, whether named after the stream or the stream after it—it is sometimes spelt Colbourn—is not very clear.

Colburn is somewhat of an upland Auburn, a truly rural village but somewhat decayed of aspect, one barn-like gable with a lancet-headed window more than hinting at the glory which passes, is a sequestered place, beyond the world's bustle and factory hum, and its burn winds demurely through the centre of the village, fringed with purple osier, and at mid-summer lit up by the pale-glowing flambeaux of the Bourtree. The red-tiled roofs silvered here and there, as are the brick walls with lichens and bosses of verdant moss, are fair even in very age to look upon. In the still noontide of summer, everything lying sleepily bathed in the ardent rays of Phœbus in the haze on high, the picture is a dream in colour, a symphony in almost audible hues, for bee and fly to the keen ear, with the grey green grasshopper's chirrup, give out an underhum of tone that vastly enhances the feeling of Sabbath quiet, or rest in old age.

The one notable building is the long low front of Colburn Hall, now a farmstead, formerly the seat of the D'Arcys. It was re-built in 1662, as is witnessed by the date on the end gable. It still retains silent mementoes of the ancient Catholic family.

(Thomas Lord D'Arcy suffered death in 1537 for his participation in the Pilgrimage of Grace.) One relic in particular strikes the most careless eye at once—a window of the old Chapel, dedicated to St. Anne, in the gable of the barn or hayloft adjoining the hall. The original walls remain, and an old window frame with column for mullion, and tracery, likewise an old doorway. In the cartshed behind are two recesses belonging to the original work. All the place breathes its former pristine sacredness and holy office; where to-day cattle are stalled, and harvests lie garnered, Believers knelt in prayer, and the subtle odour of incense and melting wax pervaded the still gloom.

A deep moat must at one time have encompassed and added security to the Hall, for its remains may be plainly traced even now. The little garth where the fowls wander and the snowy ducks preen their feathers, and the Jacobean garden-croft with its tall box border and clipped shrubs, all 'within the precincts,' are spots one loves to look on and perambulate, idly musing on the early prime and former dignity which have lapsed with "the days that were and are not," the snows of yester-year that Villon, Prince of Beggardom, deplored to his lutestrings in the heyday of Catholic France, whence so much of England's heart-lore hailed in the first instance. The epitaph of the D'Arcy's and Colburn is comprised in one word: Ichabod!—the glory hath departed. The manor in course of time passed to the Hildyards, for the old village inn bears for title the Hildyard Arms. The Lawsons and the Hildyards now divide between them the lordship of the manor.

As we pass along the willow-bordered burn, from which the place perhaps receives its name, *i.e.* the Cold burn, we are reminded of the strange reverses which come to families, and in fancy rebuild the walls and fill the moat by diversions and stilt culverts (signs of which we see nearer Hipswell), and fail not to take note

of how securely and statelily brave men and fair ladies pace the terrace walk, what time the old Tudor homestead of the D'Arcys stands sturdily up again in all the furnishings and appanage of olden time. However, this is a subject for a large canvas. A smaller, of Natural-history to some readers, is a little thing of to-day we chanced to see in Colburn itself. This was the happening upon a 'Throstle-stone' by the very highway side, within a stone's throw of the inn. A throstle-stone few have ever heard of, much less seen, yet there is one or more in every parish where snails —favourite food of our song thrush—abound. It is the throstle's slaughter-house, the shambles block whereon the songsters of the grove break the snail-house by concussion, holding the shell in its beak and bangs it down with a whack on the stone, with the view of a meal on the juicy contents. The stone varies in size, but is always more or less angled and embedded in the soil, and its use is proclaimed without possibility of error by the glazed snail gore on the stone itself and the wondrously varied collection of broken shell shards lying in a bizarre zone around. The throstle-stone of Colburn was stained with the blood of recent victims, shewing that the Day of Bird-life was still strongly in evidence.

Less than a mile by field, stile, and hedgeway, perfumed with the evanescent odour of new-mown hay and the aromatic whiff of honeysuckle and dogrose, we reach 'Hipswell,' the Hiplewell of old, the Hipswell of to-day's orthography. This place-name may mean 'Up' or high 'Well': although in Sanskrit 'Hip' denoted a walled place, and here at Hipswell there is a walled well by the wayside, with both an affluent and effluent stream.

By some, Hipswell is supposed to be the birthplace of John Wycliffe, the great religious Reformer: Leland says he was born at "Ypreswell, a poore village a good mile from Richmont." The present village is, however, quite two miles, and long ones at that,

from the dale capital on the great mount. Yet strangely enough, in the days of the Tudor kings there was a village about half a mile from Wickliffe-on-Tees called Ipes or Ipreswell. That place has entirely vanished, and only the faintest outlines of buildings and a relic or two of the old chapel remain to vouch for such a settlement having stood there at all. There is evidence, however, of a marriage having taken place in it about 200 years ago. Soon afterwards the chapel was demolished *or* fell to utter ruin, in all which there seems to be a hidden mystery. The ground on which it and some other buildings stood has long been under cultivation, and even by the oldest local inhabitant this 'lost village' has passed beyond memory, no tradition even having been handed down. Leland may have been referring to this past Ypreswell on the south bank of the Tees, and when speaking of the birthplace of the Reformer as a "good myle" may not have been from Richmont on Swale but from old Richmond near Gainford-on-Tees.

Nevertheless, apart from this unravelled knot, Hipswell is full of a prim charm of its own to-day to the rambling antiquary. The Hall is a characteristic example of 15th century domestic architecture, and is supposed to have been built by one Alan Fulthorpe who was owner in the reign of Richard III. A John Fulthorpe was the last male heir of that branch to reside here. It was carried by marriage of his daughter Anne to Francis Wandesford, of Kirklington, to whose successors it still belongs. On a panel over the front door are the initials—

"G. W.
1596."

being those of George Wandesford, the probable restorer of the house. The hall has embattled parapets the porch in front being carried up three stories as a tower.

To the east of the tower is a rich two-storey embrasured bay-window, of very similar character to that at Kiddhall by Scholes in the Elmet district, with five equal ogee arches on each floor, the upper ones with four cusps, two moulded cornices, sill and battlements above. Between the upper and lower storeys is a rich panel with shield and arms of the Fulthorpes. The large west window is square, with strong stone mullions between the six 'lights.' The warm grey of the walls is embellished with a luxuriant growth of that 'rare old plant the Ivy green,' which Dickens (who may have visited Hipswell on his way to or from Squeer's Hall at Bowes) sang of in one of the rare fervours of his muse. The gateway to the courtyard has massive stone piers with ball finials after the most approved baronial fashion of its day. The east end window has five lights, and also stone mullions. The whole place is instinct with peaceful reminders of old time. Even in the yard of the old hall farm is yet another antique: an overshot water-wheel instead of the more ordinary horse wheel. Formerly there must have been more out-buildings than now: signs of boundary walls and embankments in the croft adjoining bear witness to this, and the old barn and stables with Tudor door heads and mullions with their label mouldings are all alike eloquent of the "*Sic transit Gloria*" character of all mundane things.

The village of Hipswell ranges on high ground between two watercourses around a triangular well-cared-for green, a good bow-shot or more to the south of the Hall, and has in its centre the proverbial wassail tree—an Elm. The dwellings have no architectural beauties, yet are pleasing in their aspect of trimness, with their paled rose gardens in front. The church has a peculiar neat and trim appearance, too: modern, and, further judiciously restored in 1892. 'Chapel Garth' in the fields some little distance away keeps green the site of the original kirk,

From Hipswell a lovely diversified walk 'up hill and down dale' leads first by hedgerow side and then through thickly wooded Ironbank to Easby's placid oasis of malachite mead on far bank of Swale. The railway bridge has to be utilised to get across dry-shod, but before reaching Swale itself the winding uneven moss-bouldered footway slanting down the iron bank, the river sounding its never-ceasing wild music of the moors, deep down but out of sight on the right, with winged warblers threading the leafy arcades of the greenery above, and filling the whole with an undertone of song; leaves an impression on the mind not soon obliterated. If fairies still dwell anywhere, surely it might be here in this dim twilight of summer noon. As Laurence Houseman said:

"Fairy moss and fairy rings
Mark for sleep and dance the ground,
Surely here, where silence swings,
If we stayed without a sound
We should see them dancing round.

Through the wood a whisper thrills,
Leaf by leaf the tents of green,
There the otchin sleeks its quills,
There the lurking stoat is seen;
Say—Where last have Fairies been?"

The woodland banks are steep and wild, luxuriously over-run with ground ivy, and the dappled sunlit patches on the banks in late summer, but repeat a mimic note of colour, the thickly clustered crowns of the primroses so lavishly spread around through May; and the giant horsetail, in wetter spots, uprears its branched stems like a mimic forest of little fir-trees, under the lofty gothic arches of witches' elm and other trees of that canopy. It is a spot not easy to overpraise, and in the Visitor's book of the Turf Hotel at Richmond are lines commemorating the impression it makes on the visitor.

Soon after crossing the railway bridge, with a richly wooded hill on our right, we get a glimpse of Easby, beautiful Easby, with the

incense of centuries hanging around it, and evergreen ivy-type of Faith clinging to much of its unfallen wall. We have now passed through the ghaut or portal between lower and upper Swale. Hence forward and westward its character entirely alters—the hill bastions seem to close in upon the narrowing level strip of ground by the river, which from comparative tranquillity grows fretful and ever more voiceful, as if protesting against the obstacles it has met with. The Swale flows down to here—we reverse the process and ascend—through a practically unbroken and parallel ridges of mountain moorland, linked to a chain of higher peaks, and the twenty-five miles walk west is up a sinuous mountain gorge, with one wider-opened bay where streams of some size from the North open to the main dale, and where are situate the remains of two ancient Priories. The hamlets grow grey and weather-worn of aspect, clustered irregularly at distances of three or four miles on such points of vantage as the dale levels afford. But once the river has past the higher dale's portals below Easby, with the exception of the brief rapids nigh Catterick, Swale flows unruffled in spirit onward through the Bedale country and the fertile Vale of Mowbray to the distant Humber Sea.

Before reaching Easby we are brought up in admiration at a beauteous bend of the Swale. Here the water flows smoothly in expansive mood over plates of Yoredale rock, the crisp frost-curled autumn leaves (on our last visit) floating on its surface, and the overhanging twig tracery of the trees, half reft of foliage, reflected shimmeringly in its watery mirror. A few paces lower and the flow breaks suddenly into many diverse channels with that peculiar effect of acceleration of movement which, as it were, hypnotises the eye. Brown is the prevailing tone, with an admixture of green, gold and pearly grey.

A Bend in the Swale near Easby Abbey. [*Owen Bowen.*

Easby.

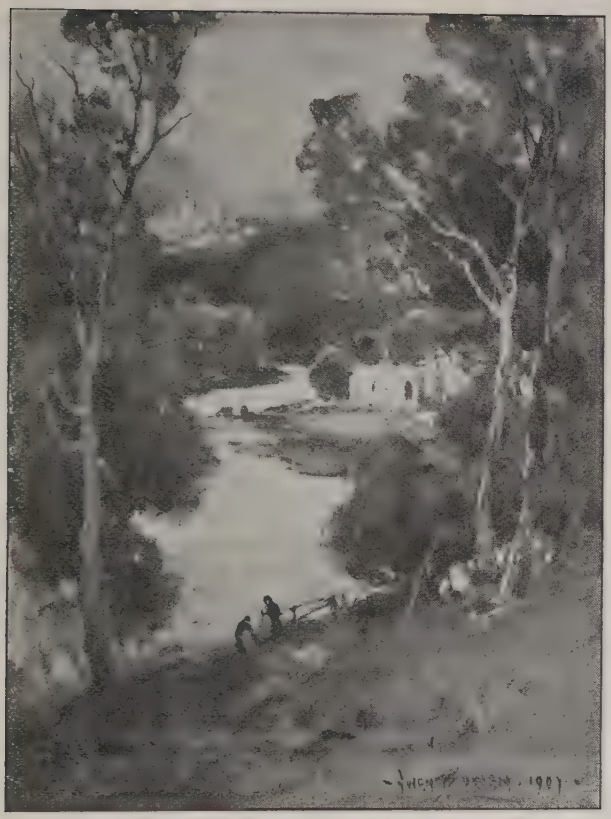
Easby is equally as lovely as Bolton-in-Wharfedale in its situation, tho' relatively higher up its dale and with a castled-town of importance above it. Without the Swale's Ehrenbreitstein (Honour's bright stone) Richmond, to companion it, which the wild seclusion of

Bolton's priory must always have been lacking, to the advantage of the monks. Yet there is a similarity of situation : by a fair river-side, and on an expanse of grassy mead. To adequately describe the charms of Easby would be a labour calling for patience and love. But before entering the Abbey grounds, we obtain permission to view the scene from the near vantage point of Summer Lodge—a belvedere indeed!—upon the wooded south-east bank. From here we gaze, entranced, down through the trees on a delightful reach of the river twinkling and dancing downwards through a varied landscape of bewildering beauty: golden beds of shingle, strips of hanging or fringing woodland, and emerald mead; with the deep green and silver-grey walls of the ruined fane of old, dignified in decay, filling in the dominant note—the foreground below us. In the distance, the buildings of Richmond rise in tiers, in turn dominated by the massy lines of the stupendous old Breton fortress; clear, though faint, above all rises the huge four-square buttressed Tower of the Castle Keep, proud and conscious (as it were) of its inviolate unviolated glory and power.

Here—contrast indeed!—among the undergrowth at our feet, hops a wren, showing not the slightest fear at our proximity. This vicinity is a home of silvan bird-life; wild and plaintive whistling and warbling from the throats of merle and wood-wren, with now and again the quarrelsome chatter of the jay or mistletoe thrush from ghost-like dawn to eerie gloaming. How delightful and fairy-like the restricted world of the Abbey holm appears from here! Battle and turmoil are absent and even sin and death seem far removed, although doubtless weasel and stoat bring the childlike cries of distress and fear from some smaller pinned animal. But nothing stands quite still; the finger grip of the moving centuries, of weather-wearing storm and pinching frost has left its mark on split rock, broken bough, and mouldering masonry. Still a pensive quiet is the prevailing note in which we can picture the monks,

the men of God and Peace of their time perambulating the green fore-court or enclosed quadrangle of the abbey grounds. They lived their life of contemplative passivity far removed from disturbing elements; many of them, be it remembered, scholars and with artistic leanings; they ran their course away from the world's turmoil, content to rust rather than rub shoulders with men, the practical exemplars of prayer and charity. They have left behind them an abiding record of their ideas of beauty in line and moulding that generation after generation, up to to-day, with its realised conceptions of what Art is, can but approve and admire. Through the portals of this Abbey of Ease, Kings and Princes have passed to worship, with a procession of pious and chivalrous knights, mitred abbots, cowled monks, and a host of humbler servitors. An army of suppliants, hungry, footsore, and peradventure, wounded, have besieged those portals peacefully and have been fed and succoured in both body and spirit. And although year after year has made procession, and passed too, since the missalist and copier of manuscripts closed their books, and the abbey churl in the fields has brought up the last herd of beasts, although in 400 years most traces of their labour have been lost; the abbey, beautiful still in ruin, has in some degree survived to please the eye, and give pause to the careless hearts of the passer-by. The ruin is still a shrine to the thoughtful mind, and the taste of the old-world workers is in evidence for ever in the rich sculpture of slab and moulding, with its picturesque combination of grandeur, beauty, simplicity and richness. For there is verily a lesson even in the time-worn and mutilated remains of a former magnificent sanctuary.

In dropping down through the slope of the wood to the Priory, we come across one discordant note – a gamekeeper's 'larder,' and crucified on the trees, as a warning (one would like to fancy) to their kind not to do what Nature, "red in tooth and claw," formed



Easby and the Swale from Summer Lodge. [*Owen Bowen*

them for doing. It is a dismal shambles of stoats, pole-cats, weasels, hawks and pynots, and even a heron is (in error) gibbeted to a tree-bole. Emerging from the wood, we note first the long roofed old tithe-barn; and the immense abbot's elm which still thrusts out its wide branches above the green mead, as it did in the Abbey's hey-day and its own. Hereunder many a monk has mused and basked

in the summer sunshine, recalling his conflict and spirit tempering at the cold hands of the world, till he could feed, as the song says, "on fat pullets and clouted cream."

The Abbey of St. Agatha was founded by Roald, Constable of Richmond, in 1152. It was erected for the Order of White Canons who came to England from Picardy about 1140. A century later the Scropes, then rising rapidly into prominence, became the abbey's greatest benefactors, considerably enlarging the pile and increasing its endowments by gift of lands. When they died they found a resting place within the walls, and many a warrior of that great House lies buried beneath the green turf of the abbey choir. "Above the choir," said the Abbot of Easby, when giving evidence in the Scrope and Grosvenor trial over the arms of the Scropes—'AZURE, A BEND OR'—when a Scrope challenged Grosvenor with adopting that shield contrary to rule and custom; "above the choir it was that Sir Henry le Scrope lay buried. Under high stones, and upon the stone a knight graven in stone and painted with the arms, 'Azure, a bend or,' while near him lay Sir William le Scrope on a high tomb all armed, and many others of their lineage were buried under flat stones, and upon the same stones are flatly graven their images for sculptures, with arms. Further, that grand old warrior, Sir John Sully, the hero of many a fight, told how in battles both at sea and on land, he had known the Scropes bear these arms; he had seen Sir Henry le Scrope bear them at Halidon Hill. Fifty years before that fight he had seen Sir William bear them too in the thick of the strife at Cressy and Poictiers; and he had fought side by side with Sir Richard in the sea battles; and knew no other bearings of the Scropes in all these encounters save those now unjustly claimed by Grosvenor."

This evidence in favour of the Scropes was followed by others equally irrefragable.

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All the glamour of mediævalism is blazoned in the above. Nearly all the knights and nobles in the land bore witness on the same side with the Easby Abbot; old John of Gaunt, 'time-honoured Lancaster,' Henry Plantagenet, and that noble warrior, Sir John Sully (whose years then were more than a hundred); to these must be added the Abbots of Selby, Byland, Rievaulx, Coverham, the Priors of Gisburgh, Warter, Lanercost, Newburgh, Bridlington and Watton; who testified to these same arms of the Scropes being either painted on the glass of the windows, or sculptured on stone. Before all this testimony Grosvenor bowed, and his arms were altered to 'Azure, a garb or,' which device the ducal family of Westminster yet bears, whilst the race of Scrope has nearly perished from off the earth.

There are, however, still sufficient sculpturings existing in the ruins of Easby to tell of its former magnificence. About twenty years ago excavations were made, under the direction of Mr. St. John Hope, resulting in a complete ground plan of the abbey being obtained, but showing the arrangement of the various buildings to be quite unusual. The chief of these, the church, occupied the centre of a group of offices, a site now almost bare of masonry. It consisted of nave, north and south aisles, and two transepts each with an eastern aisle holding two chapels. It had a central tower, a short choir, a large presbytery with a sacristy adjoining it on the south. There was also a chapel at the east end of the north aisle. From the north transept a corridor ran parallel with the Infirmary (or Physic garden), and a large enclosed hall, on the west side of which was the prison-house. On the north was the infirmary hall. The whole arrangements of the infirmary buildings appears to have made one of the most complete establishments of its kind—one might almost call it the Esculapian Abbey.

At the extreme north end were the domestic offices, the buttery, etc. The most important buildings were those flanking the three

sides of the cloister garth or inner court, now carpeted with velvet turf, whereon the shadows fall softly and gleams of sunlight shooting through the arches chequer the grass in a natural mosaic.

Facing south is the Frater House, with a fine range of windows, and the delicately rich tracery of the eastern one is especially striking. A wheel fills the uper part of the tracery, and makes a most exquisite architectural feature. To the east of the cloister court are the few remains of the chapter house and sacristy. On the opposite side of the garth, west, was the guest house and the monks' dormitory; this part, with the gatehouse and abbey barn, are now the most massive remaining ruins. As said, there is a most peculiar irregularity about the whole plan of the buildings, particularly so in those to the south of the church.

The abbey mill, a picturesque piece of ancientry, stands at the extreme north-west corner of the demesne. The abbots' elm and granary—this now the residence of the guide—are other features of no little interest in themselves. But the footsteps of historian and antiquarian will naturally turn to the abbey church, where undoubtedly rests the dust of its first endower, as well as many of the illustrious Scropes. In the north wall of the choir are two sepulchral recesses wherein the bodies of Roald (or Roaldus) the Founder, and that of his wife Graciana, were placed. Here also lies the dust of some of England's noblest sons, but their tombs are shorn of painted shields and pomp of heraldic device. Having stood in the breach of warring interests and borne the brunt of many battles, their prayer was to find a place of rest here. And they have it. Over hill and dale and moorland from Bolton, Masham and Upsal, to this their "bourne from whence no traveller returns," has mournfully wended many a funeral train. In our musing we can see them as they came—a long dark procession, and a slow, picking its way silently over wild moor and treacherous softer ground, down the steep hill road and over the bridge into

Richmond ; thence, now led by the white-robed Canons along the winding downgrade to the Abbey of Easby—the place of rest by the water. Thereafter dirge and requiem were sung by the Fratres for many a day. Nor has all the melody of choristers departed from Easby. The natural music of bird-song still accompanies the hours and the days, ringing insistently through ruined arch and broken aisle from the throstle's first love-song of February to the warbling robin of late October, when the redbreast returns to the haunts of men from the family duties of the sylvan wildwood. And the everlasting music of Swale's murmurous voice, now low, now high when level with its banks, and impatient of stony opposition to its course; for the river's song, like the recurrent waves on a sea beach, is everlastingly a natural reminder of the undulating holy chants of old, matins and evensong, alike in the temples of man and our common mother.

The only remains of the original foundations of 1152 is a round-headed arch at the foot of the dorter stairs. Other parts shew transitional Norman work, but the main features are early English. No doubt the abbey was not complete until far into the 13th century. Trees, grass, gay wallflowers, azure buglass and golden hawkweed now alone breathe a Benedicite on the ruins that ivy, wildrose and stonecrop clothe in a raiment of many colours.

Concerning the cracked west wall of the abbey, is the following legend: It was long ago expected to fall, and it is now only awaiting some strange impulse which will end in a tragic death, for story says that the wall, when it does fall, will bury in its ruins a newly-married couple, and as the tale is well known the chance of a honeymooning pair resting beneath its shade is remote.

Easby Church.

The parish church stands almost in the shade of the ruins at sundown, a grey familiar, a frater in stone, between the abbey

gateway and the crumbling main pile. Its foundation dates further back than the abbey itself, into the earliest Norman era if not even before that. It has certainly witnessed all that period from the coming of the Breton lords to Richmond in the eleventh century to the twentieth of our day. And it is veritably a shrine imbued with the language of history, and stored with Thoughts that never die, but only slumber "to rise at the bidding of all who really care to awaken them."

Over the south porch are the arms of Scrope, Conyers, and Aske; within it are recesses where, in bygone days of straits, doles of bread and meat were placed for the poor. The entrance door is of oak, and a fine example of its kind, thickly studded with clout-headed nails, and artistically designed and wrought hinges. Just within the church is a rare holy-water stoup. To the west of the entrance a stairway gives access to the parvise or priest's chamber, which lies directly over the porch. The richly graven Norman font, chalice-shaped and ornamented with an arcaded frieze pattern, is still preserved.

The interior comprises a nave, a long chancel, a south aisle and a chapel on the northern side. The chancel contains considerable Norman work. There is a semi-circular headed recess on the north side of the chancel, which tradition has it is the tomb of the Founder, and four large blue slabs on the floor point to the sepulchres of some great dignitaries of the church—who, is uncertain. In the south wall is a triple sedilia. The south aisle is chiefly late perpendicular, with square headed tracery windows, an early English piscina; and six square hatchment cloths—of the Dundas family—are suspended above the arches. In this aisle, too, is a very interesting "brass" to Eleanor Bowes (daughter of Sir Richard Musgrave, of Hartley Castle) for one-and-thirty years "the comfortable wife" of "worthie Robert Bowes of Aske, Ambassador to Scotland for the most part of one-and-twenty

years." The wall paintings in Easby Church are very early examples of that Art, and date, in all likelihood, from the 13th century. Those in the nave are somewhat crude. Their picture story begins with the Creation and follows on with the Expulsion from Eden, the Adoration of the Kings, the Redemption, the Descent from the Cross, the Entombment, and the Resurrection. **He is Risen** is written in old black letters.

Beauteous large-limbed trees cast their spell of shade and sleep over the very entrance to the church, and furnish a rich contrast to the silver grey hue of the abbey ruins. Close by the east end of the churchyard is the abbey gateway. Easby is indeed a place of ease, a shrine of restful peace. It is a spot where one should tread gently, for 'tis holy ground; and speak softly withal, lest rude noise awake its twice hallowed repose.

Steps to the Priest's Chamber. [*E. Forbes.*

On the gentle rise above the abbey to the east, is Easby Village, a settlement of sleep too, and the low broad sunny facade

of the Hall, residence of the Squire, Mr. Jacques, facing south on church and ruin seems to smile placidly too, well content that its lines have fallen in such pleasant places. The whole is a tree-clad Arcadia, where Nature is in every aspect in harmony, where vegetation burgeons and flowers, and leaves in their season fall softly happily tinted, where the air is pure, and sunshine blesses the sheltered land, and the birds carol their content with surroundings so restful and so ineffably sweet.

The Majesty of Richmond.

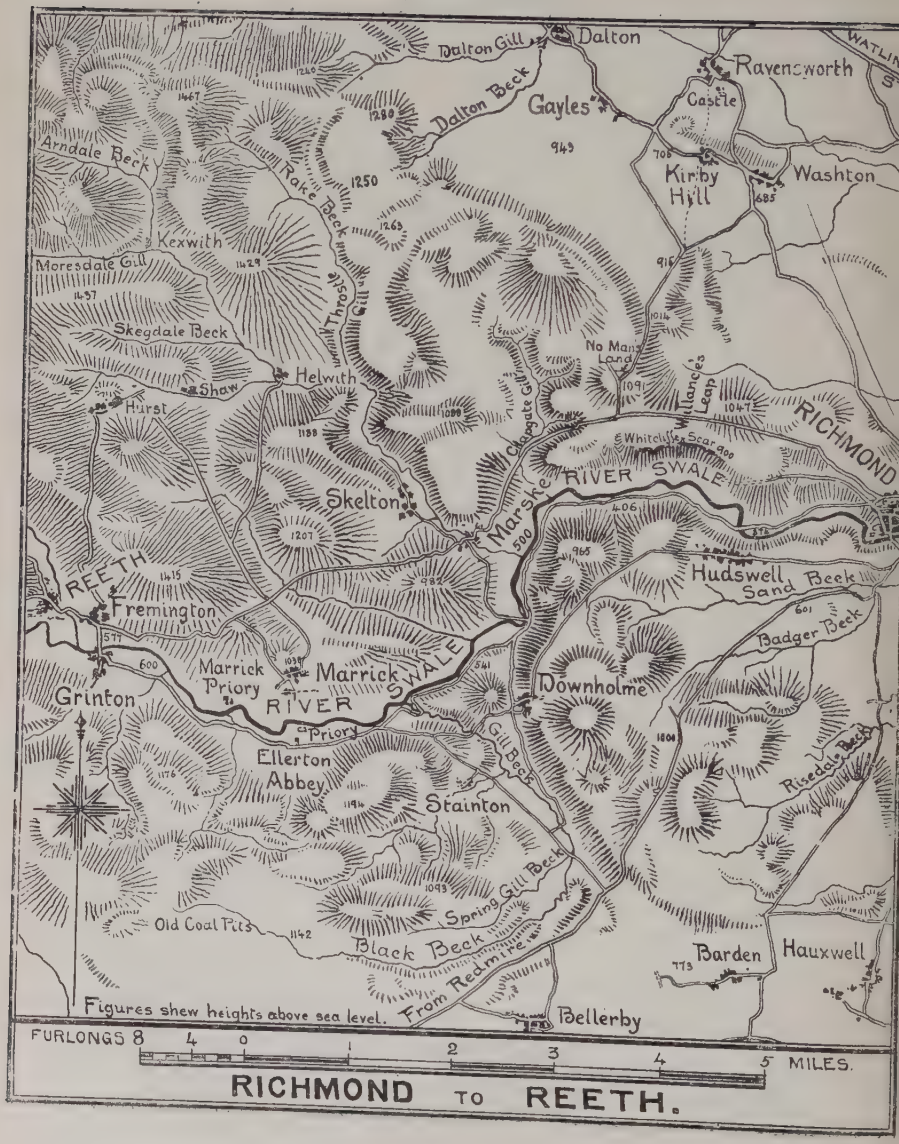
Reluctantly we now turn our feet to the west, along the perfectly charming riverside path to Richmond, with the majesty of its natural situation and its peerless Keep, ahead and well in view before us, when surprise views through sylvan foliage allow, almost every step looming larger and more impressive as we mount, mount, to the level of its rock-bound terraces. The growing propinquity to such a natural stronghold, more like some fortress town on the Rhine, excites rather than wearies the pedestrian: if one might give it a descriptive title, worthy of its majesty and charm, it is the Yorkshire Heidelberg!

There are several points of vantage from which to view the massive and hoary castle-walls of Richmond and the donjon keep of the Breton Earls poised on a stupendous rock among scarcely less bold accessories. It is a noble cliff indeed, fit for its crown and cope of buttressed and bastioned castle. River below, wood-clothed dizzy slopes, copated with the towers and irregularly set walls of the town, the picture is well-nigh unsurpassed, for its mingling of natural and mediæval. Bolder far than Windsor, and with less dark sternness than Edinburgh, our island cannot shew its like. For that, we should have to go to the ampler vistas of the Rhine or Italy. Yet not even Ehrenbreitstein can offer us so

much of the grandiose, with its clean clear-cut lines as Earl Conan's proud and firm-based Keep.

The first impression the writer received of it was when visiting Richmond from Leyburn and coming upon it from the south. After the solitude and silence of the moorland, the highest ridge crossed, a descent was made in the waning light of evening, ominous storm-clouds of purple grey uprolling their billowy bosoms in a lurid sunset sky. Suddenly there burst on the vision this apocalypse of mediæval Romance and Reality, a Norman-Gothic pile such as one reads of in histories of the days of chivalry or the German legends, and in the tales of the early travellers, Sir John Mandeville and others. It verily seemed as though a scroll of long ago had been unrolled before the eye. Couriers from the king, like wraiths, seemed to sweep by on the wings of speed itself, anxiously enquiring if Randolph de Glanville was still safe in Richmont! In fancy we could hear the tocsin of attack sounding—the 'Lion of the North' was abroad, and chieftain's mailed warriors, knights and men-at-arms were issuing from the Barbican. The noise of the ancient 'bloweries' (or forges), and the clink of iron on smith's anvils beating ploughshare into sword, spear-head, or arrow-tip, could almost be heard, a distant growl of thunder and the din of storm was in the air, fancy transmitting it into the clamour of human strife. Then the scene changes to one of rejoicing. The Lion of Scotland has got entangled in the net of successful strategy, and is even now being borne, a prisoner, for safe keeping to this same noble Castle of Richmond. Knowing this took place we vividly realise it, with the very scene before our eyes.

The fortress stands on a considerable elevation, yet round it on every side is higher ground; the mountain-like rock on which it and most of the town lies, deflecting the waters of Swale, here in a very contracted valley, so that it flows in a sweeping semi-circle round the boss of rock it has been unable to wear away. The Keep, or



RICHMOND TO REETH.

Great Tower rises supreme like a square Titanic column from its base, overtopping all else, and in the menace of the sky, mutely yet sternly adamantine, demarking, as it were, the frontier of an ancient Gothic kingdom. A strange spell of witchery pervaded the scene. The light was now fast fading, the grey mantle of night subduing every sharp outline, but ere the bend leading precipitously down to the old bridge across the river was reached, the storm canopy lifted, and a final flicker of light from the west lit up the old town picturesquely grouped under, up, and beyond the steep castle bank with almost barbaric splendour. Blue wisps of smoke from the cottage chimneys wreathed themselves away in the air, half veiling the castle walls and towers overhead. An unearthly iridescence of pearly and amber light glowed on the stern angled face of the huge Keep. Below was the massive old bridge, and to the ear was borne the subdued evensong of 'old' Swale, the same channel and the same chant, though its waters are ever new. Its notes in the far-off days, in the ears of the alien warriors of Brittany were one and the same as to-day. Sound and sight combined to fill the cup of imagination to the brim with the spirit of glamour in a way few places where Nature and Man have not joined their forces could hope to realise.

All along the high south bank of Swale the scene continues essentially similar in its main features: the curving ruinous yet still substantial walls that enring its parade ground, and the unexcelled majesty of that great square keep towering high over all else strikes the observer in a kind of speechless amazement. "Here, indeed," a stranger ignorant of its story, might exclaim, "dwelt some monarch of legend land, some Charlemagne of old!" Excusably so; so plain is the open secret of its great past inscribed on its face, for from these walls and donjon tower not once, but many a time, have fluttered the banners of the proud Dukes of Brittany, as well as those of Marmion, Fitzhugh and Lancaster, Scrope,

Fitz Randolph of Middleham, and the Nevilles. All the latter and others paying feudal service to the Dukes of Brittany and Earls of Richmond, owners of the fairest and most princely territory in the North Country, have tarried here at one time or another.

Another fine view of town and tower is from near St. Martin's Priory, at the hour of sunset when the reflected 'afterglow,' the source of all Life having just dipped behind the hill ridge to the west, confers on everything it illuminates an enchanting glory of colour, saturating this, and dyeing that, with hues of lake and citron yellow or dull ruby with the embers of its after glow. Everything touched by the magic wand is transfigured; the broken curtain-walls of the castle, the red-tiled roofs, the lichen-crusted crumbling limestone rock, till the further change comes and what was full of colour-life blends to form an opaline lustre akin to the halo occasionally seen around the moon. At such a time one forgets that this is a veritable part of Northern England. For the sun's glory of setting is more widely emblazoned on the sky of some seaboard spot, or at such places as Granada, the old Moorish capital of Spain, the sunset pictures are more constant, if not finer in 'shafts of scarlet.' It is our Northumbrian poet Swinburne who has compared Richmond with Toledo in Spain, also a proud 'steel-stern' City on a Royal eminence. But even so, comparisons are hardly profitable: if the sky of Richmond lacks azure autres in silver mountains (of cloud), its earth is garbed in a richer sylvan greenery and invested with the subtlest charm of beauty—variety.

The town from our viewpoint lies in the form of a crescent, and the many diverse lines of roof, spire, dome and tower in process of being veiled in the umber shades of early night. The battlements and finials of the graceful tower of the Grey Friars' rests on high above the roofs like unto a gilded coronet—typifying monasticism, whilst Conan's majestic Keep, a miracle of proportion, cuts up clean into the clouds, symbol of Alien Art and its final

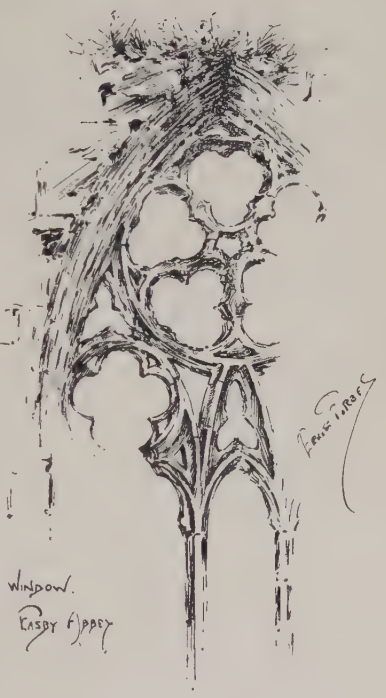
Richmond from Terrace. *Owen Bowen*

Conquest. On our right, a hazy veil of amber mellows the fruitful soil of Easby, and when we reach the bridge the babbling river is also a luminous amber colour, its strand-way, the whole scene, with the outer rim of dim blue hills, that of some foreign clime, a place where an old-world race of kings and princes have dwelt. In the glamour of the hour, town and environs are a fairyland teeming with witchery and mysticism.

The visitor by rail to Richmond on emerging from the station is immediately confronted by a sight almost foreign as well as startling in its character. In front and to the right is a beautiful wood rising tier above tier to near a hundred feet; to the left, through the trees at the bridge foot, is the bold, rugged precipice of the castle-crowned rock, with its donjon of a grim and impregnable majesty. Other towers rise to flank it over the tiers of the town dwellings; and guarding the unscaleable rock's base an unnecessary but natural moat of a noisy river, hurrying away with a sonorous or fretful voice, with the peat dyed water stolen from the oozy well-heads, yellow-green with apple-moss, over a hundred square miles of moor. The river bed itself has points of likeness to the sea-shore: boulder stones on the margin are green-mossed as with sea-weed, others are flecked and ringed with creamy foam where the water has been checked and churned—like the incoming sea-tide.

And as I write, the memory of yet another delightful picture comes upon me. It was the hour, too, betwixt day and night, gloaming, when natural sights and sounds put on something of the mysterious spirit world. Ere I had turned foot from Easby the moon's rays had rimmed with silver the surrounding hill ridges, and flecked the stream of Swale with fluctuant bars of light. Betwixt Easby and Richmond the Swale flows placidly by willow holts and water-meadows betwixt terraced banks. The eye is caught by the glancing silver mirror tipped with foam, and sullen

under a bank of goat-willow, or complaining over its boulder-strewn course. The nineteenth century railway bridge, with its points of Gothic ornaments, is seen in silhouette, and in the doubtful light of the moon's mirror it heightened the effect. Beyond the bridge over the river hung an opalescent veil of lavender mist—a veil of mystery, screening yet revealing; and rising up sheer from its bush clad precipitous rock the great donjon keep again, looming larger than in the clearer light of day, flanked by the serried scarp of the time indented castle walls. The stupendous tower rising shadowy and unreal in the silvery light of the moon, and appearing like some giant's keep guarding the entrance to some forbidden place. Yet, truly, the 'feeling' is there, that in the presence of this superb dream in stone, there is something kingly that one must needs bow the head and bend the knee as before Majesty itself.



East Window, Frater House, Easby Abbey.

The River of the Dale.

The Swale, as explained earlier a river that swirls or 'sweales,' is in its upper reaches a turbulent noisy stream, its well-head and

its infant feeders having their birth in the very heart of the Pennines, reaching from Winton Fell and Nine Standards to Shunner Fell and Lunds, where a few feet makes all the difference which way the riserills shall run, to west and north up Eden Vale, or east down Birkdale towards Keld, or south towards Hawes Junction and then down the dale to Wensley. This is a region of stony moorland and quaking moss empurpled in one season with the bounteous burthen of besom ling, at another fleecy with lamb's wool tassels of fruiting cotton grass; at another black and white and green with lichened limestone and mossy turf, the eminences ranging from 1,200 to upwards of 2,000 feet. Above Keld the young Swale gurgles adown Birkdale in a shallow stony trough of white sparry limerock and malachite green turf, where moss is as abundant as bent grass. Below Keld the waters leap and spurt in a deeper ravine, with step-like cross terraces of limestone rock making rapids and cascades of varied beauty. These are Kisdon forces, and the Ivelet moor adds a series of smaller pictures of river beauty to the dale. By Muker is reached several streams have joined Swale, which thence on flows east in a narrow tortuous valley to Gunnerside, a stone-built strip of dwellings, grey as the rock of the hills and in winter as externally cold and forbidding but not wanting in a warm-hearted welcome for the stranger from the outer world who has tramped up or down dale or "over t' top" from Askrigg or Hawes to its stern terraced fastnesses. Here Swale takes to its bed the tumbling waters of Gunnerside beck, then lashes the bastion of a precipitous cliff, gleaming in the sunlight like a vein of malachite or cærulean blue or a throw-down chain of amber beads, according to the clear or cloudy state of the sky. But indeed the characteristic note of all Nature in Swaledale is that everything has its changeful but always picturesque aspect according to time and season.

From Gunnerside the Swale flows less urgently by the holms and woodland of Crackpot, where another beck joins forces with it, and on by or under Low Row until it borders the sloping square townlet of Reeth. Here it receives its most important tributary, the lead-clouded Arkle beck, draining a wide area to the north from the Greta water-parting ridge demarking the Tees country from that of Swale. And now on, ever hurrying, it presently washes the very God's acre walls of Grinton Church, and passes by Marrick and Ellerton Abbeys and the somnolent and secluded village of Marske. Here, after threading many romantic reaches of what may be called Virgin forest land, aboriginal scrub, gay with bridal bird-cherry tassels in May and with creamy white hawthorn amaranths a little later, this wonderful Swale—the grass snake of Yorkshire rivers—emerges from the throat of a deep gorge, embracing in an arc of changing light a bold headland of rock rising 130 feet above the water. This is, perhaps, the most picturesque spot in this land of the picturesque, the very site intended from all time for the Norman Castle builder, Breton 'Alan the Red,' to rear his impregnable fortress upon!

After having beaten its heart out in vain through the centuries against the cliff of Richmond, Swale flows chastened, though retaining past Easby its heritage of hills on either side, but thereafter—as described under Catterick—is left to make its way somewhat silently through the great Yorkshire plain to the Ouse and Humber Sea.

CHAPTER VI.

Richmond Castle: Early History.

Past Richmond runs a great pre-historic Earthwork, known in Yorkshire and the adjacent county of Durham as the Scots' Dike or 'Nick'; in Northumberland as the Black Dike, whilst its continuation in Selkirkshire and Roxburghshire has the curious cognomen of 'Cathrail.'

What led to the cutting of this great boundary seems plain. It has been traced for nearly a hundred miles, and therefore must have been formed either to repel some great invasion feared over a long line, like that of the Romans, or it was constructed as a Division of Kingdoms. This latter supposition is to my mind the most feasible. If made to stem the Roman advance, it seems singular the Brigantes should have sliced off and left unprotected by even an earthwork bank the best and most fruitful parts of the country: the Wolds and the fairer lower pastures of the river valleys, Wharfe, Nidd, Yore, Swale, Tees, and Tyne. Besides, the dyke was not formidable enough as a 'glacis' to keep back for any length of time the strong tide of Roman invasion. In all warfare a long face open to attack is more difficult to hold than a restricted area. Scattered on this long extent of earthwork are several ancient Celtic camps: at Gainford, an enormous one at Stanwick and Forcett—this last capable of holding several thousand men. There is another near Grinton from which place the dyke is inferred to have run south to Middleham. Antiquarians are of opinion that the

dyke ran in an unbroken tho' crooked line from the Derbyshire fastnesses of Peakland to beyond Tweed in Roxburgh. South of the Swale fragments have been found which seem to confirm this supposition. It has been traced in spots near Richmond, Gilling and Gatherley moor, passing the great remains at Stanwick to Barforth on Tees, thence right across Durham to Northumberland into Scotland, over the valley of the Teviot, Ettrick and Yarrow, to the Tweed, where it is known by the singular title of the Cath-rail, the name possibly a contraction of 'Cahir-trail' (Camp trail), in the Erse, Cahir being an earthwork castle or stronghold, and trail, a path or guide line (an Indian 'trail' was the line or marked way the redfoot took). The writer has seen remains of the Cathrail on Peel Fell, and traversed it a considerable distance between the Teviot and Tweed in Selkirkshire.

To return, Richmond lies a few hundred yards to the west of this ancient British boundary, and it was probably raised a century or more before the Romans came North at all, as a line of demarcation between two ancient Celtic kingdoms. One part the Brigantes inhabited that portion of the country to the east of the line between Tweed and the great forest of Derbyshire. The other Celtic tribesmen roamed and ruled to the north and west of the dyke-line; these were the old Picts, who afterwards inhabited all the country north of the Roman Wall to central Scotland. They had really preceeded the Brigantians on east English ground, had been worsted in conflict with the Brigantians, and gradually pushed back north-west. When this more or less civil sort of strife had continued to the point of exhaustion, the line of demarcation had been agreed on and cut by both so that there should be no further dispute as to their respective territories or kingdoms It was the old Picts, the tribes to the north and west of the 'march' line, who proved such a thorn in the flesh to the Romans. To check this and hold them in subjection and also to guard ground

already won, the Great Barrier Wall was built by Severus beyond Tyne, from the eastern to the western sea. The wall is built right across and above of the old dyke march, which in itself almost proves it anterior in time to the Roman invasion.

Thus, at least a thousand years before the Conquest, tribal wars had almost incessantly raged in and around this ancient district of Gillingshire, down to the Roman withdrawal. Alike fierce Brigantes and wild Picts, who had each in turn been driven to occupy the mountain defiles of north-west England, were wont to swoop down on and harry the Roman settlements. After the Romans withdrew, strife for centuries was again waged between conflicting Pict and romanised British, and Anglian invaders along the old landmark, the march line, the Scots' Dyke; and long before the end of the ninth century the Britons had been pushed back into the mountainous Pennines, and westwards to the Lakeland hills and Lowlands of Scotland.

About this date a fresh foe appeared on the scene—the Vikings, the Norsemen from over the North Sea. These warlike immigrants forced their way up the river dales, fighting, plundering and burning the settlements they found, but were again and again driven back to their 'ceols,' or keels. But it was only for a time. They always returned to the attack reinforced, and so the strife of diverse races for mastery and settlement continued and was kept up from the dawn of the historic period in Britain for above a thousand years until that epoch in the history of Britain: the Norman Invasion of 1066.

To revert, for a moment, to the Castle hill at Richmond. There is no actual evidence proving that a Celtic or even an Anglian stronghold ever existed there. Yet one may reasonably assume that so naturally defendable, nay impregnable, position would not be overlooked by the Celts or Anglo Danes in possession. Yet for

at least 400 years, Gilling, 3 miles north-east of Richmond was the centre of civic and martial regulation, the seat of a Regulus. Gilling was then the centre of rule and the capital of the shire bearing its name; and it was likewise the residence of Anglian Kings, and later, the head town and seat of the great Northern fee of the powerful Earls of Mercia. The actual site of Earl Eadwine's 'Aula,' or Audience Hall, was what is still known as Gilling Lane.

It was probably from Gilling, where he had a seat, that King Oswin of Deira fled southwards before the army of King Oswey of Bernicia. Of this historic episode we must write later. As said, it was at Gilling that Eadwine, the powerful Mercian Earl, had a stronghold at the time of the Conquest. Two of the great earls of northern England at that period were brothers: Eadwine and Morkere. Terrible indeed for England was the whirlwind blast of 'the Conqueror's' invasion in the autumn of 1066. The green leaves of summer had shrivelled and fallen under the fury of the autumnal equinox, ere the colder grip of winter and an alien 'mailed fist' that was to shake and disrupt the land in a relentlessly cold embrace. With King Harold on the funeral mound of Senlac, fell nigh all the bravest of the intrepid Anglo-Danes, fighting for their hearths and homes. The Conqueror quickly pushed his forces London-wards, and was there met by a deputation of Headmen who offered him the Crown. "They bowed to him," says the English annalist, pathetically, "as they had formerly bowed to the Dane, and William accepted the Crown which otherwise he would surely have taken." But William 'the Norman' was not yet master of England. For nigh four years the North kept him, practically, at bay. There were risings and counter-risings. The invasions of the Danes heralded a great outbreak. York was stormed and the Norman garrison slain almost to a man. William swore 'by the splendour of God' to be avenged, and only

too well kept he his word. Having freed the Welsh borderland and (bought at a heavy price), the withdrawal of the Danish fleet, he pushed rapidly on to York. He met a slight check at Ferry-bridge in the swollen waters of the Aire, but having at length found a passage he crossed the Ainsty and recaptured York. He was a man with an iron will, cold and cruel, "but his wrath," says one chronicler, "always went hand in hand with coolest statesmanship." From York he pushed north, and every village and homestead in his way he caused to be destroyed, the inhabitants slain or swept across the border into Scotland, until the blast of desolating fury grew thick as a death-shroud and hung like a funeral pall over the land, 'twixt Humber and Tees, for half a century. Yet even after this wreaking of vengeance, and the havoc caused in Yorkshire, a band of daring and desperate men held out against his sway in a wellnigh inaccessible spot moated by marsh dikes and guarded by marsh land, near Tees' mouth; here they gathered rich stores, and from York, in midwinter, 1070, William marched across the Cleveland hills to the attack. This vaunted impregnable position seems to have fallen almost before a blow was struck. His very name—William the Bastard—seems to have inspired the refugees with a paralysing terror; those who did not submit themselves fled from the place. Thus was the camp of refugees broken up, and two of William's most powerful opponents, the Jarls Siward and Gospatrick, threw themselves on his clemency, took the oath of fealty, and became his men.

From Tees William swept backward again to York, thence across the hill country (in midwinter still, be it remembered) to Chester—a memorable and terrible march. His very soldiers cried out to be released from their hardships and sufferings, but overcoming again every obstacle by his imperious will, he burst on the old Mercian city of Chester, here too, as in Yorkshire, quelling, nay completely breaking the heart of rebellion in that land of Mercia.

In April, 1071, another Rising took place in the North, but was speedily crushed, and Eadwine of Mercia and Gillingshire was one of the slain in that outbreak. His brother, the Northumbrian Jarl Morkere, fled to the Fen country of South Lincoln and the Wash-land, where the last hope of resistance was kept alive by Hereward the Wake, whose exploits are so graphically pictured in that Classic of Charles Kingsley's, which bears and needs only the Wake's name.

The Earls Eadwine and Morkere who had prior to this surrendered to William, and who very likely had been 'idling in silken ease' at his Court as guests or hostages since the failure of their first attempt at resistance, suddenly fled from his court in the spring of 1071. Gathering together a small band of outlawed men they lived for some little time in the woods. After a while, through some accident, the brothers got separated, and Eadwine in his attempt to reach Scotland was checked 'by the high state of a swol'n river,' doubtless the Tees (for it was near his Northern Earldom), and was here overtaken by a troop of Norman soldiers. With only twenty horsemen he valiantly withstood their attack, until he was slain through the perfidy of three traitors. In him died the last Earl of the Mercians, the grandson of Leofric and Godiva.

It was at this date, 1071, while the land from Tweed south lay helpless under the heel of the Conqueror that the Castle of Richmond—on whose ruined shell we now gaze in admiring wonder—rose visibly, stone by stone, tier by tier in all its majesty, on its lion-faced rock above the ever murmuring waters of Swale.

Alan Rufus, the builder, perhaps under the direction of William himself, was the second son of Eudo of Brittany, a man of great note and influence in that province of Gaul. Most of his sons accompanied William in the 'great Adventure' in quest of Crown and Kingdom; and Alan Rufus was staunch in support

of his liege lord and contributed not a little to the success of the expedition. Be that as it may, the Conqueror was so pleased with his great valour both at Senlac and the Siege of York, that within four years of the historic landing Alan was in possession of Eadwin's earldom of Gillingshire and other overlordships. The grant of the Conqueror to 'Alan the Red' finds mention in Domesday as being the "Terra Comitis Alani"—the shire of Alan. It comprised 199 Manors—certainly a Royal present and worth a few years' fighting to secure. The Hall of the Earls of Northern Mercia at Gilling did not, however, offer sufficient natural advantages in site for a Norman stronghold of offence and defence, and so Alan (possibly by order of the King, or at least at his instigation) made choice of that fitly-set rock, its summit plane table like, with shelves of rock in tiers below it on which bastioning walls could be raised, and its steep slopes below naturally bush-clad, and at the base of all a protecting arm, as it were, of ever running water that when lashed into fury at flood times rendered the stronghold doubly unapproachable on the river face. Here in 1071 the Castle, afterwards to become so celebrated, began to grow, course by course on the tabular peninsula, until by the middle of the 12th century it became the seat not only of a great earldom, but the Capital of a Shire of five Wapentakes, to all of which it gave its paramount prestige, that of an English Earldom and a Breton Duchy.

There was urgent occasion for such a fortress here, a hold to withstand all possible assault, for the years that immediately followed were times of dire need and of stubborn combat for all those who would not (and few dared resist) bend their necks to the yoke had sullenly retreated north to the border fastnesses of western moors and northern hills. They ever waited a seasonable opportunity to swoop back, oust the alien intruder, and retrieve their old inheritances. It was to guard against any such emergency

as this that the fortress walls arose quickly (by more or less forced labour) along the brink of the precipitous rock, though one would think that side least vulnerable in feudal warfare. Across the neck of the peninsula where the rock joined the main northern ridge of the dale, a deep moat was cut (its line still traceable), and a strong soil rampart stockaded on the top was reared. This 'first line of

The Bar, Cornforth Hill.

Bend Hagg
Pilmoor Hill
Whitefield Pasture
Whitefield
Quarry
Barracks
Hospital
Terrace Ho.
Grammar School
Gallow Gate
Thill Ho.
Priory Ho.
Friars Tower
Friary
Castle
Keep
Stegill
Temple
Gaol
Workhouse
Richmond Station
St. Martin's Priory
St. Nicholas
Sunnyfield Ho.
Easby
Abbey
St. Agatha's Abbey
N. Mart. House
NEWCASTLE & BERWICK RY.
YORK
R. SWALE
Clark Bank
Racecourse
Grand Stand
Gallow Field
Hargill Ho.
Bellasise
West Field
Whitcliffe Mills
Whitcliffe Wood
Baby Park Wood
Cornborough Bridge
Cornborough Wood
Caldwell Wood
Prebus Wood
RIVER SWALE
Hudswell
HUDSWELL
SLEGILL
SANDBECK
Sandbeck Wood
Barrisdale
Nuttakilns Wood
Sandbeck Bridge
Sandbeck West Bridge
Spring Wood
North Bank
Iron Bank
Abbey Wood
0
1
2 Miles

fortification' was accomplished within the space of three years. The Castle proper, including the Keep, was not fully finished until the middle of the 12th century. After that date many additions continued to be made from time to time, as the differing styles of architecture conclusively show. Of the original work of Earl Alan little remains unless it is to be found in the Kirtle or skirting wall, but he fully secured the place from the attack of the remnants of the hill-tribes and the disaffected Anglo-Danish population. The styles of the work point to periods wide apart, from late Norman time, through the Transitional and Early English 'Decorated.' The great Keep probably took 50 years from beginning to middle of the 12th century, and the architectural features of the Hall of Scolland indicates the middle of the 14th.

The Castle is encompassed by a high embattled wall six feet in thickness, and the length of the circuit is said to be 650 yards. At intervals were strong square towers, wherein the principal Knights and Esquires had their lodging. The Keep is in the north ward of the enclosure, so placed to guard the weakest side of the position, the town side. Beyond its forecourt, on the neck of land, there was a deep dry moat and a strong rampart which was later made almost impregnable by the triangular outwork of the great Keep. The barbican covered the gateway which was the principal entrance to the castle. There is a winding ascent within the square keep to the archway with its portcullis barring approach. The moat must have rendered the gateway doubly difficult to reach, though, of course, it is only the hands of the truly brave that can render any castle truly impregnable. In the late years if the 18th century, excavation by the partly-covered moat, discovered the old drawbridge, but it was again re-buried, and a house built upon the site! The Keep is rectangular, 56 feet east and west, and 48 feet north and south. Its height is over 100 feet; the walls of the base eleven feet thick; and there are

square turrets at the angles united by an embattled parapet. In appearance this marvellous structure is as perfect as the day it was built—a huge grim stony-faced monument, impressing on the beholders its panoramic story of Feudalism, bulking large above the town, roofs that crowd up to it, sternly, blankly gazing sphinx-like on the now crumbled and shattered walls it was reared to protect; itself intact, its poise and outlook as of old; its charges all things of the past, its kirtle walls with many a breach in their continuity, and if left to Time and the elements to dispose of, many a century must pass ere the crest even of this mastodon in stone will have fallen back into the earth from whence it came. Need it be said, from the summit of the keep there is a magnificent outlook, up and down the winding dale of Swale, and away north and east across Mowbray's fair Vale to the Stainmoor heights, the Cleveland gap to Tees and smoky Middlesborough, and the Hambleton range to the eastward.

There is no record of the castle having had to withstand an assault in any war. In 1171, William the Lion, King of Scotland, was kept a prisoner here after his capture, and only liberated on the payment of a great ransom. David Bruce was also, for a short time, a captive within its walls, after the (to him) disastrous battle of Neville's Cross.

Thus it is that the story of the castle is but the family history of its noble owners, its Earls and its Dukes, and their various embroilments. Space will not allow us to trace the earldom's history with any minuteness. To a sensitive mind the ivied curtain wall and the strength, stability, and clear-cut lines of that towering keep carries one in thought back to the 'palmy' days of joust and chivalry, when mailed warriors and their retainers manned its ramparts, as sailors did the rigging of those old ocean-castles, ships; and banners, and even standards of Royalty, from the summit of the great keep waved in the breeze from its wall-towers. We

hear, in fancy's brain, the sound of ancient revelry in the Hall of Scolland; the clangour of armour; the keen ring of steel on steel in the Barbican; the creaking of the drawbridge chains and the grating rattle of the portcullis in its descent from the arch as it fastens its cruel grisly teeth into the ground. But it is reverie only. The skeleton is there, but the body of old life with its past glitter and glory, grandeur and gaiety combined, of all sorts and condition of men, has long ago fled to the shadowland of the past.

Richmondshire (Rice, A.S. Reich, German) the Kingdom or 'shire,' to shear or cut off, as the name etymologically signifies, is compounded of the A.S. 'Scir,' a shive, a cut-off portion of a thing, and the French 'Rich' and 'Mont' was styled Rich-mont by its Norman owners. The first Jarl, or Earl, was Leofric of Mercia, and doubtless this Riech-mond ('mont') was the district between the higher reaches of Tees and Wharfe and Nidd, and so named from the hilly nature of the country. It may have come into existence after the victory of Egbert (King of the Saxons of the west) over Beornwulf, King of Mercia in 827, when that old Saxon Kingdom over which Penda and Offa had ruled so ably and built up so strongly, received its death-blow; and acknowledging supremacy, was merged in the Kingdom of the West Saxons. Shortly after 827, Northumbria bowed also to him; and for the first time for 400 years from the earliest Anglo-Saxon invasion, the whole English race was knit together under a single rule or over-king, and became known as Engle-land. Previously the old Kings of Mercia may have acquired territory in this old district of Reichmund-scire. The Celts up to the end of the 8th century certainly held the uplands on both slopes of the sterile and bog-beset Pennines. Remnants of these Celtic people lingered on even to the date of the Conquest. Be that so or not, after the change in title of Mercia from a Kingdom to an Earl's dominion, Egbert added the Richmond lands to those of Leofric, first Earl. The third

Richmond Castle from the River.

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Earl wedded Ethelfrida, a daughter of the great and good King Alfred. The fifth Jarl was Leofric, husband of the celebrated Lady Godiva, and their grandson, Eadwine, was the last of the old Saxon Earls of Mercia. He had a place at Gilling, and some chroniclers say a hunting seat in northern Mercia on the very spot where the Castle of Richmond now stands. The Saxon Kingdom, which had taken six centuries to cement, fell before the fierce blast of Norman invasion, like corn before a hurricane. The old order changed, and the harsh harrying rule of the Breton began, as Domesday records in 'Reichmundescire.' Alan the Red, first Breton Earl of Richmond, was followed by his two brothers Alan Niger (the Black) and Stephen, who died in 1142. He left a son, Alan the Third, and this earl had two sons, Conan, the eldest and his successor, and Brian, the founder of the noble house of Fitz-Alans, Lords of Bedale. Earl Conan, builder of the great Keep, left an only daughter his heiress, and she became in due time the wife of Geoffrey Plantagenet, son of Henry the Second. He thus came to be Earl of Richmond and the father of Prince Arthur, whose tragic death was dramatised by Shakespeare. Henry's Palace on the Thames in Surrey was named Richmond by him in memory of the Northern Earldom. Edward III. granted the honour of Earl of Richmond to his son John, Duke of Lancaster, and with it went the land. The wall surrounding the Deer Park, and the site of this hunting Lodge are still in evidence at Healaugh, beyond Reeth.

There were, however, serious embarrassments at times betwixt England's King and these Breton Dukes who were Earls of Richmond from their Dukedom over the sea. They were by nationality subjects of the Kings of France, and subjects of the English King also, and when the two nations were at war serious differences arose. We find the Earldom was frequently confiscated and as often restored. Many a generation rolled past before Hardigras ceased to

growl and snarl over the hilly streets of Richmond, or Tiffany ceased to scold in her harsh Breton tongue up and down the wynds and courtyard of the castle; for many a pack of retainers followed their lords from Brittany, bringing as part of their bag and baggage their wives and little ones. Who could blame them? Blood is thicker than water, but so it was, as an old song says:—

"Each came out of Brittany,
With his wife Tiffany,
And his maid Mangras,
And his dog Hardigras."

The old rock town still carries in its faces and names a strong tincture of that invasion of non-combatant aliens from Brittany.

Henry the Fourth granted the Honour of Richmond to the Nevilles, and they held it until the reign of Henry the Sixth. Harry the Eighth bestowed it upon his natural son, Henry Fitzroy, also further loading him with the title of Duke. In the following century the Dukedom was conferred upon a royal favourite by James the First; and Charles the Second in his turn disposed the same to his natural son, Charles Lennox, to whose descendants it still belongs. But by that time there was—not unnaturally—little left of the old Earldom and its fee save what the walls of the fortress encircled.

Richmond's Legend of King Arthur.

Legend has it that deep down in a secret vault beneath the foundations of the great Keep, King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table lie spell-bound in a mysterious sleep, awaiting the advent of One who shall blow on a horn a blast sufficient to arouse them from their enchanted slumbers. The entrance to this cave has been lost for ages, although there are those, it is said, who have patiently sought for the secret adit down by the sweeping Swale.

Some generations back, an idle shiftless sort of a fellow, a wastrel cobbler, by name Potter Thompson, was wandering listlessly by the river's steep bank under the castle walls as he was wont. He is said to have spied a niche in the rock, sufficiently wide to admit his body. The man had, no doubt, many a time heard the legend of the magic cave and its sleep-bound Knights. Curiosity overcame any boggart fear, so into the narrow way he went, the space widening as further he went, and gradually loftier of roof also; and a strange ethereal glimmer began to light the adventurer on his way. On and on he went, until the whole cavernous space was suffused with a halo of shimmering radiance. Still wondering, he passed through the portals of a far loftier cavern, which even the light from a large lamp which hung from the roof could not reveal its dimensions. Underneath the lamp was a stone table, and on it lay a gigantic sword and a large horn embellished with rare gems and adorned with gold and ivory (far richer in decoration than even York's famous Horn of Ulphus); and around the table lay the huge figures of Knights all emblazoned in full armour, and one, more conspicuous than the others, was the figure of King Arthur. He wore on his burnished helmet a crown of gold.

Poor Potter Thompson! had he not turned craven, the one opportunity of his life had not been lost. Long he gazed, dumb and paralysed—looking on a sight never before beheld by mortal man. Then lo! a great desire grew in him—he would carry away with him to the light of air some proof to show to the incredulous of his visit to the Arthurian Chamber of Sleeping Knights; and he stretched forth his trembling hand, and attempted to unsheath, draw from its scabbard, the famous sword "Excalibar." At his movement, there arose a weird sound like the moaning of a mighty wind, accompanied by the ringing note of steel on steel, and the King and his Knights turned, each in his sleep! At this prologue to he knew not what climax, poor Potter let 'the brand Excalibar'

fall heavily on the table, and on the instant the cavern rang and rang again with repeated echoes. He turned and fled, bruising himself sorely against the rocky sides of the inlet by which he now returned. As he ran, a deep sepulchral voice cried out mockingly:—

> "Potter—Potter Thompson,
> If thou had'st either drawn
> The Sword, or blown the horn,
> Thou'dst have been the luckiest man
> That ever yet was born!"

Potter Thompson often told the story of his one great deed of "derring do," the visit to the magic cave, and some or none believed him. The strange, or perhaps not so strange, circumstance about the thing is this, though he sought high and low, he never again could find that 'narrow way' which led to so much and so little. So, surely, whispers shy belief in witchery, the perfect King and his Knights are still asleep under the great keep, awaiting not the trump of doom but England's hour of direst need.

There is yet another story about some underground passage from the precincts of the keep along the bank of the river to Easby Abbey.

Once upon a time, the tale goes, long, long ago, the soldiers in the castle resolved to prove the truth or falsity of the existence of such a subway. For the hero of this quest they selected a small drummer-boy of the regiment, one who could worm his way through almost any crevice. The lad seems to have been quite willing to undertake the lonesome task. He may have heard of Potter Thompson and his luck, or want of it, and hoped to at least outdo the sorely-scared cobbler. He fearlessly allowed himself to be lowered into the vault from whence the secret passage was supposed to run underground to the Abbey. His drum before him, the boy began drumming to keep up his courage and also (by

arrangement) that the soldiers of his corps might learn by ear at least what progress he made. The sound of the drum was heard by them plainly enough as he proceeded further and further along the subterranean way. By degrees it grew fainter and fainter, until the last low echo died away! Then, strangely enough, it was again plainly heard in the castle yard, and the sound led them through the barbican, over the drawbridge, and then across the

Market Scene, Richmond. [*Ernest Forbes.*

market place and all along Frenchgate. Growing fainter and fainter it suddenly ceased, and this at the entrance to the Grammar School's cricket field. The drummer-boy did not return! It was thought the roof of the passage must have fallen in upon him. The mystery was never cleared up. Did he find the magical vaulted dormitory where King Arthur and his Knights lie at

rest beneath their Celtic homeland, and as a reward for such unexampled courage was he admitted a member of that enchanted circle, and await no doubtful second coming of the 'Reign of Law and Duty'? We should not like to say; yet story avers that there are those who have stood on the spot (Clink bank locally) at the midnight hour when the old town was wrapt in deep slumber, and only the faint lapping and soughing of the Swale accented the silence else round, and *have heard* the faint muffled drum beats: a signal from the brave spirit who, it is said, lies entombed in some place below ground. Both these stories are very old, and have (of course) been told of other places. Yet beneath the romance embroidering the story, there is without much doubt some kernel of incident as to what has taken place within the castle long ago, or, conceivably, it might be something of Breton origin, brought by the Norman alien. The legends of King Arthur are particularly rife in Brittany as well as Cornwall and South Wales and the Borderland, always among peoples of Celtic stock.

Under the Golden Tower, or Gold Hole, according to another version handed down from unknown lips, there is an entrance to a subterranean passage which ran under the river to St. Martin's Priory.

The Town of Richmond.

We have already remarked how, in the train of the Breton 'dukes' and 'earls' came knights, esquires, and many followers with their domestic chattels, wives and children. Not during one generation only did they pour in but through several: the first Earls of Richmond were of course alien natives of Brittany, constantly in touch with their over-channel Palatinate, and visiting it again and again on various errants, and it was, therefore, quite natural that once the fame of the newly-conquered English land was

passed from lip to lip, every back-coming of the earls should see a number of their kinsmen imported also. And the rush to Richmont (as to a gold-field in later days) continued until it soon became impossible to house all within the castle walls. The old song said truly—that each Breton brought with him his wife, his maid, his dog, and doubtless much besides. Women too, may have been scarce and at a premium in the harried and troubled district, all unsettled as it was for a century subsequently. Anyhow, the foreigner came, settled, increased and populated the vicinity of the stronghold, until at length there arose within protective purview of the castle of the Earls, an important Civitas or town which gave its name to the ecclesiastical and temporal division or demesne embracing the whole countryside. In due time, through the munificence of successive earls and their pious instincts, assisted by other charitable lords and barons farther afield, many religious houses sprang into existence. The first, probably, was St. Martin's Priory, the remains of which are still to be seen on the high ground on the south bank of the Swale.

Probably, also, the church of Holy Trinity in the Market place was reared about the same time. Soon after this, there arose the fine parish church of St. Mary, on the slope above the river by Frenchgate; while yet a generation later the beautiful Abbey of St. Agatha, cradled in the lovely valley by the river at Easby, in the shelter of the northern slope of the dale, was lovingly reared by pious hands and consummate art, stone upon stone. Lastly, at the reverent impulse of the Fitz-Randolphs, the tall and graceful tower of the Franciscan Friary uprose among and above the roofs of the town itself. There were at least four smaller religious institutions, the chapel of a female anchoress, mentioned by Leland "a little beyond the end of Frenchgate street." A chapel of St. Anthony—tempted of the Evil One—was on Pinfold Green; while that of St. James the Apostle stood in Bargate. The

'hospital' house of succour in both bodily and spiritual needs, stood on the high bank to the east of the town above Clink Wood, near a junction of roads, one of which leads to Easby.

And so, in this manner was it, that Richmond town took shape in a half cirque or new moon form, near the walls of the castle, and had its Market Charter granted late in the 12th century. For over a hundred years the town had no city wall proper, relying on that made by a strong barricade of trees and a rampart of earth; until in the early years of the 14th century this Celtic style of defence gave place to a strong stone wall. Even this enclosed very little more ground than the existing market-place, and the horns of its crescent joined on to the castle wall north and south.

The three points of entry were Bars, as at York and other cities, through Frenchgate, Finkle Street and Bargate; but John Leland's description of the place as it appeared when he visited it in the 16th century is well worth quoting:—

> "Richemonte towne is waulled, and the Castle on the rivar-side of Swale is as the knot of the compass of the wall. In the wall be three gates, Frenchgate in the north part of the towne, and this is the most occupied gate, Finkle Street and Bargate. All three be down, vestiges yet remain. In the market-place is a large chapel of the Trinity. The compass of the ruinous wall is not half a mile, so that the walls compassed little but the market-place, the houses about it and the gardens behind."

(Most of the gardens mentioned by the antiquary have been built over since.) Leland continues:—

> "There is a suburb without Frenchgate, Finkle suburb, straight west from the market-place, and Bargate suburb, but Frenchgate suburb is almost as big as both the others. Bargate suburb cometh down to the bridge-end of Swale, the which bridge is sometimes chained. At this side the bridge is no building, but in this suburb is a chapel of St. Anthony. All the towne and suburbs be on the farther side of Swale. The Castle is near hand, as much in compass as the circuit of the towne wall, but now it is a mere ruine.'

He further says:—

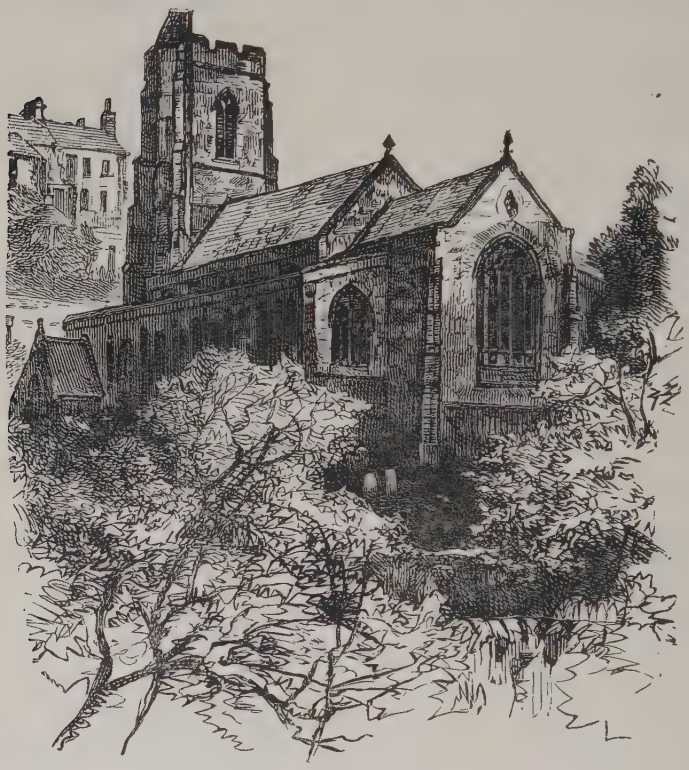
> "There is a Chapel yn Richemonte with straunge figures in the waulles of it. The people there dreme that it was once a Temple of Idols."

Certain writers have supposed that a heathen Temple stood on or near the site of Trinity, and the "straunge figures" were relics of it. All seem now to be lost. Leland's account was written about 1540, and is both interesting and valuable. Fifty years or so later William Camden describes Richmond somewhat more tersely, thus:—

> "The chief city of this shire, enclosed with walls of small compass; yet, by suburbs which shoot out in length to the Three Gates, it is pretty populous. It was built by Alan the first Earl (who did not dare to rely on Gilling, his manor hard by, to withstand the assaults of Saxons and Danes) and honoured by him with the name which signifies a Rich Mount, and is fortified with walle and a very strong Castle situated upon a rock, from whence it looks down upon the river Swale, which, with a terrible noise, seems to rush rather than run among the rocks."

So Camden; correct but brief. But we on the other hand, have already dwelt so long on Richmond, that our account of the town's features must be brief too. We cannot add much to the antiquary's record of the Bars, except to say that a part of the wall pierced by a postern gate yet remains in Friars Wynd. It was a way for the inhabitants on that side of the town to gain admittance to the services in Grey Friars' Church; and was also a handy way for the friars themselves to reach the market. The first thing demanding attention is the Church of Holy Trinity, about which, and aye built into its very walls, is a curious jumble of styles of architecture. Holy Trinity has been nestling or cowering as if for protection near the castle walls for 800 years; and some archæologists have thought that the Norman edifice replaced an earlier church of Anglo-Danish origin. But there are no proofs substantiating the assumption. The Norman church was doubt-

less one of the first erections outside the castle itself, and finished long before all the castle's defences were complete. And there was



Church of St. Mary.

no town population before the Normans to call for a church where village was not. The surroundings of the market-place church are singularly grotesque. A dwelling-house and shop are wedged in between nave and steeple, buttressed against the walls, nay even dove-tailed in; while around two sides and also at the west end, divers business establishments stand underneath or cheek by jowl

with it. If my memory for details betrays me not, there are two tobacconists and hairdressers, a sixpence-halfpenny bazaar, and a dealer in antique wares; and wedged round the base of the church tower is a saddler and leather merchant's place of business, a dealer in corn and meal, and a decorator and picture framer ranging along the other end and side. The lower storey of the tower is now a dwelling-room, and the bell-rope is so arranged that the ringer can ring the matin bell at 6 and the curfew bell at 8 without trouble, as he lies in bed, for that matter, the pendulum of the church clock swinging just above his pillow! Life appears to be laid in pleasant places in Richmond, and "runs the world away." Tradition deponeth the curfew to have been rung since the days of the Norman Conquest. There can be little doubt on the point as to a bell rung in Richmond at sundown, as a counsel to people to bank down or cover up their fires, and seek their beds. A day's life begun early in those times and, ended early too. The sonorous clangour of the 'cover-fire' bell imposed on every householder a certain duty designed for the common good; disobeyance brought severe penalty with it. To-day, the vibrant stroke carries in its sound over the market cobble-stoned square, an echoing reminder the old days, but one thinks to a few, a very few, lore-loving passers by alone. To the chattering marketers, buyers and sellers, and the thoughtless who never give heed to the past, the bell's significance goes unheeded. Yet to us, to-night, its sound bears a strange story out of the mouldering archives of Eld—the thraldom of the serf—the bond-slave of early feudal times, enforced as with a grip as of iron, regardless of the feelings or liberty of the individual.

Richmond is a striking example of an alien power, whose fang-like roots struck deeply into the liberty of a people. It is a rare antique city; the sound of our feet on the cobbled pavement seem to awaken memories of the by-gones, the very names of its streets

ever breathe an old-world story. In fancy, a long-gone scene rises before our mind's eye. The moon is mounting aloft in the sky across which dark storm clouds scud like waves or chase one another like wild horses, throwing a chequer or mosaic of shade and gleam on the cobbles of the wide market ground. The keep's bulk looms vast and shadowy over the roofs on the south side. Here and there light glows in a window or from some momentarily opened door, and one of the few stray figures moving clothed in mystery among the shadows disappears. There may be an instant's burst of revelry escaping through an opening door of an adjoining hostelry, breaking the otherwise strange inexplicable silence of Richmond's desert market-place to-night—to-night! so different from other evenings when Nature's eerie forces, Gabriel's hounds are aloose in the sky, and through all which, in sympathy with it, Swale drums bassly within its narrow confine below the bridge, but so loudly and unintermittently that it can be heard up here.

Adjacent to the church is the town's Tolbooth, now reft of its ancient privilege. Between it and the castle gate is the Castle Wynd, a picturesque mixty-maxty of crooked roof, out-of-square wall, and old-world interiors and ancient domestic property. The rarely-antique Market Cross of Richmond gave place to the present one in the latter part of the 18th century. The old cross had a Whipping Post attached, and adjoining it were the Stocks and the Pillory; so that Richmond was not behind other towns in the matter of public spectacles and punishments for the more venial offences against good manners. Formerly there were three other crosses—the Wheat, the Barley, and the Oat—at which their respective commodities were sold. A few years ago, between the Butter Cross and the causeway, a strong iron ring, fixed firmly in a large quarry stone, was to be seen: its purpose to tether the bull whilst 'baiting' it for amusement—a doubtful 'sport' in any sense, and now happily extinct in this country.

Richmond, as a centre for so much, has even to-day, when motor-mails snort up the dale daily, not a few fine old-fashioned, old-time hostelries. The Turf especially, a happy blending of old-day and new-day, deserves a special mention, as neither behind nor before the times. Up-to-date might be its sign or motto, at a period when the Turf was never more Royally or more commonly patronised and popular.

The parish church of St. Mary stands imposingly on a delightful slope above the Swale, by the highway leading from the railway station to the town. Its foundation dates from the early years of the 12th century. It has, however, undergone what is practically a re-building and several restorations, which accounts for the fewness of the fragments of original work. The tower of it was raised during the first decade of the 15th century, and carries six fine-toned bells. On the battlements are graven the arms of Neville, Scrope, and Aske: all of whom were generous donors to the church. The massy piers near the south entrance, and the string-course at the east-end of the church, are parts of the original Norman structure. The stalls, sixteen in number, are richly carven; these were conveyed hither from Easby after the Dissolution. Formerly this church was rich in armorial shields. The stone monument in the south wall of chancel is to the memory of Sir Timothy Hutton, of Marske, his wife and twelve children, and bears the date 1639. The Registers commence in the year 1556. Here in the vestry is preserved an original copy of Fox's "Book of Martyrs," and one of Bishop Jewel's "Apologia." One entry runs: "1558, Sept. 9th, Richard Snell baent [burned] in Newbiggin, almost opposite to the gaol." This was in the last year of the reign of Queen Mary. He appears to have had a brother who was also thrown into prison but not led to the stake, for, he was so long a time in a damp dank cell, that upon his liberation his toes rotted off, and he went on

crutches. Nevertheless he was forced to attend Mass, but, his conscience revolting against being a recusant, he drowned himself in Swale, that swift river, handy for other purposes besides moating the great castle, and fateful in flood as any Devonian Dart.

To sit and rest on the high green slope above the church, just to the west of the hanging wood, 100 feet sheer above the river, and look on Richmond, south and west, is a scenic treat even without the history of it all in ones mind. It was a delicious October morning when we climbed the precipitous slope, and reclined to ruminate on the objects within sight: a great wonder absorbed us at the magnificent panorama. Autumn tints of russet and amber with green made a fine foil to the red roofs and grey towers and deep vert of the ivied walls ; far below, the winding Swale, glittering and snake-like, coiled round the foot of the castle-rock, and was lost to the eye in the masses of embrowned woodland ; but the voice of its waters was borne song-like to our ears. The ringing silver tones of chiming bells led mind and eye to St. Mary's tower and its burial ground so pleasingly placed, the warm sunlight lying on tombstone and tree bowered graves as though to gladden and warm the sleepers beneath the green turf. The whole town, with its irregularly picturesque roofs, towers and spires, lay spread like the figured arras of some continental place before us. Here, as one rests taking in the supreme loveliness of Richmond, in mass and in detail, one may gather almost at a glance the general outline of its chequered story.

We now pass to Grey Friars, marking on our way the Grammar School, erected in 1850, as a memorial of the late Canon Tate, a gentleman of great literary attainments. The school knows fame ---some of England's most accomplished scholars of past time having been primarily educated here.

Frenchgate is the largest street in Richmond: as its name denotes, it was probably the march-line by which the French or

Bretons gained the city from the south by Watling Street, or it may possibly only imply that this part of Richmond was chiefly chosen by the aliens for settlement. The view from the top of

The Three Towers—Grey Friars, the Tower of Holy Trinity, and the Castle Keep

the street is exceedingly fine: the entrance bar was at the bottom; and from here, looking up Ryder's Wynd, the sepia shaft of Grey Friars tower comes into sight—a striking vignette and a graceful picture in itself.

The Monastery of Grey Friars.

The old tower of the Grey Friars, isolated from, or now bereft of the rest of the structure, and for ever dissociated from the monastic activities that called it into existence, still stands in a kindly yet severe and lonely dignity, a tomb in stone, its fine column aspiring upward from the crisp green turf, like the castle-keep a landmark from far away. The tower stands as a specimen of architecture perhaps unique in Yorkshire, a solitary embodiment and symbol, a mutely eloquent witness to the cult of a great Order which, from absolute poverty and the smallest beginnings, gradually spreading its living roots through Christendom. The Friars were the Salvationists of the 13th and 14th centuries. Space will not allow us to give even a brief outline of their history. The style of the tower is late Gothic of the lightest and richest design: it springs from four most graceful piers, and altogether it is one of the most notable works of architecture in the North of England. It is a fitting example of the Latin tag, "*Finis coronat opus*"—the End crowns the Work.

The monastery itself was described by Leland in quaint phrases:—

> "At the bakke of the Frenchgate ys the Grey Freres, a litel withouten the waulles. This howse, meadowe, orcyard and a litel wood is waulled yn. Ther ys a conduite of water at the Grey Freres, else ther ys non in Richemont."

This is interesting, for from it we learn that except the draw-well under the great keep inside the castle, the town's people probably obtained their supply of water from within the grounds of the Friary. What forethought in the 'Freres' choice of their site—intaking what must draw all to come anigh them!

The church of Grey Friars was founded by Ralph Fitz-Randolph, Lord of Middleham, in 1258—,"so," we read, "that they might please the people"—(whose souls they cared for more

than their bodies)—"with their miracle-plays and homely sermons." The founder's heart, enclosed in a leaden casket, was deposited near the high altar, whilst his body was buried among his race at Coverham Abbey. The Order flourished like the green bay-tree for nigh on 300 years, then and then only, at "needs must" when the Eighth Henry drove, surrendering after a stubborn resistance. Bishop Burnet writes:—"All the difficulty that I find made against the King's order and supremacy was at Richmont by the Franciscan Friars, for they had sworn, they said, to follow implicitly the Rule of the Holy St. Francis, and in it they would die." In consequence of this defiance of royal command many of the friars suffered bodily, some by death escaping, but others were cast into damp unwholesome cells, where they remained, little if at all cared for, until death brought the peace of oblivion to them too. Connected with this House, there is an ancient Ballad written as a satire on the Richmond friars. It shows, or tells rather, how a mendicant of this Friary would fight as bravely for a good fat bacon-pig as a Knight of olden times, 'when Knights were bold,' would for the life of a wild boar. This ballad of the Felon Sowe sets forth that Sir Rafe of Rokeby, having a fierce untameable sow in his woods by Greta's banks, in a spirit of generosity presented her to the Holy Friars "to mend their fare." So says the ballad which runs to great length, and it tells how Freer Middleton, Peter of Dale, and Brian of Beere—he was a Metcalf—went out from Richmond to the woods of Greta to drive her home. The rhymester has it that:—

"She was more than other three,
The grisliest beast that e'er might be;
Her head was great and grey,
She was bred in Rokeby wood,
Ther was feed that thither good
That came out live away."

after their long walk, the three holy friars seem to have come upon the beast unawares—probably she was asleep:

"Liggand under a tree,
Ruff and rustie was her haire,
She raise up with a felon feare
To fight against the three."

In the sow's surprise at the bold front the friars made, she incautiously backed into the mouth of a kiln hole.

"The sowe was in the kiln hole downe,
And they were on the balke aboon"

but after a terrible struggle the beast was noosed.

"But they were so 'saulted with this sowe,
That among them was a stalworth stew,
The kiln began to reeke."

After a long tussle the sow was hauled out of the kiln—not cooked, for to their sorrow they had experience of the untameableness of the 'grisly' beast. She raved, roared, and foamed so furiously that the three jolly friars became a wee bit nervous.

"And there she made them such a fray,
As, if they shold live 'till domesday,
They colde it never forget."

But Peter of Dale was not yet quite disgruntled, for "with Crosse and Creede he tried to read" the grisly-one down:

"He signed him with Crosse and Creede,
Took forth a booke, began to read
Of Saint John and his Gospill."

Our felon sow would have none of that—she rushed like an infuried demon on Peter.

"The sowe she wolde no Latin heare,
But rudely rushed at the freere
That blenked all his blee."

Peter turned and fled into a tree or some high coign of vantage, whereupon he lamented the futility and folly of the expedition most sorely.

"He said, Alas that I was freare
And shall be tug'd in sunder here—
Hard is my destinee,"

Peter being out of reach, she turned her attentions on the other two freers, who likewise fell craven and fled along, with Peter

after them, down Watling Street for their very lives.

"This wicked beast that wrought the woe,
Took the rope from the other two,
And they fled, all three,—
They fled away by Watling Streete,
For they'd no succour but their feete,
It was the more pitye."

To give spice to the story one would like to know, or to think that the donor, Rafe of Rokeby, had watched the 'fight' and its sequel. When the discomfited three arrived back in Richmond, a doleful tale was theirs to tell: How they had fought the fiend in the semblance of a sow. But Friar Theobald, he was the warden, became more determined than ever to have that sow. We read:

"The Warden waged on the morn
Two boldest men that ever was borne,
I mayne or ever shall be."

One was Gilbert, Griffith's son, the other a Spaniard and many a Saracen had he slain. In the fight, the Spaniard nearly lost his life, but Gilbert was the doughtier of the two, and won the victory.

"Then Gilbert grieved was sae sare,
That he rave off both hide and haire,
The flesh cam' fro' the bone;
And with all force he felled her there,
And waun her worthily in werre,
And band her him alone.

And lift her on a horse sea hee,
Into two paniers well made of a tre,
And to Richmond they did hay;
When they saw her come.
They sang merrily Te Deum,
The fryers on that day."

And as the ballad tells, there was a general rejoicing in the Friary, and thanksgiving to God and St. Francis for that victory.

This old rhyme-chronicle was first published in Dr. Whittaker's "History and Antiquities of the Deanery of Craven," and in a note to the last verse says, "The tale, saith my MS.,was known of old to

a few families only; and it was by them held so precious that it was not intrusted to the memory of the son until the father was upon his deathbed"; and in that manner it was handed down to the time of the great Historian of Richmondshire and Craven.

Richmond's street nomenclature is both interesting and illuminating, both from an historian and etymological point of view. (There are numerous "Wynds," as in Edinburgh, probably bespeaking association with lands further north.) The principal streets are Bargate, Gallowgate, Millgate, and Frenchgate. Also Rosemary Lane, sweet of name, but not having any reference to the tender garden shrub; it most probably commemorates either Our Mary, Rose of the World, or (more likely) the mountain bog plant '*Rosmarinum*,' now called Andromeda (being chained to rocky places) which grew here then, or at least on the stony high hills of Yorkshire and Lancashire, and on the spur-ridges of the Pennines. There is also Newbiggin—new building or biggin—'Biggin' to build, shewing that the town began to spread west from Finkle Street during the 14th century, hence the 'New-Biggins'; and that curious 'Finkle,' applied to a narrow or corner street in Alnwick, York, Thirsk, and many other Anglian towns. Antiquarians have long held that *finkle* means a corner in Danish; Brockett says *finchel* is fennel, long a sauce-herb used with fish, and the street-name is often found adjacent or leading to a fish-market. But there is an alternative derivation (see "Vale of Mowbray," page 174) according to which, the name was given these streets of 'Finkle' by the Dutch or Flemings who settled in England during the mediæval period. 'Vincle' in their speech means a booth or stall wagon containing merchandise such as was brought to market it might be fish, or field produce, or woolware and drapery. This idea finds strong, strangely strong, support in the use of the word to-day in South Africa, where booths

Richmond from the West. [*Owen Bowen.*

outside towns are called winkles. In all our old towns, like Kendal, Malton, Ripon, Knaresbro', Thirsk, Thorne or York, the 'finkle' street leads direct to the cobbled market square where of old the waggons of the itinerant merchants and the booths or stalls stood. So here in Richmond, as in those above enumerated, it may have been the street or via (a way) leading to the booths or vincles, *i.e.*, 'the mart or the fair-ground.'

Among the peculiar physical features of the vicinity of Richmond is the "Round Howe," that is, round hill, a dome-shaped lofty mound much too gigantic to be a tumulus, a short mile or less to the west of the old bridge, of which we shall speak later.

Another fragment of the old town wall of Richmond is the gateway on Cornforth hill leading into Bargate, and so on down to the bridge. This part of the town still retains many antique bits of property, picturesque in the crookedness and wrinkles of age. The Castle Terrace, or forecourt, makes a unique belvedere and promenade; and between the outside wall of the castle and the sheer drop of the castle rock is a seated terrace or sentry way, which forms a delightful promenade and affords fine views as from an eagle's eyrie of the surrounding country. This walk is, roughly, a half circle, and the perambulation is not only a duty and a delight, whether taken by sun or moonlight, but gives one a better idea perhaps than any other of the impregnability of this grand old fortress, perched like an osprey's nest on its dizzy cliff, high over brawling water. The prospect from the outer castle walk up Swale, with the old-tiled houses clustering about the bridge, and the river losing itself to sight in a deep gorge terraced and wooded to the west, charming in wild grandeur that, once seen, is long remembered.

The Temple, a lofty octagonal tower, placed on a green howe or eminence a bow-shot west of the bridge, stands within the private grounds of Temple Lodge. It rests on the site of an ancient

border 'peel,' erected during the 13th century to house the Kyloes during the times of border raid and feud, and keep them out of the reiving grip of the Scots, but the Temple itself is not ancient; it was built as a memento of the victory gained at Culloden by the Duke of Cumberland over the forces of the Pretender.

Richmond has had some form of municipal government since its infancy in the days of doughty Alan the Third, although its part in historic events, battles or sieges, has been singularly small, due probably in no small degree to the strength of its immense fortress. The early civic powers and privileges were added to by Henry VI. and greatly extended by Elizabeth, and again by Charles II., who, doubtless for some consideration received, presented the town with a new Charter, properly incorporating it as a municipality with a Mayor and Aldermen of the Borough. This governing body consists of twelve Councillors, four Aldermen, and a Mayor.

Among all the names connected with Richmond that have attained—and, may I say deserved, fame, none perhaps have acquired such a world-wide reputation as that of the Lass of Richmond Hill, known through the instrumentality of the song:

"On Richmond Hill there lives a lass
More bright than May-day morn,
Whose charms all other maids surpass—
A Rose without a thorn.

This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
Has won my right good-will;
I'd crowns resign to call her mine,
Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill."

This maiden is said to have been born at Leyburn, October 17th, 1766, and dwelt for many years at her father's house, Hill House, at the top of Frenchgate. By many people living in the South, Richmond Hill, Surrey, has been alluded to as the birthplace of the heroine of the song of "The Lass of Richmond Hill."

By the road to Leyburn is the delightful little hamlet of Sandbeck, with charmingly diversified environment and long reaches of moorland in the vicinity.

Richmond from North-West. [*Owen Bowen.*

CHAPTER VII.

Leaving Richmond town by the north-west road, we soon reach 'Westfield'—a spacious piece of open common-land, swept over by exhilarating breezes from the Pennine moors. The prospect is romantic. Some little distance away to the right is the old (Aske) Race Course, an equine Olympia now transferred to Catterick. A mile or so west of this, a charmful old-world picture of Richmond lies unfolded to the view, with just enough shrouding by the bluish-grey chimney reek to impart a slight impression of mystery to the scene, the Keep, uprearing like a lighthouse over a broken sea, standing out firm of line tho' faint in the pearly-grey of the morning light. The three towers seen, symbols of power spiritual and temporal, realised in feudality and monastic art—a blended note of romance and simple faith. Beyond the silhouette of tower and pinnacle, a hazy but much wider prospect is discerned, more enchanting for its distance. The undulating champaign like a soft green sea, broken here and there by little points of light and shade, and the eye may range from the south bank of Tees to the tiara Minster towers in the Vale of York. White-walled cottages and brick-red roofs contrast finely with a grey church tower or spire here and there to strike the key note—Faith and Peace secured by Liberty and a practical Plenty; the same scene in other times, when a rick blazed here or a tenement there, was very different—in brief, the tranquil view carries its slowly-gained blessings of security in Life and in Death on its very face. The one new note bespeaking the hurry-scurry of the busier 'hives of industry' to be seen is in the travelling puffs of steam-cloud from the smoke stack of some

east coast express, carrying its human freight at fifty miles an hour through the green land, exactly as at sea the ocean greyhound marks its course; a parallel and an 'impression' again suggesting the 'mighty main' with the dim coast line, the outlying spurs and skyline of the Hambleton range of hills.

With regard to this view, it must be said that the supreme landscape painter, J. M. W. Turner, selected some point near this as that from which he painted one of his masterpieces of Richmond. Upwards and at the back of us rises the ridge of fell and wood-belted moorland, that eastern stretch of northern Richmondshire which divides the river basin of Swale and its tributaries from that of Tees.

A couple of bow-shots west is Beacon Hill, whereon, as its name tells, was lighted one of those bale fires which sent a warning flame—'the enemy comes!'—twenty or more miles around.

Now we climb higher still, and gaze down into the middle valley of the Swale, here widening out into a delightful green bay, with many a "fairy foreland set," rich in bosky recesses, beetling brows of broken cliff and scar shewing in lines the various limestone strata, bone white, the very skeleton of the land, clothed above it may be with pretty wooded knolls, and intersected by old may-decked hedgerows, ancient foundations, green 'river-terraces' shewing the successive levels to which the river when not in flood declined, and vague earth boundaries, those ridge-like marks and mounds looking like the trenched ground of a battlefield, but indicative really of human settlements of long ago.

Now we are still rising higher and note that haze-clad bulk to the south is Pen-hill—a duplication in terms and carrying our minds back to the old Celt at once; and still further back, another dark ridge against the skyline is Great Whernside; while to the west, contour upon contour line, in an ascending scale of purple-

greys, stand for the Titanic folds and creases of the hill land that divides York from Westmoreland and Lancaster, and that like a Titan's fingers guide, and plait and separate the thousand water-head rills and rivers into their respective 'fees,' tribute prayers in precious water to Eden, Tees, Swale, Yore, Lune, Wharfe, and Ribble.

Returning to the lower path, a gate here admits to Whitcliffe Woods, and below the foot of the scar to Willance's 'Leap.' By mossy and time-tinted lichen-stained walls, and through open glades, we gain a tangled braid of woodland, a veritable fragment of virgin-forest. Over the tree-tops we can see the bold scarp of

Memorial Stones in Dedication to Willance's Leap. *R. Rodwell*

the scar, rising up sheer as a wall, and from the edge of which fearsome rocks depend threateningly as if held in some closed giant's fist and only awaiting the order to drop upon the rash intruder on this Ali Baba's sparry cave-land of natural mineral treasure, for there is lead and silver if not more precious metals in these bed rocks of Swaledale. Whitcliffe Scar is a huge natural barrier, suggesting a frontier and its demarking barricade. We cannot, however, fail to note fairer and less-frowning features of the mystic precincts we have invaded. The bowery path undulates and weaves itself a garland of leaves and flowers with artless art that surprises us at every turn. Among the spreading armed forest trees, oak, ash, witch-elm, fine spruce firs are interspersed, their fine dark- green needle-armed boughs sweeping down low from each central trunk like the curve of an eyelash or a Turkish scimetar. The silver barked, 'Lady of the Woods' is there, waiting with bent head and arms, as it were, the command of a mythic Amphion to join with courteous beech or stiff-set oak in a minuet or quickstep (as in Tennyson's poem). And there are here too, dark yews, with their blood-drop gummy fruits, that with witch-elm, hazel and ivy grip the very rock with the kneed and knuckled-like roots. The yew, according to the botanist Dr. Lees, is a *Native* of this limestony aboriginal woodland scar. The contrasts of colour to be seen are bewitching: the laced veined silver green and grey bark of the witch-elm, for instance, seen against a background of dark green ivy, touched by the shimmering sun glints piercing the ffibrating canopy of foliage overhead, is a thing to be seen rather than to be put into words.

But now there suddenly comes into view, above, a tiered mass of bush-clothed rock, crowned by a bold bare forehead of riven and creviced rock, the height from which Willance took his famous leap, and on them is the white monument thereto, shining in the sunlight, backed to-day by a blue sky. To attain it we climb by a

zig-zag path up a rake betwixt the rock and a brake of thorn and sloe. The summit reached, three memorial stones explain to us how a certain person, one Robert Willance, an alderman of Richmond, was out a hunting on horseback, upon an Autumn day of 1606, when a local fog or cloud, such as is common enough in this hill-wooded district, the leaves as it were drawing down moisture, closed in upon him. Through some miscalculation, it is thought, his steed galloped right to the brink of the scar precipice and leapt —possibly startled— down the cliff! It was a fall of near two hundred feet, and 'of course' one would say, both were killed! But it was not so—it was the horse that suffered, the rider escaped with nothing worse than a 'broken leg,' which, however, in those days of primitive surgery had to be amputated. Robert Willance contributed freely (it is said) to all the local charities, and judging from the number of stones put up on the fatal brink whence that fall or leap into space was taken, his memory is not likely to soon pass into oblivion. One of Willance's bequests to the Corporation of Richmond was a silver Loving Cup, of elegant design. The inscription says:—

> "This Boulle (was) given by Robert Willance to the Incorporated Aldermen and Burgesses of Richmond, to be used by the Aldermen for the time being (Mayor), and to be delivered by him, his Exors. or Assigns to his successors, for ever. 1606."

Another memorial obelisk was erected in 1906 to Willance or, we might more fittingly say, to the famous leap of his startled steed, though why quite so much should have been made of the incident is somewhat difficult to understand, seeing that it was at best an involuntary 'deed of daring.' Langstaffe records the wonderful escape of a blind horse which fell over this cliff a distance of 78 feet, nearly perpendicular, escaping with only a few bruises, and was none the worse for the fall, walking to Richmond immediately after and partook of its food as usual. Anyhow, the bold position

of the spot is worth the effort to reach it, if only for the fine view obtained therefrom: wild forest land, and wild river scenery have ever had a charm for the eye of man, and one cannot but suppose that the ancient dwellers or settlers in our land have ever had an equal eye to the picturesque and utilitarian in combination. As one looks

Looking West up Swaledale from near Willance's Leap.
[From *Cooke's "Richmond"*

out as from a tower balcony from the plateau of Willance's 'Leap,' over countless tree-tops, the landscape has a witching quality that would well merit the title of a Belvedere of Enchantment, such as Apollyon stood upon in "Paradise Lost." Melody is not wanting to accompany the panorama: birds warble their sweetest each in its season, and on Sabbath days and sundry other times Hudswell

bells add their toned gradations of pleasant sound; the Swale flashing and flushing, ever "Onward" its motto, gives out its refrain of undersong, 'till, as one muses over this fair unsullied landscape of Eden-like peace and plenty one might well be excused from forgetting Heber's reflection that "only Man is vile" into imagining that sin has no place within its purlieus.

Hudswell.

High above the opposite bank of Swale is the ancient settlement of Hudswell, a village name spelt by the Norman scribe 'Hudreswell,' *i.e.*, the well of Hudres, its Anglian pre-Norman owner. The Conqueror granted it (probably at the Earl Alan's suggestion) to Emsant Muscard, Constable of Richmond Castle. His son and successor was Roaldus, who became benefactor to the Priory of St. Martin and also the Easby Abbey of St. Agatha. The Constables were a powerful race, and the Anglian settlement of Burton in the dale of Wensley, received from that office its suffixial designation of Burton-Constable.

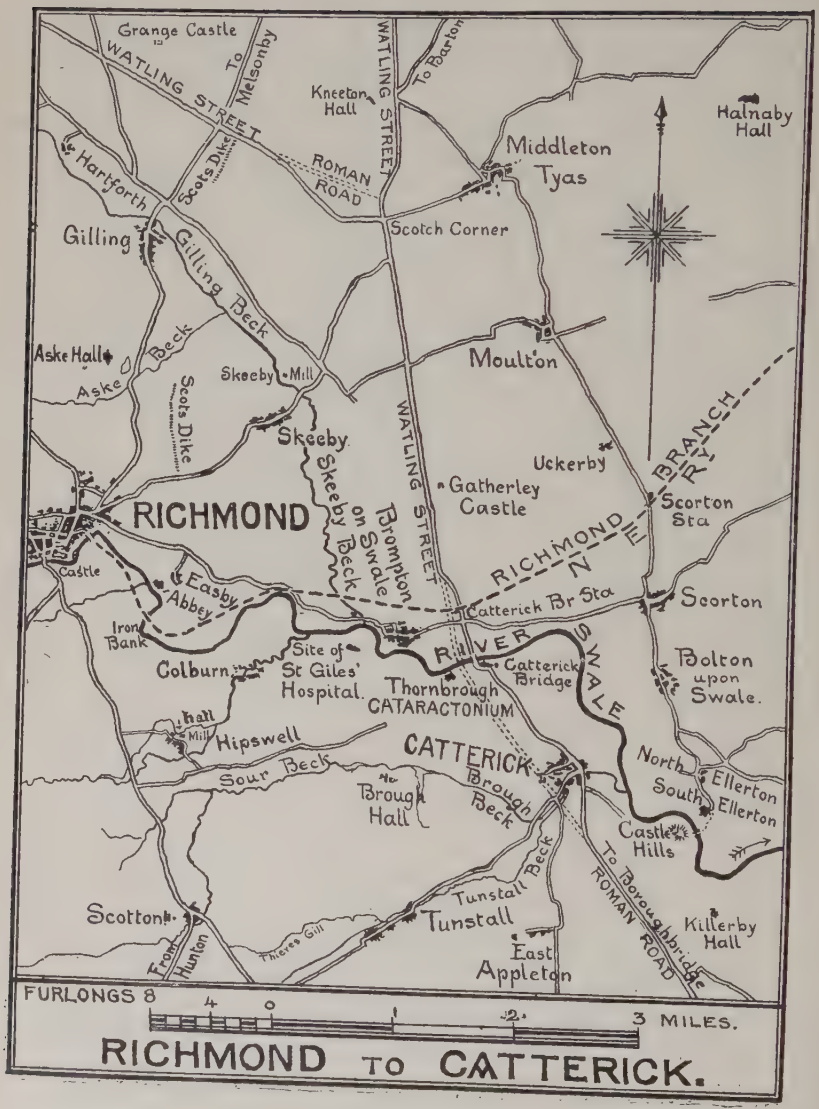
The old church here was of very early founding, and a few fragments of it are preserved in the new edifice. Its lancet window are in the vestry; the piscina and holy water stoup are placed i the same position as in the original fabric, and parts of old grave covers and pieces of curiously shaped stones are built into the walls of the edifice. The view from this ancient and almost alpine village is both fine and far reaching: to the south are the extensive moorlands rolling from Hudswell and Hipswell to Barden. West, the road leads over the hogs-back of land to Downholme village. On the south bank of the Swale, a short mile above Richmond, is situated a very remarkably-regular physical conformation of land — the "Round Howe," having the appearance of a vast tumulus. It has been called a geologists' puzzle, a problem in mountain-

making by the trowel of Nature; scientists are said not to be agreed as to how it was, in course of ages, formed. The matter could only, we imagine, be definitely settled by experts in rocks and soils and the action of glaciers, making a section right through the mound. In lack of this definite knowledge the outward evidences of water action (and water is melted ice), conjoined to a surface study of the Howe and its surroundings, seem to be tolerably evident. Volcanoes are cones made up of erupted matter, tumuli are mounds of thrown-up earth at the hands of men, but the ordinary spurs and ridges, mounds and braes of a river valley are mostly and indisputably due to the eroding swirling washing action of water. Water in a torrent's bed can make a stone as round as a cricket ball; the long continued action of a river flowing round or in a forked stream about a mass of earth-rock can (and does) surely mould it into a more or less spherical shape. But this round 'Howe,' tho' it has been ascribed to the Druids by some, and by others to some great convulsion of Nature, which appears to be a huge gravel mound, is found on examination of its base to be made up, *there* at least, of solid limerock in the usual beds or layers, similar to those on the opposite bank. So water alone must have carved it out through some remote period that may have lasted a million years and more, and when the great ice cap melted upon the stony core of the Howe, already rounded, a deposit of glacial drift would settle. On this plants and trees would grow, as they have grown, until they clothe the Howe in a robe of varied verdure. At a remote period, some river, single or forked, the forerunner of the present Swale, finding its way from a higher level to a lower, met with the craggy Howe; this it surrounded, and swirled about and around through ages and ages, until the levels unground down became as we now find them. The 'Howe' would thus become an island, until after a time the warpy deposit around the Howe

raised the level until, perhaps, the river flowed round one arc of the mound's shores. Later the stream of water moating the Howe on its south side became dried up or choked, and afterwards kept the north channel, which reinforced would scoop out its bed ever deeper and deeper.

Not far away from here is a large opening in the rock of the hill slope, which tradition says was "King Arthur's Oven"—if he lived hereabouts he and his men would need one—and if not a fanciful name tacked to a natural oven-like crack in the limestone, may be supposed to have some connection with the castle hill vault wherein the good king and his knights, 'without fear and without reproach,' lie sleeping. But we remain unenlightened; the 'Oven' in the hill might be another of those freaks which Time and water and weather play with limestone rocks.

We now proceed under beetling crags and a canopy of foliage by a beauteous bosky 'wild garden,' rankly furnished with lady-fern vases and natural bouquets of forget-me-not and rose campion, until, at length, we emerge by the old bridge at Richmond.


Grange Castle
WATLING STREET
To Melsonby
Kneeton Hall
WATLING STREET
To Barton
Halnaby Hall
Middleton Tyas
Hartforth
Scots Dike
ROMAN ROAD
Scotch Corner
Gilling
Gilling Beck
Aske Hall
Aske Beck
Skeeby Mill
Moulton
Scots Dike
Skeeby
Skeeby Beck
WATLING STREET
Uckerby
Gatherley Castle
RICHMOND
Brompton on Swale
RICHMOND BRANCH RY
Scorton Sta
Castle
Easby Abbey
RICHMOND
Catterick Br Sta
Scorton
Iron Bank
Site of St Giles' Hospital
RIVER SWALE
Colburn
Catterick Bridge
Bolton upon Swale
Thornbrough CATARACTONIUM
Hall Mill
Hipswell
CATTERICK
North Ellerton
South Ellerton
Sour Beck
Brough Hall
Brough Beck
Castle Hills
To Boroughbridge
ROMAN ROAD
Tunstall Beck
Scotton
Tunstall
Killerby Hall
From Hunton
Thieves Gill
East Appleton
FURLONGS 8
4 0 1 2 3 MILES.
RICHMOND TO CATTERICK.

CHAPTER VIII.

Aske Hall, Gilling and Kirkby Ravensworth.

The footway to Aske Hall from Richmond leads through daisy-dappled pasture land and pleasant little wooded dells and spinneys, opening at last on the spacious park of the Lords of Zetland. The road to Aske and Gilling passes a bow-shot to the north-west of an old Beacon or Watch Tower, the purpose of which was no doubt similar to that of a bale fire—to give warning to Richmond of an enemy's approach. The fire was displayed from an iron cresset planted on the roof. This old beacon was formerly inhabited by a watchman named Duckett (hence singular name Oliver Ducket), was re-built in castellated guise during the 18th century, by Sir Conyers D'Arcy, of Aske Hall. There is a somewhat similar ruin, or watch tower some four miles away on the north side of the valley—a corroboration of our idea that these structures were fire 'peels,' and part of a system of night signalling.

Aske Hall is a most spacious and beautiful mansion, a central block and two massive wings, with castellated towers; and very delightful in its covering of ivy, clothing and mantling above every wall and cornice where it has got a grip. Two artistic hand-made wrought-iron gates give access to the front, and the old 'Border' tower of the Aske's and Bowes' was left uninjured, and built into the new part. The park is magnificently wooded. Domesday says that Tor (or Thor) was in possession of Asse (also written Hasse, meaning harsh, hard)—others say the 'first man'—and this Tor was a Dane, and held several other manors in this

same district. He was named after the Scanian God, whose name is that of the fifth day of our week; he was a wealthy Thane, and had his chief homestead at Barningham. He was, however, stripped of all his manors save one, which he was permitted to retain "whereby he might eke out an existence"—one act of Alan the

Aske Hall. [From *Cooke's "Richmond."*

Red which says something in his favour. Aske Manor itself was given by Alan to a Breton, named Whyomar, his seneschal and chief servitor. Most of Tor's other possessions were conferred on Emsant Muscard, a follower of Alan the Red. Whyomar's descendants flourished on at Aske, like the *Ash* (Esc) *stem from which the first of the race of man was fashioned.* (This is according to

Northern Mythology.) They dwelt here for over 500 years, eventually changing their name to Aske, that of the place where they had endured so long. It was a scion of this house whose name has become so historic, from the part he took in the rising known as the "Pilgrimage of Grace." Their tree ended in a female, Elizabeth, who was married to Sir George Bowes, Marshall of the North of England in the days of 'good' Queen Bess, of vanity and virtue compact. From the faithful marshall the manor passed in time to the Whartons, who in possession what time King Jamie stayed a night there in 1617. Then the estates went to Sir Conyers D'Arcy, and later to Sir Lawrence Dundas, whose descendant was created Earl of Zetland in 1838.

From Aske Hall through the park is a pleasant walk into the Gilling valley—a wonderfully fruitful shallow vale rather than dale, trending westward through the domain of Hardforth to Ravensworth, and south-eastwards towards Brompton, near which place its beck falls into the Swale just as the beauteous fruitful vale does into the wider one of Mowbray.

Gilling.

Gilling was the ancient capital of the sub-shire—'Gillinscire,' and also, in the 7th century one of the headquarters of the Kings of Deira. Here also was an Aula (Hall), the state seat of that northern earldom the Earl of Mercia, princes over all the land in the North in which 'Richmondshire' was included before the Norman Earls arrived on the scene to seize what they might, and with mailed fist, to keep.

The earthworks marking Earl Eadwin's hall remained visible for long, but have now all but disappeared under the draining, and cultivation with plough, harrow and spade. The actual spot whereon the hall stood is in a field of Scale's farm, near a way

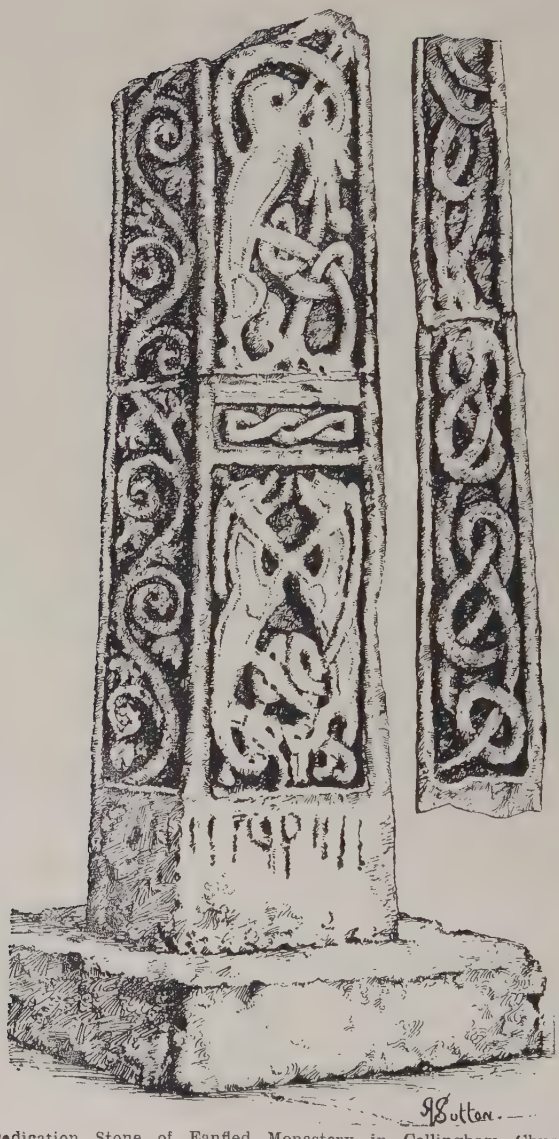
known locally as Gilling Lane, and this old Earlstead was called Gilling Castle. Gilling (as nearer the line of march from York north), seems to have been, much more than Richmont itself ever was, the scene of numerous conflicts during the 7th century betwixt the Kings of Deira and Bernicia, the Pagan King of Mercia, and Cadwalla, King of the Britons. Gilling, too, is the supposititious locale of the murder of Oswini of Deira, the deed done at the

Entrance to Gilling Village from Richmond. [*Sutton.*

instigation of Oswy of Bernicia. It was here, no doubt of it, that the forces of the two kings were doomed to meet, but Oswini, wishing to avert possible disaster, disbanded his troops and fled south down the old 'street' with a single soldier named Tonhere. He was overtaken, and treacherously slain at a place called by Bede "Ingætlingum"—now called Collingham—where a monastery was put up by the Royal murderer, Oswy of Bernicia, in expiation

of his great crime. The dedication stone of this monastery may still be seen under the tower of Collingham Church. The inscription, in runic character, interpreted runs thus:—"Eanfled this set up in memory of her cousin Oswi and Oswini King. Pray for their souls." What a strange long-delayed confirmation! The very circumstance mentioned by Bede 1,270 years ago finding proof in this stone. But, verily, this district teems with associations, historic, paganic, tragic and, like marriages, of happy augury; we are continually treading in the footsteps of long-gone races and their several kings. But we may not linger here, and much of the early history of Gilling has been told in that of Richmond. The place itself to-day is full of charm, though cotter's homes are here and there sadly in need of repair if not replacement.

The church dates doubtless as early as everything else here—from the first years of Anglian Christianity in Northumbria. But it is very doubtful if the monastery of Eanfled, which the older class of historians mention, ever stood at Gilling, for as we have shown the very dedication stone (see picture) is at Collingham. Fragments of Anglian crosses here, however, point conclusively to such an early foundation. The present church contains a few bits of the second or Norman church, although it has undergone what is practically a rebuilding and several restorations since then. The north aisle, the Chantry of St. Nicholas, was the burial place of the Boynton's of Sedbury. A fine black marble slab records "To the memory of Sir Henry Boynton, *last heir* of that name; and Isabel Lumley his wife, 1531." Sedbury Hall is agreeably situated in a well-treed park, two miles east of Gilling. In 1463 Joan, daughter of Lord Scrope of Bolton, "had license of the Archdeacon of Richmond to have Mass celebrated in her Oratory of Sedbury Hall, *in a very low voice* for one year." Leland says, "Sir Henry Gascoigne dwelleth in a pretty place called Sedbyre, having a pretty parke and a littel lake in hyt." Both vicarage



Dedication Stone of Eanfled Monastery in Collingham Church.

and church of Gilling are delightfully bowered in fine spreading trees, from the umbrage of which song-birds pipe or trill and warble in unending choral service in spring and summer, and much of the chancel of the church is covered with jasmine and green creeper. It is a sylvan retreat, a bower of beauty, at once near hand and yet in feeling far away from the village street. There are at least three inns in Gilling, and yet beautiful withal as its lines in artistic composition are, an air of adversity and neglect reigns dominant. Its old-world glory hath departed.

Gilling Bridge and Street Scene. [*A Vivian*

Of local characters born here, one of the best known was Billy Bolton the Minstrel—last of England's decadent Troubadours! whose figure and voice were in popular esteem by the dale's folk at fairs, etc., for over half a century. He died at Burnsall in 1881,

and there lies buried. Over his grave is a neat cross bearing this inscription:—"In memory of William Bolton, the dales' Minstrel, who died September 1st, 1881, aged 85 years. This tribute of respect was erected by some of the minstrel's many friends in the dales of North, East, and West Yorkshire."

Want of space will not allow even a brief description of the Manors and Parishes of Middleton Tyas, Moulton, Croft and Eryholme, etc., all of which have a remote history, with ancient halls, and churches whose foundations date back to the Norman period, and are of absorbing interest to the antiquary.

CHAPTER IX.

Hence! and our footsteps are turned towards the land of the Vikings—Kirkby Hill and Ravensworth, passing Hartforth Hall, set in a park magnificently timbered. Here lives Christopher Cradock, Esq., J.P., whose ancestor came from Kirkby Stephen in Westmoreland. There is here no proper village now, but in olden days, we learn, weaving and dyeing were carried on extensively.

Hereabouts we cross Jagger Lane, one of the oldest roads in the district. It is said that the devil was once very much vexed with the Hartforth people, who were perhaps too good for him; so finding a stone of enormous bulk and weight, to the south of Gilling, his majesty, in his rage, raised the ponderous mass in one hand, and uttering this extraordinary couplet:—

"Have at thee, Black Hartforth,
But have a care o' Bonny Gilling."

However, as luck would have it, he missed his aim; the stone flew whizzing through the air, and fell harmless far beyond the former place, and now lies, bearing the impressions of his unholy fingers, on the rising ground to the north side of Gaterley Moor.

By field and hedgerow is another nice walk across to Hartforth Grange, a fine old place with equally fine surroundings; and from here we drop down into the Ravensworth valley, woodland dotted, grass-landed and charmingly strikingly undulated; abundance of game in the covers; truly tasty trout shimmering in the stream! From the bridge we have a choice of ways to Ravensworth: one by the beck side, when we come upon a levelled plateau of good extent

with a steep bank, the whole having every appearance of an artificially-made camping ground, ancient British or a Danish rectangular first camp, we cannot say. It recalls many a similar trenched or banked field in districts through which a body of men on the march rested for a time before forming a permanent settlement, about which nothing is known. If we, however, keep to the highway to Kirkby Hill, from the high bank above the stream, the bridge in the foreground, then the picture is an admirable one in every detail—the old tower of Kirkby hill on its commanding height, striking a 'note' in the natural composition not soon forgotten.

By a field path, to the left of the road, we reach Whashton, a curious little cog of rurality, and one said to be the original 'home' of the Washingtons, of him whose fame, jokingly speaking, rests upon the confession that he *never told a lie.* Whashton can boast a bow-shaped street, its 'well,' its broken hillside 'green,' and its row of red cottages doing sentry duty perched on the high street bank a'watch over the country round about. And, just as we take in these conspicuous features, a buxom, sturdy red apple-cheeked lassie, with golden glints in her ruddy locks, drives in the cows for milking, and gives the finishing touch of the "truly rural" to the scene. It was a day in early December, yet in the garden plots and on the sun-bitten cot walls, roses—roses red and white, were still in bloom; with the clustered orange heads of marigolds set in their green rosettes of foliage, in vivid and startling contrast to adjacent rifts of snow, heralds of the coming winter.

A walk of a good half mile and we are at Kirkby Hill. Its commanding church is the object of attraction for miles around, it lends itself to numberless pictures from whatever quarter we view the little town. This is a strangely interesting place; at the first glimpse almost, ones eye and heart are caught; the general whole and every detail, speak eloquently an old-world story. Here at

Kirkby the world seems to have suddenly slid backward two centuries! Every dwelling-house, even the stiff or bent figures of the few inmates we can see, the ancient Grammar School's frontage, all—all seem to be of a past age, not of to-day. A book might be written upon the church alone, so full is it of pre-eminent interest in detail: its clustered pillars, its transitional arches, its peculiar

Distant View of Kirkby Hill. [*A. Vivian*

recesses, its Edwardian porch, Corbel table, and its late Norman work; its noble tower and its curious cell; and its ancient missal, are, each in their way, of absorbing interest. The tower resembles that of Kirklington, the angle stairway being a prominent feature. The side walls of the chancel are Norman, and the fine Corbel tables under the eaves of the chancel cannot fail to attract even cursory notice. The south aisle has late per-

pendicular windows, and in the outside wall are inbuilt several carven stones from some older building. On the south-west buttress of the tower is an inscription which says:—"This church was built Anno Dom. 1397." Cut below is another inscription almost undecipherable, and in ancient style letters. The present church superseded one of Anglo-Danish origin.

The old Grammar School is on the south side of the churchyard; it has a curious interior and old-style furniture, with many late Gothic windows giving on to the God's acre. A peculiarly picturesque group of ancient buildings huddled together form the north-east angle of the green.

Of antique customs and their survivals we have an example here: the old form of Election of Wardens is still in vogue as ordered by John Dakyns in the time of Queen Mary. The candidates' names are placed inside balls of wax, and put in a pail of water, to be afterwards opened by the vicar in parish meeting assembled. The ordinance is rather lengthy, but as a small type note may not be considered too prolix for insertion here.

The Nomination of the Alms House, and that it shall be called the Alms House of St. John, Baptist, of Kirkby, Ravensworth.

In the first place I will ordain, and appoint that the house near to the parish church of Kirkby-Ravensworth, now lately erected and built at my charge, John Dakyn, for the future be, and ever remain, an Alms house or Hospital of, and be called by the name of the Alms house or Hospital of St. John Baptist aforesaid, And that, for the said Alms house or Hospital, there be chosen two wardens, laymen and seculars, out of the gravest and most honest of the parishioners, both housekeepers and inhabitants of the said parish of Kirkby, And the said two wardens shall, be named and deputed according to my pleasure, and likewise be removed as often as it shall seem good to me, And after my death, the said two wardens shall every two years be chosen and go out of their office on the Feast of the Decollation of St. John the Baptist, in the manner hereafter written, which two wardens shall carefully manage and undergo the care

and custody committed to them of the Alms house or Hospital aforesaid, during the two years following in the manner as shall, by and by, be declared.

Statutes concerning the Wardens, the manner of Choosing the Wardens, and their Oath.

Also I will, ordain, and appoint, that William Smithson and John Brignall be the first wardens of the said Alms house or Hospital, and that after my death, upon the Feast of the Decollation of St. John the Baptist, the rector, vicar, or curate, of the said parish church of Kirkby, then present, and the master of the said school shall meet in the upper hall of the said Alms house or Hospital, with six of the gravest and honestest men of the said parish being, as is aforesaid, parishioners, whom the said rector, vicar, or curate, and the wardens of the said parish church or the major part of them, have thought meet to be chosen and no more (the old wardens being excluded), and, the door being shut, the names and surnames of the said six men shall be written upon several scrolls of paper of the like form, and being enclosed and wrapped in round wax after the manner of balls of the same bulk, shall be put all together into a pitcher or pot covered and shut, and the said rector, vicar, or curate shall take out of the said pitcher two balls, as chance shall offer them, and shall open them, and those two men whose names shall be written upon the two scrolls, so drawn out and opened, shall be wardens for the two years following, and no longer, which two wardens, even before they go out of the said hall, shall take their oath touching and kissing the holy gospel of God, before the said rector, vicar, or curate administering it in the form under written, viz.:

The Wardens' Oath.

I. U. do swear (by the Holy contents of this Book) that, during the time of mine office, I will truly administer the goods of this Alms house or Hospital, according to the Statutes and Ordinances of the same now made, or hereafter to be made, and shall gather the rents and legacies, and other commodities thereunto belonging from time to time as they shall be due, and make a true accompt. of the same in writing, to be registered in the common book thereunto appointed within twenty days next after I shall depart from this office, before the next wardens, rector, vicar, or parish priest, and the schoolmaster of the Grammar School, for the time being, giving competent warning before, openly in the parish church, of the day of mine accompt, and furthermore, shall make a perfect inventory, indented, of all the goods of the said Alms house, with all the money and other

profits that then shall remain, and deliver the keys pertaining to the same, and of the chests thereof, within the said twenty days, to the hands of the next wardens, and duly observe and keep all such statutes of the house which concerns me. So help me God.

ANOTHER WARDEN TO BE CHOSEN IN THE PLACE OF HIM THAT REFUSETH, OR IS DECEASED.

Also, I will, ordain, and appoint, that if the said two wardens, so for the future be chosen, or one of them shall refuse to undertake the aforesaid office, he that denies shall pay twenty pence for the use of the Alms house or Hospital, before he goes out of the house, and another of the said four parishioners in the place of him that refuseth, then present, in like manner as abovesaid shall be elected, to wit, by the taking out of a ball and the scroll enclosed therein, And if both or one of them, before the two years be expired, shall happen to die (which God forbid) then others or another in like manner, within ten days next following, shall be chosen to supply the place of him that is deceased.

From Kirkby Hill a footpath down the steep brae leads to Ravensworth village and Castle with its remains of a deep moat and vast outworks. The Castle occupied the whole of a raised platform, ringed round by a moat; outworks are visible some distance away, and vestiges of the boundary park wall are still discernable. One gable and parts of the wall of the great hall, shewing its extent, and portions of four towers are still standing. The one at the north-west angle (as at Richmond) has been the Keep, and in it is a ruined stairway and the fireplace in an angle of the wall. Floors and roof have gone. The tower flanks the entrance gateway, wherein a moulded arch still spans it, and both the grooves for the portcullis are still intact. The crenellated openings for archers, set in the tower masonry, still command the approach from the village and that ever most-dreaded quarter, the North, from which the Scots came. The curtian walls, once linking tower to tower, have disappeared totally, but the levels of the platform walk are still shewn by outjutting stones where the

quarries or flags have broken away from the towers. So much, so little is now left of the erstwhile magnificent stronghold of the Fitz-Hughs, a family clan whose forbears were at Ravensworth when King Knut ordered the waves of the sea-shore to roll backwards. The estates passed to the Fitz-Hughs from one Bardolph, who held them in fee at the time of the Domesday Survey.

Relics of Ravensworth Castle. [*W. C. Rushton*

The great topographer's (Camden's) account fires the imagination. In 1596 he wrote :—"Ravensworth, a Castle encompassed with a pretty large wall, but now ruinous, which belonged to the Barons called Fitz-Hugh (descended from the Saxons, who were Lords of this place before the Conquest) who flourished until the time of Henry VII., being enriched with great estates by marriages with the heirs of the famous families of the Forneaux and Mar-

mions, which came at last by females to the Feenes, Lords Dacre in the south, and to the Parrs."

Brief, that! Yes, but much in little there, and a modern may fain shrink from the attempt to add to it.

The name of the parish, simple but sufficient, tells much—Kirk-by, the church and the place anigh it, "appurtenant" as lawyers say, for the place was a town by a church, a church town, when Viking Hrafen arrived on the scene from Scandinavia with his followers. The name Hrafensworth (*worth*, a guarded district, a fortress), now softened to Ravensworth, connotes therefore the guarded place of Rafe or Hrafen, *his* possession.

Bardolph, ancestor of the Fitz-Hughs, was lord of Ravensworth (and other manors) at the Conquest, and was in all probability a descendant of the Viking who settled down here in the 10th century. In his old age he assumed the monastic garb, becoming a veritable monk in the Abbey of St. Mary, at York. To this abbey he presented the churches of Ravensworth and Patrick Brompton. Akaris Fitz-Bardolph, his son and successor, founded the Abbey of Fors in Wensleydale, then called 'the Abbey of Charity,' at Bow-bridge, hard by Askrigg. At his death his son, Henry Fitz-Akaris, a renowned and doughty knight, much sought after, succeeded to him. He it was gave leave to Conan, Earl of Richmond, to 'translate' the Abbey of Fors from its bleak situation into the lovely green bay or dell by the Yore at East Witton—it becoming known afterwards as Yore-vaulx, now Jervaux. Son became father, and his son in regular order succeeded, intermarrying with the noblest in the land, their arms and shields growing more complex in quarterings for many a generation, until at length, so widespread was their blood and connexion, that their 'Coats' are to be found mouldering on many a religious House up and down England. Hugh Fitz-Henry dying in 1304, his son

Henry adopted the variation of Fitz-Hugh surnomically, and his descendants were ever afterwards called Fitz-Hughs commemoratively. Such were the powerful knights of this famous house, and such their sentiments. In the later Lancastrian 'era' they attained, as all know, to a high place of honour.

In 1423 certain jewels of King Henry V., valued at £40,000 (about half a million as present day value of money) were delivered to Sir Henry Fitz-Hugh, Knt. Previously, in 1391, this same Sir Henry had license to empark (enclose) 200 acres of land around his Castle of Ravensworth. The bounds of this are still traceable, and a portion of its wall remains. The Fitz-Hughs were ever firm adherents to the Lancastrian cause, yet on the accession of Edward IV., the champion Knight of the Yorkists was taken into marked favour by that monarch. Sir Henry made pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, and returning, founded a chantry for two priests in his castle, to celebrate divine service for himself and his wife Alice during their lifetime, and for their souls' welfare after death. This brief outline of the knightly Fitz-Hughs must suffice. They shed lustre on Richmondshire in bygone centuries, and also stemmed the bloody tide of many a Border foray. Their very name, Ugh! gave the raiding Scots fits! one might venture to put it.

Ravensworth village wears a pleasant homely-countrified garb. Its 'green' is over five acres in extent, and on it a magnificent sycamore covers an area of over a hundred yards in circumference. Under its branches is the base and part of the shaft of an ancient cross. In Harrison's "Local Charters" there is an account of Richard Hulk, of Kirkby, having killed William Stellyng with a club in this village, during a fracas on the green; anyway, in consequence of this deed, Hulk was 'outlawed.' Both these names, Stellyng especially—'stell' meaning marsh or dike—seem to be of Danish origin.

A mile beyond Ravensworth is Gayles, a name which has a counterpart in a village near Hawes, and which means a 'holding' or wooded place ('Gala,' Celtic, 'gavel,' Anglo-Saxon—a holding). The Hall here is an ancient mansion, now a farmhouse, and it was formerly a seat of the Wycliffe family. In this district are many evidences of Celtic occupation. Newsham for a like reason, marks the Anglian settler, is also of corroborative interest. The Thanes, Ulchil and Sprot, had their 'Aulas' (Halls) here after the Conquest, and were, probably, like the sons of Bardolph, permitted to retain them on payment of tribute to Alan the Red, so that there can be no question the whole district round about is replete with antiquarian and historic association.

We now retrace our steps by way of Kirkby Hill into Swale's main dale again. Leland says:—"From Ravensworth to Richmond three long miles, a mile whereof I rid (rode) through a great wood on a hill, and there were divers wide reins (brooks) running through stones and resorting to Swale. The ground betwixt Ravensworth and Richmond is full of hills, some corne and much moor." Yes, this statement of the old antiquarian is quite correct—remote country areas alter little—but the three miles can safely be stretched into four, and long ones at that, on foot; Leland was astride a nag, be it remembered. The writer followed in the very hoof tracks almost of the quaint topographer, only some 360 odd years later,and on a very dark stormy night in December, and the brooks he mentions were only recognisable as swollen torrents, brawling and 'out' over the road, and the night so pitchy that one had to find the bridge-crossings by groping. The 'hills' too are well remembered, not without reason, for feet had tramped far that day, and limbs were dog-tired. However, let us leave honest old John and his journey, and take the path to Kirkby Hill, with the old church for a landmark standing on its eminence, less than a mile away. On the day we took this path it was a delightful

walk, autumn, and fine weather, which always inclines one to look favourably on what they see. [Whether it was this or not, the people of Kirkby Hill seemed to be hale and hearty, and to reach a good old age without any of those evidences of saddening toil and crooked backs seen in the fenland agricultural areas of England. One need not wonder at health with longevity here: the air is pure,

Kirkby Hill from the South. [*W. C. Rushton*

the soil stony and dry, and the 'feeling' of the whole place is one of rest and contentment. Absent, too, is that grim spectre of the Workhouse, for Kirkby, as already recorded, is amply served with alms-houses and hospitals for the aged. In token there was Dolly Horsman, who at the great age of 99 was still vigorous and hearty, dying only just before her century was told, from an accident, not disease. In fact, the place appeared to be mainly tenanted by people of 70 years and upwards.

Of local stories there is no end—Kirkby is notable for eccentric characters. There were John and Mary York, two negroes, brought in the train of some gentleman from Afric's 'sunny clime,' so surnamed because the old minster city was their first home when they landed. Drifting eventually to Kirkby they remained there the rest of their lives, John York actually rising to the proud position of being clerk in the church, and a droll one, too. He generally had "a chew o' baccy" in his mouth, and kept rolling it over during service. It was his wont to *whisper* to his cronies so audibly that half the congregation could hear him; for instance, he would say to George Robinson, "Say, Georgie, wil't tha 'ev a chow a bacca?"

The Forcet quarries of blue limestone high up on the hill side on the north of Gilling beck, gives means of employment at fair wages for the people of this district.

From here we follow the field path nearly due south, and a few hundred yards on turn to take a look at an interesting village picture. The old roofs cluster finely, and the massive battlemented church tower juts up sturdily supreme over all. The road is again reached near a farm, 'Sturdy House,' the home of William Chilton, a man of 70, who according to himself "has never been a roamer." He has never seen the sea, and has visited no big towns, only Darnton (Darlington), Barney Cassle (Barnard Castle), and Richmond.

The tramp over the high moor's crest leads us past pungent pine woods, the rising balsam barbing the pure air with a keen dash of aroma; and also a triangular piece of common known as "No Man's Land," a haunt of gipsies in summer time, travelling tinkers, and such like Bohemians. As many as fifteen caravans have been known to be located here at one time; even the county police are powerless to cry "Move On!" from this land of no man. This high waste is a portion of the great 'New Forest' of the

Breton Dukes, haunted of old by wolves, wild boar, and wild red deer. Here we leave the highway and crossing over Marske moor trend downwards through the scrub-wood to Marske beck, in fact, into a region, a delta of becks, birling and swirling, dimpling and spattering among stones, through alluring glens with their beginnings in the ravines and dells of the mountain spurs. Fine trees overhang thick moss-matted walls, great boulders are tinted and time-stained with the medals (gold and silver crusted lichens) of a thousand years' warring of the elements. Small but sturdy wild flowers, golden moss, Queen's cushion saxifrage, and grass of Parnassus, with bird's-een and yellow mountain violet, enamel the banks with blossom, or with the wild strawberry's scarlet cones in fruit time; until at last, the beck gurgles gleefully as a child in a flower field into Marske 'town' itself, hid in trees and rocked to sleep when night comes on by the lullaby of its ever crooning stream.

Jagger Ponies. [*W. Gilbert Foster*

CHAPTER X.

Mid Swaledale.

Marske originally Mar-eske or Marishe—as to its affix, 'Mar' probably has a connection with a pool, lake, or water, whilst the suffix 'ske,' a duplication or repetitive designation from the Celtic, even more certainly connotes water also. But Taylor and Blackie both say that the Teutonic 'Mar' in place-names is often adjectival and descriptive with the meaning of plenty, abounding in. Weimar is the place abounding in vines; Marbrook, the boundary brook; so Marske might mean either the place abounding in water, streams all about it, or the boundary 'March' water itself. Anyway, 'water' in some relation was its distinction; and it is indeed a delightfully rural dale village, reminding one of a Swiss hamlet, hid away (approach it whichever way one will) among woods and the folds of the hills, a very place of dreams—a sleepy hollow in the wooded hills.

The romantic beauties of this Marske environage are almost beyond words—for it is a land of sun-kissed glens, clothed in vestments of varied green, sombre native fir or yew, with larch trees emerald in spring and studded with their rosy-purple flower cones; here and there bramble sprays—silver stars or black fruit—shew up against bronze-green foliage; dark furze, spangled with flame-yellow, bloom twice in the year, and lichen-plated stones in and on the marge of ever vocal brooks, bossed with hoary-grey or water-green moss. Charming little cascades lisp gaily like happy child-voices from each gully, with primrose-tufted slopes beneath hazel, ash or elm boughs. The streams purl, their water as limpid as

crystal. Nature here, undisturbed for centuries, shews how lavish she can be in her adornment. As a poet wrote,

> "In that wild alpine Vale
> Through which the Swale,
> By mountain torrents swelled,
> Flings his redundant stream"

Or again in another stanza, he says,

> " . . . . . A scatter'd host
> Of antique oaks darken thy sidelong hills;
> While through their branches rifted cliffs
> Dart their white heads and glitter in the gloom."

Yes, "sidelong hills" is happily descriptive of the broken parallel lines that demark the valley; so that it is indeed difficult to over-praise Marske, with its Manor Hall, its rustic bridge, its quaint village and lowly fane, dedicated to St. Edmund. The church, with its belfry, contains only one bell, and there are also a sundial and curious windows on the south, and a battlemented parapet crowns the outer walls. The interior is composed of nave, with aisle, chancel and porch, and the old high box-pews, and with Norman arches to the nave and inner doorway from the porch. Like so many more the structure has undergone both a re-building and a restoration. The God's acre, with its mounds and memorial stones, occupies a pleasant sunny site. The socket of an ancient cross remains, and a tombstone records the deaths of William and Joseph Rookby, aged 33 and 37 years, "drowned in Clapgate beck on the 16th November, 1771." Although these men were in a very humble sphere of life, they were (says Canon Raine) the lineal descendents without a break of the knightly house of Rokeby, and the last of that line.

Marske gave its name to the family of de-Merse, who held the manor for some four or five generations, ending in an heiress who carried the manor to the Clesebys. From them it went with their

heiress (males appear to have been scarce) some 150 years later to the Conyers, of Hornby Castle, from whom again it passed, still through marriage, to the Phillips of Brignal. These last were greatly disliked in the district; it is said "they enriched themselves at the expense of others." The Phillips sold the demesne to Matthew Hutton, Archbishop of York, who gave it to his son, Timothy Hutton, Esquire, and in his family it remained for three hundred years, the present owner being descended from them.

The Swale near Ellerton. [*A. Sutton.*

Dr. Matthew Hutton, the founder in the main of the family, came of humble, though respectable, parents; his college career was eminently distinguished: he became Fellow of his college, and valuable preferments followed. In due course he was promoted to the wealthy See of Durham, and not many years later translated to the Arch-See of York.

There is a pretty story told of this Hutton: how he once prayed (as Bishop of Durham) on the bleak wild of Cam Fell,

where, as a poor shoeless lad he had disturbed a cow, so that he might find warmth in her bed or couch!

On the summit of an adjacent hill, to be seen from the Reeth road, a monument is conspicuous—it is erected over the remains of one Matthew Hutton, Esquire, an officer in the army. Somewhat similarly to the order expressed before death by James Broderick, whose lonely grave we shall visit later higher up the dale, this Hutton in his Will expressed a wish to be laid to rest on this spot whereon he had so often rested whilst enjoying the grand scenery: the everlasting glories of earth and sky, one might say. These two are the only dalesmen, we believe, who lie in their own land in unconsecrated ground; although near Appersett, in Wensleydale, there is an undecipherable slanting tombstone in a lonely pasture field, the grave of one of the early Quakers who had lived thereabout, it is said.

Clints and Skelton are small hamlets in the parish of Marske. The former—its name denoting a stone or rock—is picturesquely placed on the high wooded cliff (in the possession of the Huttons) to the north. The scenery is wild and romantic in the extreme. The field-path from Marske to Downholme Bridge is of enlivening charm for the pedestrian. For some way above and below the bridge, the Swale twists and twines snake-like, and presently washes the very foot of an awsome limestone cliff, tree-screened, and in some places the rock threateningly overhangs the road. From river and over the plumed crest of the steep, wisps and wreaths of vapour rise, gather themselves up, elongate and then vanish like some weird spectres of a mountain-land, under a spell of Nature's weaving! Nigh the bridge of Downholme on the Reeth road, a lane branches off to the small village of Downholme. This township and those of Ellerton Abbey, Stainton and Walburn, are all in the parish of Downholme, and have jointly a population of 235 souls. The Church of St. Michael, Downholme,

is of ancient foundation; it stands aloof, a little way from the village itself. It was judiciously restored some years back. The porch, pillars of the north aisle and a few other fragments are Norman; there is some old stained glass, and a stone coffin with lid complete lies in the churchyard.

Walburn consists of five scattered farm holdings, formerly belonging to the Scropes, and one of their residences. Now a farmhouse only, it shews that it was of early Tudor date and style, with flagged courtyard and battlemented walls. The place gave its name to a family of some note: during the Norman era, in 1286, one Wymer-de-Walburn held lands here.

Now retracing our footsteps we regain the Richmond to Reeth road, and a pasture length beyond the lane we arrive at Ellerton Priory, hard by the clamorous Swale, that never for long lets us forget its presence. The body of the one-time holy fane is now a mere shell, only the tower remaining in anything like good condition. It stands in a lap or slack of the hill spurs; to the north across the Swale the dale's dividing ridge rises boldly. The scene is charming enough, yet there is a lonesome feeling engendered by the few fragments of the Priory shewing their forlorn and stark condition, neither nestling in woodlands, nor companioned by human habitations. The Priory was the home of the white-robed Cistercian nuns, but was no doubt one of the minor houses of this Order, since we know that the Cistercians were the foremost of monastic architects and justly entitled to rank among the greatest builders the world has ever seen. The site they pitched upon here for its secluded nature, may have been more wooded, it is now, however, as we see it, somewhat naked and neglected of aspect, grey fragmentary walls set in evergreen pasture-land sparsely tree-sheltered—its tower a lighthouse-like memorial to the Sisters who passed their time here in prayer and unostentatious good works. The Nunnery of El-tre-ton ('El,' Celtic, a hill;

'tre,' Celtic, an abode; and 'ton,' Anglian, a hedged-in place), built by Whyamor of Aske as we have shewn, was but a small foundation, and its inmates never waxed rich; the ladies belonging to the noblest families in the land rested here in the days of doughty deeds and noble knights. Yet, poor as they were, the ravening Scots once pillaged their house, acted violently, and carried away with them valuable charters and writings. At the time of the Dissolution of Monasteries, its yearly income was only £15 10s. 8d. We need feel no surprise then, that the last prioress, Johanna, should surrender the house "without murmure or griefe," as the Chronicler says.

Returning to Marske, we continue our pilgrimage along the northern slope of the hills above the river. Marske Hall we note as being sheltered delightfully in an arbour of Nature's fashioning, a bower of greenery; and as we climb the rise we repeatedly turn and take in the exceeding opulence of the river, vale and mountain, and the diversified landscape unfolded to our eyes. Onward we tramp, over the fells, past quaint old homesteads and ancient draw-wells, until we reach Marrick, where we find many houses tenantless and others falling into ruin. The old, old story! Lead mines and smelting mill closed. Yet, nevertheless, Marrick is a typical mountain village. The 'White Horse' offers refreshment for man and beast, so we turn in, and the interior takes our eye, and old-world details rivet our attention. The large beam over the kitchen is hollow, and forms a series of lockers or cupboards; over the entrance door is a sun-dial; and an old upright 'grandfather's clock,' surmounted by a brass eagle, lectern like, is a striking object. But yet, declining trade, scant custom is the keynote of the landlord's tale. Since the mines were closed, business has been so bad that even the 'boucher'—the butcher, but dalesmen leave out the 't,' as of old—has been compelled to migrate, try further afield, where more mouths are! A road runs up into the hills,

north-west, to the lead mines at Hurst, said to be among the oldest in the kingdom; the Romans worked them here undoubtedly, for a few years back a pig of lead was discovered with the name and mark of Hadrian, Roman Emperor, stamped upon it.

But let us leave this shadow-side of Marrick, the boundary between past and present in more things than one, for to-day is, as it happens, the Harvest Festival, and the children, eke the 'young men and maidens' of classic tale, and ancient people too, are wending their way variously down the old green lane, and equally, of course, "in their best attire."

As a place-name, Marrick has a different signification from Maresk. It doubtless has its origin in 'Merse' (Celtic), 'March,'—a boundary line, as in Mercia, the frontier kingdom of Wales—and the Anglian 'wic' or 'ick' (a village) as in Barwick or Catterick. And its position, standing high above the river, on the fell itself, so inaccessible without special knowledge of the way to take to reach it, renders it unlikely that 'mar,' a pool or a marsh, has any connexion with its name. Few indeed of those who tour up or down the dale penetrate to its hill-ringed fastness; and naturally the place partakes of the severe grey gaunt character of its surroundings—a citadel of humanity in a spacious fortress of the hills!

We may not linger, so onward along the old track through a hanging wood, Marrick-abbeywards, down a slanting causeway or rather stone stairs contemporary with the Abbey, if not more ancient still; for it has also been the Jagger-way, as is partly proved by the two fords over the river Swale. At once on passing out of the wood we have a view of the ruined priory of Marrick, on a gentle 'Knowe' above the river that there forms a gleaming crescent of silver, spreading out widest in the middle reach of the curve, shoaling there in a braid of white waters, and ever sending forth a tuneful harmony. As it shimmers and sparkles on its way, its

song and spirit ever the same, by the grey old abbey tower backgrounded by wild moorland on the vale's other side, the whole forming a picture of supreme beauty and symbolism, so plain for all to read. The peaceful lonely neglected God's-acre has a few slanting tombstones, lichen-stained and crumbling—they have weathered more years than any hand that squared them—but planted in a rank tangle of usurping grass, even they, with the

Marrick Priory, from the Banks of the Swale. [*Owen Bowen.*

lonely tower watching over them, strike a note of desolation and desertion, not without a wan charm, a wrecked beauty of its own. The contrast given by the lush-greens and golden-browns and purple-greys of the scenic environment, makes the impression more vivid; a few large limbed trees in the flush of lusty life strike an independent note, overhanging the Swale as it winds through the meads and channels of Marrick and Ellerton. In the hanging

wood above the stone staircase, the rooks' strident "caw-caw" repeats "Amen," at early morn and early eve, Spring and Fall, as it were a refrain to the melodious monotone of the Swale.

The founder of Marrick Nunnery was a Roger-de-Aske, who built it in the first quarter of the 12th century for the Benedictine Order of Nuns. They wore black attire, not white as with their Cistercian sisters on Swale's other bank. It is a question, Dr. Whitaker thought, whether the nunnery was grafted on to the parish church, or the parish church on to the nunnery. At service the parishioners entered the church by the north door, worshipping in the nave only, whilst the "vowesses" (as they were styled) entered from the cloistered court on the south side, and sat at devotions in the choir only. The endowment of the priory was considerable, and the church buildings commodious. The nave was in use for public worship down to 1811, when it underwent a lamentable 'restoration.' Nowhere hardly could there be a worse example of what ignorant hands could do. Whitaker says, "the combination of arch and column to form a choir is really amusing. Misplaced and tumbled about in all directions to supply deficiencies in the pavement are many ancient marbles and fragments, from which more, I suspect, might have been saved, before the work of havoc commenced." We cannot but endorse the statement—emphasis is unnecessary. It needed only a fairly trained hand, and a feeling of art and reverence of mind to have transformed the ancient priory into a sanctuary—a museum too, if one likes to put it so—that eye of man would have found delight in resting upon, and the mind in finding illuminative and satisfactory. In the fragments still remaining, despite mutilations and defacements, is enough to testify to the culture and adeptness of the first builder.

My last visit to Marrick Abbey fell on a sunny autumn day, a day that seemed to brood still in the nest of midsummer, and clear

light and cool shadows contended for mastery as I stood in the roofless, windowless chancel, the grey stones medalled with golden and bronze lichens, snapdragon, and other clinging trailing flowerets beautifying with the lacery of their stems and foliage the coigns and sills of masonry. They seemed to me the flower figures and hands on the stone face of Time: they mark the year and the seasons by their blooming and their fruiting, if not the very hours that have gone and still go by since a tide of matin and evensong rose and fell within the old temple of prayer and praise, of chant and canticle.

Besides large possessions in various parts of Richmondshire, the Nuns of Marrick had 100 acres of land around their own church, so were vastly more wealthy than their poor White Sisters of Elreton. One dare not say the latter envied their darkly garbed vowesses, but they may have thought them more than well-to-do *if* possessions are riches in any but a worldly sense. Tradition, always fond of tracing and making out connexions, says that an underground passage led beneath Swale and made access possible from one house to the other. But why? one may ask, when they differed so much in dress and in estate. The rumour seems to lack a reason for it. At both religious retreats, in performance of their vows, prayer and meditation in silence and peace, the Sisters passed their days, months and years, until in the ordinary course of nature the greater stillness of the tomb was theirs.

For some reason Marrick priory had a higher temporal privilege —Royal favour; it held the King's licence to continue to exist for some three or four years after the Dissolution of less aristocratic establishments. Anyway, on the 17th of November, 1540, five years *after* Elreton priory had surrendered, this convent was handed over to King Henry the Eighth's Commission by Christabella Cowper, the prioress, and sixteen nuns. There is, however, quite a romance of the Dissolution pertinent to this particular

convent. All the inmates did not wholly or for ever take the veil, and there is quite a respectable foundation in fact for the story of one who sought refuge and remained long there, issuing therefrom at the disbandment to marry.

There was a lady well connected in the south of England, by name Isabella Beaufort, one of Queen Katherine's Maids of Honour. She was beautiful and as accomplished as lovely of face and figure; her age, nineteen summers only. Ere long at the Court she took alarm at the too manifested attentions on the part of the Royal Henry, who at that very time seeking excuse whereon he might divorce his Queen, so that he might marry Anne Boleyn, his favourite. Maiden Beaufort became greatly alarmed at the king's manner, so dressing as a page to baffle pursuit, fled. But not to her own home, for fear of the king's wrath being wreaked in some way on her family—she knew the convention and the sham, let alone the shame of the Court,

> "'Scotch Despatch'—not worth a song, love,
> 'Royal Orders' to obey."

She fled North—to Marrick in fact! Her family may have had some connexion. She had herself knowledge of its fitting seclusion, but anyway, after untold adventures and many weary detours, she arrived at Marrick Abbey one cold October afternoon, when the shadows were already lying on the priory. The porter refused her admittance of course—"against rules to admit a youth into the nunnery. He had however hardly spoken the word when the page fell in a swoon by the gate. A call for help brought the prioress herself, with no doubt other curious nuns to the door. Contrary to the rules, pity paramount in their hearts, the fainting stranger was borne in where no foot but the Father Confessors had trod. In reviving, the swooning youth's neck fastenings were loosed and her sex discovered. "Holy Mother!" cried one, "It is a woman!"

History deponeth not as to the gladness or sorrow of the prioress when she found that no fell rule had been broken, or only for a moment in imagination; but in after years she must have been truly thankful that no bar had prevented the succour of a distressed lady, nearly related as she was, to the highest nobility in the land.

The sequel has yet to be told. Isabella Beaufort stayed at Marrick with the Sisterhood, sharing in their charitable work, and not unhappy one would fain believe in her secure seclusion, until the surrender in November, 1540. Prior to that, perhaps by one of those lucky happenings which we miscall Chance, Isabella's retreat was revealed to her kith and kin. One, Joan Darrell, Prioress of Amesbury, in Wilts, came with other monastic leaders as a delegate to Marrick, their purpose a conference as to how best avert or minimise the perils of the coming doom—dispersal and closing of their houses. The king had sworn his Will—they must prepare for it. Joan was well acquainted personally with Isabella, and knew too of her mysterious disappearance. Great, but instant therefore, was her surprise to find the lost one alive and well in the motherly hands of the good Christabella. The prioress, Joan Darrell, was not slow to apprise her nephew, Edward Herbert, a known admirer of Isabella's hiding-place. Communications, probably hardly those of an Abelard and an Heloise, constantly passed between them; and if Mistress Beaufort did not exactly weep with the sisterhood, but rather welcomed a quick end to her interment, who shall cry shame on her? It does not appear that she ever became a full nun. She had assumed the 'veil' as a veil to escape the lust of King Henry. The cause sanctified the means, and in conclusion, one is pleased to be able to record that she was not forgetful of the prioresse's long-suffering love and charity to her, a frightened maid; yet the promptings of her heart went out to her first love, her well-born swain; at the actual Dissolution the

long-parted met and Edward Herbert, Somerset Squire, and the fair maiden Beaufort were made one in the bonds of that matrimony by ascription of the Church as 'Holy' as any vow of celibacy. They both lived to a good old age, and their descendants to-day in the west of England can be numbered by the hundred. "A Romance of Real Life," indeed!

Adjoining this old Marrick Nunnery is an ancient farmhouse, once itself a part of the building, and it is, indeed, a pleasant walk across the pastures to Grinton, Fremington and Reeth. The threshold, as it were, dividing Lower from Upper Swaledale has now been crossed. The 'march' is at Low Stollerton stile, just beyond Cogden Heugh. From this stile to Hollow-Mill Cross, where a cairn marks the frontier line of Westmoreland and Yorkshire, is fully sixteen miles.

We are now at Fremington, a hamlet in the lee of Fremington Edge and lying between the river basins of the Arkle and the Swale. Grinton lies just across Swale on the south. The bridge, church and village seen from the northern end of the bridge, make a characteristic dale picture, both in composition and detail. The grey old church, shapely and well pointed, rests on the river's brink. It is the cathedral of the upper dale, and the mother church of a vast sparsely populated area. Between its east end and the bridge stands Blackburn Hall, an old-world 'gaard,' and the quaintest feature of the district in domestic architecture. Beyond the bridge, the winding up-hill (or down-hill) street goes in a sinuous zig-zag to the moors, whence hill roads, or tracks rather, branch and trend away to Leyburn, Redmire, and Aysgarth.

Another fine scene: At the time of our approach it was sunset, and Swale flashed like molten silver under an opal sky suffused with afterglow. The hill background is of deepest purple, and Grinton's ancient fane, with a dim hill-buttress beyond, is just glimpsed; the spell of great loveliness is on and over all.

Grinton has mention in Domesday Book: "There was one carucate (of land) and there may be one plough. There Turpin had a manor; now Bodin holds it, and it is waste. But in King Edward's time, its value, 5s only!" We may see in the Conqueror's

Grinton. [*Owen Bowen.*

scourge, and be sure it reached even into this fastness of Upper Swale. And Turpin—name infamous and famous later—we wonder what became of him, whither he went, had he successors in fields further away, or—none? Only the briefest mention in the chronicles, and he passes out beyond ken. Bodin laid hands on his manor, by gift of a king or a 'more sudden conveyance' we know not, tho' he seems to have found favour with the Breton

'dukes.' The name is Danish, and this Bodin is said to have been the progenitor of Fitz-Bardolph of Ravensworth.

Grinton Church is dedicated to St. Andrew, and in pre-Conquest days belonged to the great Saxon parish of Catterick, and in that parish were included the lands of the Upper Swale. And as at Godmudham, where was a heathen temple, after the advent of Paulinus (the baptiser) the holy fane or sacrificial site was supplanted by a Christian church. Thus Grinton in early Saxon times became the religious 'centre'—tho' at the low-land end of the Upper dale.

Soon after the Norman settlement at Richmond, Earl Stephen gave Grinton (with its wide lands aforesaid) as a wedding dowry to his daughter on marrying Walter-de-Gant, and by them the church itself was built, the advowson being shortly after given to the Priory of Bridlington.

The parish was extensive, so, before interments were licensed at Muker, the dead were brought for burial hither by the winding corse-way of Swale, borne on human shoulders in wicker baskets, sometimes as many as twelve long miles.

One can visualise 'the thin black line' of the procession—a dark streak filing solemn and slow over the Mount of Kisdon, and fell and field, down dale, ever ever downwards, in silence, from the hill-world afar! A weird scene! Carrying the mind back through centuries, emphasising its text and lesson of human change and progression.

The architecture of Grinton Church is mainly 13th century, with fragmentary evidences of a previous Norman structure. It has been restored, judiciously, one is glad to say, and in 1896 was re opened. The interior is spacious; it is well lighted. In the east window fragments of old painted glass show the figure of Saint George. Below, in black letters, are the words "Maria

Bredlington." The side screens of old oak are fine, as is also the late Norman font, with its canopy. The north aisle of the choir (now the vestry) was formerly the Swale Chapel, where that family were for centuries interred. The Blackburn Chapel was to the south of the chancel. The hall of this family is a rare specimen of Tudor architecture. In the north pier of the chancel arch, a few steps are the remains of a stairway that led to the roodloft in pre-Reformation times The tower has its peal of six sweet-toned bells, the tenor one rung nightly at 8 o'clock—a survival (locally asserted) of the curfew. The writer was told that of a person a few years back leaving money for this to be done, so that belated wayfarers in this lonely district of moor and moss might perchance find that they would otherwise miss. The particular donor had lost his way in crossing from Askrigg, and was in great distress of mind when the air-borne 'heaven-sent' knell reached his ears. His gratitude took the shape of a bequest that the bell might be rung fifteen minutes longer nightly. What sentiments and recollections cannot bells evoke? We have often pondered upon those delightful lines of Father Prout, "The Bells of Shandon, that sound so grand on the pleasant waters of the river Lee"; but they cannot, we imagine, have been any sweeter or more musical – of more 'saving grace,' as it were—than these bells of Grinton! set veritably "in the wild wood, from days of childhood" for man and woman born and nurtured by the waters of Swale.

The writer listened to them one autumn evening as he was striding apace Richmondward: their sound was wafted on the breeze, growing fainter and sweeter as they carried to our ears like the repeating echoes of some divine strain, flooding mind with memories of other times and scenes lost, like their notes at last, in the quiet past. But no—not yet gone: we turn our face westward whence the cadence came, and lo! in response to the action, an accelerated final burst of Grinton bells bid us "Good-bye, good-bye,

good-night." The western sky was flooded at the moment with the passing glory of the setting sun—of the sun, rather, sinking behind the long furrowed ridge of the dale hills, irradiating everything with an aurora of gold, pearl, and a tender silvery-green, with the dim purple and greys of night already a vast shadow laid, as it seemed, like a carpet on the hitherward slopes and furrows of the hills.

Steps to the Roodloft. [*Ernest Forbes.*

The population of Grinton was greatly diminished when the lead mines of the northern hill-ridge were closed. There were, of

course, formerly several inns where now is only one, and that all sufficient. Of old, Grinton was indeed of more importance than Reeth, had two Fairs, or 'Feasts' yearly, and was the headquarters of Nobility—the Swales, Blackburne's, etc., whose grey and weather-stained homesteads remain as evidence of whilom greatness locally; not turreted and castle-like like the debased modern edifice set sentinel-like on the high ridge slope peering over the valley, disdainfully aloof, uncompanionable with the 'gardies' of the dale's-folk probably of twice their ancient lineage. Certainly no artist's eye but must tell him that the 'shooting box' on the moor edge by the Redmire road is out of harmony with its surroundings.

Ancient customs are still kept up around Grinton, especially those connected with weddings and burials. One, now in disuse, partook of a rivalry between the Grinton lasses and the laddies of Fremington. On "Old Humpy" Day, the girls of Grinton kicked a ball over the bridge and kept it rolling to Fremington, from which place the boys had to send it flying back again. A suggestion of invitation or daring the youths to do something, seems to underlie this rustic flirtation, for on these occasions any couple about to be married usually stood arm-in-arm against the church gates whilst the ball was kicked about and over their heads—a goal or presage of good omen. Also, to keep at rest the perturbed spirit of a former dale *seer*—'Old Humpy, the Crumpling'—the busy tongue of tradition, related in undertone how Pensit Hill was anciently the resort of a fearsome Dragon, its prey chiefly women and children. Its ravages became appalling, so, at length, a gallant knight (whose name has not been handed down to us), unlike that other of Sockburn, went forth and slew the ungainly monster. But alas! all the details are lacking to the story—it is the merest matter of dry bones now.

We pass through the churchyard to Harkerside, and doing so note the numerous—the crowds, of memorials to Aldersons, Calverts,

Metcalfes, Harkers and Peacocks; patronymics all of stalwart dalesmen whose forebears dwelt by Swale before even the Breton, Alan the Red, took possession of fell and forest hereabouts. There *is* something in the old and natural family names, they reveal not a little, but space compels us to move on and leave this Swale-washed God's acre to receive its baptism and peace offering of fishes when the river is in high spate. That has happened, as at Hubberholme of Wharfe, in the more southern dale.

We follow a lane winding along the south bank of the Swale, and soon are at Swale Hall—the home steading, the gardy of the Swales ever since Alrued-de-Swale (a Norman knight, the first in these parts), sat him down here early in the 12th century. His forebear (it is said) made one in the Norman Invasion, two generations earlier. Alrued was a relation—some say a nephew—of Walter de Gant, kinsman of the Conqueror. Walter wedded a daughter of the Breton Earl of Richmond, who gave her 'the whole of Swaledale' for dowry! It thus came about that Walter was first lord of Swaledale, and it was he (and Matilda, his wife) who gave the church and manor of East Grinton to the Bridlington Priory. To the above Alured (dweller by Swale, and so 'de Swale') he gave the manor of West Grinton, the lands west of the church and lying on the south slope of the dale, now called Harkerside. There is lacking any record of what patronym (family name) this Alrued had, previously to this gift. But he was clearly enough Alrued 'of' and 'by' Swale shortly after the Normans came. But this is equally clear: ever since, for nearly 800 years, the posterity of Alreud (a Gothic form of Alfred) have borne the name of the dale's chief water, the Swale, by which they were seated; and offshoots of the family tree have been scattered, planted themselves, and grown famous through all parts of the world. This is the romance of the name Swale, and it has multiplied mightily.

The approach to the hall reveals naught striking: a sternness and sturdy dignity evidencing superior construction is all, yet much might be said of its various vicissitudes and triumphal moments in the past. In 1786 it was 'sold by auction' at Richmond, and now does duty as a farmhouse, tenanted by a most hospitable dale family. Inside, antique features may yet be seen in the original cross-beams and rafters of black oak. It has its ghost too. At times a 'White Lady,' a member of the old Swale family, puts in a nocturnal visit to the home of her flesh. But one may surely ask why, without suspicion of undue scepticism. Was there ever a tragedy of a woman here now forgotten, or the link of whose chain has been snapt? Or does some white sister of the adjoining Ellerton Priory search for some departed or faithless swain who, in her day, rode forth in glorious caparisonage with his troop to Flodden, and came not back to her? 'Tis useless to guess, but whatever the cause, the appearance—the White Lady—is often seen. So we were assured.

Geoffrey de Swaledale, son of Alrued, was chief forester; and William, his son, fell in the Crusades, under the banner of Richard the First. Without issue, his brother succeeded, whose grandson, Robert de Swale took a part in the Scottish Wars of Second and Third Edwards. Doughty archers of the dale under his command performed loyal service, too, at Neville's Cross. In more recent days it was Solomon Swale, member of parliament for Aldburgh, who proposed the Restoration of the Second Charles, May 17th, 1660. In consideration of services to the Royal cause, he was shortly created a Baronet, and was the recipient of a sum of money and a loan of £2,000 to be repaid by yearly instalments of £100 without interest. But misfortune dogged the family's steps in the later days of Sir Solomon, Third Baronet. The chief estate was held by lease from the Crown, which for some unrecorded reason

the Swales had not renewed for several years. The omission was discovered by one Reginald Marriott, a clerk in the Exchange office, when, by petition to the Lords of the Treasury he procured for himself the reversion of the greater part of the estate. Sir Solomon did his utmost to get them back, but in vain—an ill fate had fallen upon him, and he was, in the result, beggared with litigation, etc., ending his earthly career of a 'broken heart,' in the Fleet Prison for Debtors. His successor is said to have committed suicide. The title went to a Sebastian Swale, a Malaga Merchant, and in him expired the last of the Second Baronet's line. The Swales were ever good catholics, yet there is something very pathetic, even interesting, as stories of dogging ill-luck are apt to be, in this history of a famous dale family. Their name, however, so long as Swale flows will be linked with the river, and the current tide ever recall the passed-away flood of misfortune. The empty title remained unappropriated until so recently as 1877, when it was claimed by the Rev. John Swale, a priest of the order of St. Benedict, of Birtley, Durham—"not," said he "for the sake of a worldly vanity, but as an honest man having regard to the future distinction of an ancient house." He died in 1887, and was succeeded by John Swale of the Royal Oak Inn, Knaresborough, who dying the year following, the title went to Benjamin Swale, also of Knaresboro'. Nemesis still pursued the name: Benjamin only enjoyed the baronetcy for one year, it then fell to a brother, James Swales, a farmer, of Rudfarlington Hall, the Tenth baronet. It is worth adding that tea from China was first drunk in Swaledale at Swale Hall. The Will of Sir Solomon, First baronet, is one of the most perfectly penned compositions ever seen, unique in its way—a most lengthy document pervaded by a deeply religious tone and phraseology. It has given rise to much discussion, and often been quoted as a model. In the "Memoirs of Martin Scriblerus" (Fortescue), occurs a whimsical travesty of the history of Sir John Swale, of Swale Hall, "fast by the river Swale,"

"Le recitel del Case "SJR John Swale, of Swale-Hall, in Swale Dale, "fast by the River Swale, Kt. made his last Will "and Testament: In which, among other Bequests, was this, "viz. Out of the kind Love and Respect that I bear unto my much "honoured and good Friend Mr. *Matthew Stradling*, Gent. I do "bequeath unto the said *Matthew Stradling*, Gent. *all my black* "*and white Horses.* The Testator had six black Horses, six "white Horses, and six pyed Horses.

"Le Point. "Th: Debate therefore was, whether or no the "said Matthew Stradling should have the said pyed "Horses by virtue of the said Bequest."

Dr. Whitaker says that though Sir Solomon's Will had some whimsical peculiarities, there is nothing to account for the above report. Neither John Swale of Swale Hall, nor his black and white and piebald horses had any existence! The laughable record was really drawn up for Pope, the poet and satirist, by Fortescue.

A mile or more west of Swale Hall, on the moor-slope called Harkerside, is an ancient earthwork or strongly entrenched camp known as Maiden Castle. Maiden here means firstly and big in size —which it is. It is surrounded by a deep semi-circular trench and bank; even now the depth from top to bed is fully fifteen feet. Some have conjectured that 'maiden' denoted a great ridge, with also some suggestion of middle or midway in its prefix, 'mai,' middle, 'den,' a dene or hold. If so, this stronghold might be the midway station between the Roman Bracchium at Bainbridge, in Wensleydale, eight miles or less due south over the watershed ridge, and the Roman station Lavatræ at Bowes. It may have been utilised by the Romans as a temporary camp, as they found it or altered, but in its general features it most certainly resembles ancient British earthworks constructed as citadels of retreat and places wherein a stand could be made against aggressive foes.

It is essentially similar (made for like purposes) to Maiden Bower near Topcliffe, and the Maiden Castle on Stanemoor, and indeed the others near Dumfries, etc., attributed to British hands. The name originates as said from Celtic 'mai,' great, and 'den' or 'dun,' a hill or fortified site.

This Harkerside earthwork is placed on a long shelf of the north-facing moor slope, under the dark edge of Harkerside and Bolton Moor, high above the Swale. The river was here, even in the historic period much wider, more expansive than at present; its violence is rapidly cutting out a deeper and deeper channel every year. In the far past from Whitside to Reeth, the river was a long string of natural pools, which added not a little to the impregnability of the entrenchment; scowling moors, inhospitable morasses to south, east and west; to the north, at the foot of a declivity, a lake-like moat. The camp is approached from the east through an avenue of stones upwards of a hundred yards in length. At the gut or entrance is a large tumulus-like mound, and there are other similar mounds in the vicinity. Tradition whispereth that beneath the entrance mound is a chest or cist of gold (of course), and this, there are those locally who devoutly believe it! Nay, many a surreptitious expedition and search has been made for this hidden treasure, and the barrow (or whatever it is) shows many signs of having been tampered with, digging done, etc. But Gold! the palm-itch metal, indeed, does not seem to have yet been unearthed, nor any chest found. Yet thorough search would compensate for the labour and cost. A battle-axe, spear, arrow-head, even a torque of gold may lie deep in the soil under its cairn of earth there, the indestructible possessions of some once lusty savage chief, whose very bones have long since become a part of their sepulchre.

Harkerside probably got its prefix from the Akara or Harclas of Scandinavian descent; side or scheide in Teutonic means a

watershed, a slope, a face (of anything), and even in street place-names a roadway or path; so that Harkerside would be the field-way of the Akars.

At the Conquest, the Lord of Ravensworth—of Danish descent, as already mentioned—was named Akar-Fitz-Bardolph, and the Harclas of Hartley Castle near Kirkby-Stephen, are probably other varient examples of the patronymic now spelt Harker, but during the 14th or 15th centuries it was Harca, later changed to Harkey. This personal name moreover has still numerous resident representatives. We almost think that the antecedents of every Harker might be run to their native earth, here on the bleak north-facing slope of "Swa'dle" (as the natives love to clip its syllables in common speech).

CHAPTER XI.

Reeth and Arkengarthdale.

From Maiden Castle one can cross the river, if not in flood, by stepping stones. To-day, however, we return by Grinton Bridge, and a little further, at the bend of the road, is the hamlet of Fremington, that is, the town (or tun) of the Fremings or strangers. The Saxon (?) word 'Frema' is said to mean a foreign thing, so Fremington would in that case mean the place of the foreign family, the 'ing' here connoting a race or tribe. William Wheater says that the people of this place were Romanised Britons, resident here at the time when the Angles (or Saxon element) held the more fruitful parts of the dale to the east and north-east. And, undoubtedly, relics of very early Celtic occupation have been found on Fremington Edge, viz., two axes, a club, a grindstone, and spear and arrow head. In the forepart of the 18th century, several ornaments were dug up, supposed war-steed trappings of brass, inlaid with silver. These are now in York Museum, and point Romewards. Besides this, traces exist of an ancient dyke or sunken road crossing the dale hollow from Fremington to the Swale ford, and forward to the earthwork on Harkerside. The manorial privileges of Fremington came into the possession of the Gants early in Norman times. North of Fremington the hills rise in a bolder bulk and line, and over them an old 'way' winds to the quaint and bare old mining village of Hurst; whilst beyond, on the wild and lonesome moors, haunted only by the pipe of plover and the curlew's eerie call, Arndale ('Arn or Erne,' an Eagle) beck foams and fumes its stony course through picturesque scenery to-

wards Mareske, already described. On the western declivity of these moors runs another beck, the Arkle, one source being to the north of water crag, and others in the antred rockland wild of Stanemoor Forest. The Arkle drops down with many a protesting fling, making music in these everlasting hills, and spurt through

Grinton Church. [*Valentine & Sons*

Arkengarth dale, a district rich in lead veins; and formerly a prosperous lead mining industry was carried on here, on each side the valley, with adits or tunnel-like openings among the rough and savage-looking rock faces and slickensides of the hill. Lower down is the 'Toon' of Arkle, through which Arkle sweeps in a hurrying burst of silver to join the Swale presently below Reeth.

A bit of local legal history here is not without suggestion of charm in changed manners and laws. An assize was held in 1254 to make inquiry and settle certain matters of right of way, of chase, etc., between Gilbert de Gant, one Robert the Forester, Alan Ultra (beyond) Swale, Stephen de Rythe (of Reeth), John de Cayrton (that was of Kearton, now a family name made famous by a naturalist observer), and about a hundred other persons; if they had or had not done what a reverend gentleman did at Whitby not so long ago, viz., pulled down a hedge in Fremington to the injury of Henry Fitz-Ranulph; also if the said Henry had prevented Gilbert taking his beasts of chase and his wild animals in the forests of Fremington "from the place where the brook of Ferrinden falls into Arcle beck," and much more, wordily. It was a right of way, a right of chase, a trespass and a poaching dispute, little different from such things now except that it was one of the earliest, before boundaries and rights were so defined and mapped down as now. Gilbert won the day, and Henry Fitz-Ranulph lost, but otherwise of long lost interest. Incidentally it shows however how surnames were taken in the first instance largely from the places where individuals lived: Alan of beyond Swale; Stephen of the reeth or ridge; John of the Caer or Cair-ton, the stony place; and so on.

Arkle beck, birling through the narrow green 'meas,' or boundary pastures below the slopes of the fells, divides Fremington from Reeth, and a substantial high-arched bridge spans the stream. Under its shadow brown brook trout hide on bright summer days, when clouds float fleece-like high in air. A few yards further the twining uphill road leads into the stern grey stone-built townlet of Reeth set irregularly four square, round a green crossed with tracks, and perhaps there is no place quite like it, or, once known, to be liked like it; for as with the townlets of Switzerland, secluded and hemmed in by hills, and of limited resources, there is a charm which grows on one upon further acquaintance. There is

a severe character in the dale dwellings and dale villages, as well as in the dalesmen themselves—lovable in time maybe but not at all effusive to strangers. About Reeth, "hill-ringed Reeth," in the middle lap of Swale's course, there is a reminder of Bath. It lies as on the lap of green mother earth, cradled in hills that (from the winding of the dale ridge) seem to enclose it on every side except the west.

The bare bone-white and brown mural scars of limestone rise on Mount Calvey to 1600 feet, and shelter it from the north-west. East is blocked by the frontal barrier line of Fremington; on the south a long hog's back of purple moor stays the view, as we note the singular effect produced by breakers and crests of cloud, tumbling away as if broken by the teeth of the ridge of the fell, or just as water breaks over the basalt lip of High Force. Free over the ridge, torn into ribbons or hurled like huge packs of wool into the air, the fragments career across the zenith like dumb phantoms in the apparel of a Doré's fancy. Beneath the scud we can see the tortuous lines of moor-track to Askrigg and Redmire like a whip-lash thrown down on the fell slope. Below is Grinton's grey square towered church, and lower down the lonely tower of Marrick, from which the stone stair through the hanging wood leads up to the mountain village already described. Near at hand, and homely in its suggestion of ingle nooks on stormy nights, the blue-grey reek from Reeth's solid chimney stacks ascends lazily, spirally, into the air. It is a fine June morning, and its sunny splendour bathes everything in a delightful haze, all opal the air, an ingot of silver that solid mass of cloud which, lo! like a miracle divides and dissipates into streamers of lace as we gaze; or, undissolving, floats majestically yet lightly away, as if a veritable ship of some ærial magician's! But description seems hopeless—vain; no two cloud pictures were ever yet fashioned alike. That solid yet unsubstantial cloud, for instance, it trails a long banner of shadow across down slope and level as it sails overhead in im-

pressive dignity; but the pack of clouds, the continent from which islands broke away ever and anon, kept severely to the hills on this particular day, while Reeth took holiday with the elements and with all the valley under our view seemed fresh and bright and beautiful, basking in sunwarmth and fanned by the sweetest of gentle breezes.

One writer has said of Reeth that it is "a pleasant place to stay at." We opine it is a hard place to get away from, and mean

Reeth from Fremington Bridge. [*Owen Bowen.*

it for praise, and high praise, too. The wide green, with its cobble-stoned roadway bordering, and the alpine suggestion in the slopes, fir-tree fringed and zoned of the near-hand hill spurs, have each a subtle power of attaching the visitor to it. "Go away—if you like; but if you go, you'll come again"—for it has some things to give you, shew you, tell you, like no other spot. So and such was the

testimony borne to Reeth (over High Blean by Semmerwater) by George Robinson, a one-time worthy of Reeth, of brass-band fame, in the 'sixties': and we do not imagine he is forgotten yet—a dalesman, of an unique mixture of bluff fox-huntsman and genial farmerly characteristics.

On its etymological side, Reeth is most probably a softened survival of the Celtic word 'Rhayadr,' a waterfall. In Domesday it is spelled 'Rie,' of which Ri-ith is the duplicate, and 'Ri' in Anglo-Saxon meant a stream. The 'Ri' in Rievaulx and in Ryde all connote the same. Whether this derivation from Rhayader (also containing the 'Ri,' tho' spelt differently) a waterfall be proved, or only conjectural, let us be off and view one of the many hereabout. The water of Swale even is a force or rapid in many places near Reeth, and one charm of the townlet is that (as somebody put it before me) there is very little to do. But to make up, one can go where one likes, scramble over the scars, ramble over the moors, and even find the lucky white heather in places where the soil is poor and on the limestone; the wild thyme that reminds us as we sit down on a cushion of it how time flies! Wild flowers are galore around Reeth, and their abundance is proof positive that the visits of the tripper to "maiden" Swaledale are "few and far between." Fletcher in his "Picturesque Yorkshire," says of Reeth, "One cannot say the surroundings are picturesque or charming—it is rather wild, savage, awful in its vast extent, and in its solitudes. Were it not for the houses of Reeth and Grinton lying almost at the hill's base, and for the signs of human life which shew here and there along the valley far below, one might well imagine that all this wild land had lain desolate since the days when the early Britons honeycombed its fell sides for lead."

We cannot fully endorse the above description, for hereabouts the valley is not solitary—but from Marrick to Reeth is a kind of an Arcadian bower; the riverside west of Reeth a charming wild nature-garden, and the scenery around magnificent, beautiful, and wildly picturesque.

CHAPTER XII.

The Middle Dale.

In physique the dalesmen of Swale's secluded and sinuous valley are of the big, long-limbed type, loosely knit, not of the short-backed wrestler class which characterises 'the West Country' as the "Swardal" men call those of the Eden, Lune and Leven valleys. Slow of movement and speech—not from lack of brain, but because of unfamiliarity with that swifter cut and thrust of words which always goes with crowds—independent by nature, perhaps conscious of their unreadiness yet withal of a native dignity, and most civil and obliging in their manners. Their talk in general is consistent with their avocations and interests, bucolic or delving: cows are 'coos,' calves 'caufs,' a fair or a feast is a 'rant,' mine-ways are 'grooves' (the 'o' sound prolonged), a marshy hollow is a 'slack,' whilst the pretty crystalline spar out of the lead mine so often disposed on windowsills or on rockeries is called 'lood.' They also speak of 'yows' (ewes), 'gimmers' (lambs), 'stirks' (young beasts), whilst the rough-coated horses pastured on the 'intakes' (enclosures of fell turf) are 'stags,' as also curiously and contradictorily enough are roosters or cockerels. Under-sized ponies used to be called 'jaggers,' and are even now at times, tho' no longer in use for "jaggering," that is, carrying the smelted lead ingots slung across a wooden saddle from the mine heads into the dale towns. The prevalent type is the bony, sinewy lank man, like Cassius "of lean and hungry look," by which we do not imply any lack of food—the reverse is the case, much more flesh-meat being eaten than is the case among

the agricultural labourers of lower lands. In proportion to their numbers, very few of the people seek Parish Relief, in Muker township one person only during 1906 being a recipient.

The cessation of the lead mining industry when it became unprofitable was doubtless a blow to the prosperity of the Upper and Middle part of the dale in the late 'Sixties.' There remains, however, quarrying of a good marketable stone in three or four spots still. This is a rock geologically known as 'Chert,' a sort of black-grey flintstone, beds of which occur on Fremington Edge, also near Kearton and Gunnerside, as well as high up on Dod fell in Wensleydale, too high up there to pay for transit. Accidents occasionally happen in working these quarries; so lately as April of this year (1907) two men were entombed in the Fremington pit for many hours and severely injured. Their names, (R.) Harker and (Vincent) Raisbeck of Arkendale, are significant of the very parts of the dale whence they sprang: there is Harkerside and Raisebeck (raise, a heap of stones), and who in the dale does not remember Jabez Raisbeck—aye, and Kearton hamlet whence the famous literary naturalist of the same surname sprung. Dick Kearton and 'Cherry' Kearton are as household words where the "side" of Gunner, that is, which belonged to that Skane in the far back days before there was either a methodist chapel or a public-house to keep alive the soul or spirit of the primitive husbandman ever engaged in a struggle against the forces of Nature.

But whatever distress the closing of the lead grooves may have caused, has now passed away; matters have somehow so adjusted themselves that, although the population has diminished and roofless or ruined cottages are to be seen here and there, the Reeth township to-day wears on its face quite a clean smiling prosperous look. The sinewy frames and ruddy tanned countenances of men and women alike bear the marks of storm and open-air toil.

Spareness is the characteristic, sure sign of strenuous exertion carried on continuously, although in part another evidence of their descent, of the transmission of type through many generations from the original Danish or Norgian settlers. So far removed from the hurry and strain of city life, with its pallor of face, the result of cooping up in impure air, there is here in mid Swaledale the compensatory advantage of health to set against the hardships and exposures of sheep-herding, beast-tending, and stone-getting occupations. Consumption is no longer the scourge it was, for, as everyone knows nowadays, to live in the open air has proved the surest (if slow) cure for consumption. But another thing remains to be said—the purer the human stock, the more continuous its blood strain, be it Celtic, Anglian or Norse, the weaker grows that stock, the more marked is the transmission of this "decline" tendency. So it will be readily understood how the fusion of races, of Celt with Anglian and Danish, and the fine wholesome conditions of open-air life, has produced the hardy race we see to-day.

With this admixture of Celt, Saxon and Norwegian, we have in the after centuries an infusion of the Breton-French element, who came into the dale with Alan the Red, and this too has enriched and strengthened the dalesmen. To-day the population of the countryside answers to not many more than a dozen or two names. Century after century these have inter-married without any penalty or degeneration, where the strain of race, complexion, etc., was different. This sturdy maintenance of constitution is sure proof of this, albeit few men in the dale obtain their brides from the world beyond the dale's hill barriers. And it is such a sturdy mixed stock as the dales of Swale and Yore supply that contitutes the backbone of our Empire, and in whose hands its glory safely rests. So long as the men of the dales are what they are, and the women -we might add—what they are too, England

need have no fear of that state worse than disease—racial degeneration.

The township of Reeth contains 5,659 acres, of which nearly 3,000 is moorland. Fremington and Healaugh were included in this. Domesday records that at the time of its Survey "in 'Rie' there were 6 carucates rateable for 'geld,' and there might be 3 ploughs. Tor—the same person who was ousted from all his possessions therein—had a manor there." The note is brief, but adds that "now Bodin has it, and it is waste." In the days of the Henrys and the Edwards, Reeth was held by the Gants, Lords of Swaledale; and from them it went to the Bigods. The latter family took part in the Pilgrimage of Grace, and by the attainder and execution of Sir Francis Bigod these lands were lost to the family. Then the manor passed (by purchase) to the Whartons—a notable family, and was afterwards and again confiscated along with their other estates on the impeachment of Philip, Duke of Wharton, in 1728. Captain Lyell is the present Lord of the Manor. As connected with the early history of Reeth, and for the light it sheds on the condition of things in the district, the following chronicle is worth setting down here.

In the seventh year of the reign of Edward I., 1279, Gilbert-de-Gant was brought to "bar" to establish by what tenure or right he claimed 'free warren and free chase' in Swaledale, and 'free warren in Helagh.' Gilbert answered that he claimed it 'by warrant,' that he and all his ancestors, time out of mind, had "free chase in Swaledale, and that he had free warren at Helagh because the lands there were within Swale's dale." This same Gilbert was also summoned to answer the King, by what right he levied a fine of fourpence upon each animal which strayed into his pasture in Swaledale; and Gilbert answered that when his neighbour's cattle escaped into his enclosures (intakes) in Swaledale, he claimed to be

compensated according to the amount of damage done, and that and only by so doing he fully maintained his right to free warren and chase in Rithe (Reeth) and Swardal. "*Ab antique* (from of old), as he and all his ancestors had done, from time immemorial." This affords us a side glimpse into Swaledale history, for it shews that Edward the First was a just man, and had been looking into things to see if and where petty tyrannies were ventured on as between the stronger and the weaker.

Philip, Lord Wharton, obtained of William and Mary, 1695, a Charter for the holding of a Friday market in Rithe and four Fairs annually. The market is now in desuetude, but the four fairs are still kept up. Connected with these there was formerly a kind of Court Baron, or "Pied Poudre Court," whereat the Steward might hear and adjudge any case of complaint related to the business conduct of the fair. On such matters his word was final.

Reeth is also the headquarters of the Swale's Athletic Sports, and likewise has more than a local fame for its Brass Band and its body of capable performers. In the 'Sixties of the last century, a local 'squireen,' George Robinson, was one of the stoutest upholders of this. The Swaledale people have been unjustly described by one writer—a traveller whose Oriental standards were perhaps too high, and a Godfrey's accomplishment hardly to be expected—as quite devoid of the musical faculty. In this opinion we cannot concur: the bands of the dale are of no such mean merit, and individual performers deserve great praise for their gift of musical expression. Not only in Swaledale, but over in Wensleydale they have long been engaged in musical work, and have annually made the very hills and glens echo and reverberate with fine tones of music and song. Why do we say "Music hath charms to soothe," etc., if that soothing is no evidence of efficiency? Bartle Fair—the one held on St. Bartholomew's day—was the great 'rant' of

the year in this district, and was both famed and looked forward to by many from far and wide.

At Reeth are now three inns—the "Buck," thoroughly renovated by Mr. Hudson, late steward of Captain Lyells, and conducted on enlightened lines as a really first-class house of entertainment for man and beast: a hostel that goes far to prove Shenstone's remarks in his well-known lines on (paid for) "homes from home,"

> "Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
> Where'er his stages may have been,
> Must sigh to think he still has found
> His warmest welcome at an Inn."

There are also the "Black Bull" and the "Half Moon," as well as a good Temperance Hotel, kept by Miss Blenkiron, and several private lodging houses.

If Reeth has no Parish Church—the pre-existent Grinton foundation sufficing—it is well to the fore with large and substantially built Dissenting places of Worship. It can likewise boast a Mechanics' Institute, not defunct like so many of those once useful establishments in the face of modern club competition; and it moreover contains a Library of over a thousand volumes of books.

Arkengarthdale.

The little river Arkle which flows through the branching dale of garths hemmed in by scarred and seamed moorland upland, and gives to it not only its *sparkle* but its own name as well, has its feeder in a spring on the north-west flank of Water Crag. Its first five miles or so is through a wide deep hollow between the swales of desolate and peat-clad moor. Near Eskeleth it is joined by another leaping water-course from the north, rising on Cleasby Hill, winding its way like a silver thread from the moors and over

and between rock and boulder. Thence it somersaults and tumbles with many a finkle and fall through the mining region of Arkengarthdale proper, past the C. B. Inn, Langthwaite, and Arkletown, to finally enter the Swale—its own tribute no mean one—nigh Grinton.

Arkengarthdale. [*Valentine & Sons*

The road up the valley crosses the eastern slope of Mount Calver, a hill whose summit formation is of limestone, and its name deriving from that fact (Calcium, 'Cal,' as in calcareous, being Latin for lime). Other etymologists, however, connect 'Cal' with a castle, making the terminal 'ey' to signify an island, a place hemmed in by water, a castle-mount, as isolated almost as Keasdon mount at the head of the dale. But if from 'cala' (an Armorie root), the name may have originated with the Breton settlers in the twelfth century: most of the place names in the

dale are much older than that, such as Gunner, Shunnor, Thunor, etc., personal deific cognomena.

Howbeit, crossing this bold castleberg—as, like the similar hill overhanging Settle it is sometimes called—a fine prospect comes into view: the serpentine silver-flashing beck, the malachite slopes of the valley low down, where a few gravestones in a garth mark the Parish Church taken down in 1818, and a new one built at Langthwaite, a little further up the valley, to be more central for the community. The ancient fane was the gift of Conan, Earl of Richmond, to the monks of Egglestone Abbey, and in their hands it remained until the end of all things for them, *i.e.*, the Dissolution of their sacrosanct monasteries. In the days of the Northmen and the Norman, the old 'forest' of Arkledale belonged to the Lords of Ravensworth, and was infested with wolves, wild boar, deer, and other animals. Arkle-toon and Langthwaite are the principal centres of population, now no longer what they were. Arkle town is very ancient, and both are curious and picturesque places, ranging along both banks of the Arkle beck, which is here crossed by a quaint one-arched bridge. On the east bank a road literally climbs the very steep hillside to Booze and Hurst, both formerly of importance as mining places. Beyond Langthwaite, by the wayside, is "C.B." Inn—these *not* being, as a wag said, the initials of Campbell-Bannerman, but those of Charles Bathurst, formerly Lord of the Manor. He it was who opened out the lead mines in the dale, and had all the "pigs" of lead stamped with his initials. Scar House is a goodly domestic structure, standing on the site of the old manor hall. Fifty to sixty years ago the mines of Arkendale gave employment to over 300 miners, the population of the place in those days being nearly if not quite double what it now is. There were no tenantless cottages then; now there are many in the dale, for lead mining has nearly ceased as a pursued industry: not at all that the veins of sparry ore have

panned out, but just that import from abroad and the marketable price of English metal have respectively increased and declined. It cannot be carried on 'to pay.'

On our last visit here we made the acquaintance of Mrs. Ruth Croft (then in her 88th year) and of Cuthbert Harker, locally known as 'Cuddy.' Mrs. Croft was the senior in the dale, and for 46 years had been a widow. On her mother's side she was of Scottish descent, as she naively put it, "It's imme breeding—a've

Ruth Croft. [*Ernest Forbes.*

a bit o' Scotty in ma! Me mother's faither wer a Scotty bi name an' bi nater." Again, "Ivveryboddy warked at t' mines when a' were a lass. Ther' wer plenty a wark i' them days."

Naturally, isolated and restricted in the intercourse which, like travel, civilizes, the miners here were very superstitious. Their belief in spooks and witches, in fairies and in the malignant 'evil eye' that can 'overlook' to the ill of the unlucky one, is interwoven with the warp and woof of their lives and upbringing. Born and cradled among the wild and lonely hills, superstition, always the inheritance of the unlearned and isolated mind, fed that as mother's milk does the body. The implacable inevitability and mystery of their natural surroundings, striking on them haphazard or by fate (as it seems), influenced all their actions in adult life. The child seated by the fire of peat smouldering in the ingle on a winter's night, when the wind moaned and wailed out its keening, warning dirge, and the desolating storm swept across the hills, heard the old-world stories repeated by grandad to son, and learnt to see significance and find confirmation in a flying spark or a coffin-like cave of blackness—in the least little incident of the storm's passage. Can one, knowing how readily imaginative young beings are, wonder that a belief in signs and tokens, in good and bad fairies, in black bird or a white seen to right or left became a part of their very being? Thus it was that Mrs. Croft in speaking of her youth, told of unaccountable happenings in Arkendale, of prevision, second sight, the evil-eye and the bewitching, and of unearthly prophetic sounds of groaning and bar-guest, with its rattle of chains and of rumblings in the midnight dark of the mines. Welding fact to fancy, she told how the skeleton of a man was found standing upright just as he had been struck dead with some fear, fell with a great rattle of bones at the feet of two miners who were delving the rough ore near hand, sorely frightening them from work in that level until a

coffin was made and the remains received a careful and Christian burial! Inbred superstition, fear overmastering reason, dies hard: indeed we have evidence of this in Arkendale (as detailed in the newspapers) as late as 1906.

A farm-hand was dismissed by his employer at High Fothergill for "having devils in his company." According to the evidence sworn to at the Richmond County Police Court in support of a claim for wages due and wrongful dismissal, it would appear that, during the August of 1906, the weather was very unsettled, and in consequence of this the ingathering of the hay crop was a tedious process. The farmer in defiance actually said the untoward state of the elements was attributable to his man, engaged for half a year, whom he charged with being "a sinner," and in "Co" with devils! The weather continuing wet, the farmer reiterated his complaints, and remarked that as long as plaintiff was in his employ, the same (the devils) "would be about," and "as long as they were about there would be no fine weather." He added, if the state of things continued, if the darkness which overspread the valley was not removed, the man would have to leave his service. No change coming, the man was dismissed summarily by the farmer. On applying for his wages the farm-servant was told that "the Lord would not let him pay." The defendant farmer told the Bench that the young man was continually doing things "contrary to the Lord's orders," and on this account and the bad weather, he had discharged him! Needless to say the verdict was for the full amount claimed, together with costs. The case being quoted needs no comment—it proves a fixed craze of mind may co-exist with practical knowledge of husbandry in a grown up man, a clear belief in supernatural religion, such as would hardly be possible in a populous community open to influences from the outside world.

From Arkle 'town' we climb the hill to Booze, but see no inn-signs about, nor drink (except pure water) for thirsty travellers; and on up the gill, down which falls a limpid beck from the mining area of Hurst moor and rocky height beyond. The water tumbling merrily down hill was quite the most cheery and live object in this bleak wind-swept upland. Little is there but water, stony earth, and sheep whose complaining "baa-baa" but emphasised the lonesome sterility of the scene; the treasure is under-

ground, ungotten for reasons already given. But we have not yet quite done with this subject of superstition, in which from another aspect there is something both political and obliquely wise. Unleavened *fact* is apt to be hard and forbidding.

Langthwaite. [*Edmund Bogg.*

Many old ghostly ideas still linger in the dales 'unlaid.' One superstition, fairly exemplifying that Hope which the poet said "springs eternal in the human breast," is that the *right* foot of a Rainbow indicates invariably to the observer who takes notice, *where a pot of money*, or Treasure of old plate urned in troubled times and forgotten, *has been buried!* This is a legacy of faith from pre-School Board days to the present generation desirous of improving their prospects; for digging drains the land by the way, and develops it, especially if the bow's right foot—the point

of its arc—dowses the turf like the bent hazel-twig of the water-finder in a spot of lower land capable of supporting a few more hooves than in its untouched condition it is capable of doing. Some unauthorised intakes and land grabbing had their spur in some such fancy as this. Bits of ground have been so taken *for unconfessed reasons*, and if not promptly checked have resulted in benefits more substantial than "rainbow gold" to the squatter, he getting—in time—a sort of prescriptive right to the worked or stolen "plot" of land. Another superstitious practice is that of thumb-crossing—a relic of Catholic observance—to appease some evil spirit, or counteract the "evil eyeing" once so feared by the simple minds of the dale folk.

A vignette of this Booze moor now up here amid the bleakest, lonesomest surroundings, leaning against a grey old wall for support and shelter, for the breeze was bitingly keen, we came upon an ancient shepherd, grey and time-worn as the wall he sheltered under; with him was his faithful friend—his sheep-herding dog. The old man was Cuddy Harker, a well-known "figure of old time" throughout the dale; in his best days he was quite a character. Cuddy told us a mort o' things, how in the past Arkendale was "full o' money," and how the population had dwindled from "aboon a thoosand" to less than four hundred souls. Yes, but the towns or the God's-acre has got them all. He likewise related how in his younger and later days vast droves of sheep and cattle came from the Border Country "doon t' daal" to Leyburn and Askrigg Hill Fairs, and thence onwards with the unsold drove to Hawes and Skipton in the Craven country. The drovers—a wild devil-may-care lot—usually stayed a night at the "Lilly Jock Inn," now the "C.B." The hoofed herds were allowed to graze on the common, whilst their owners got drunk and fought with each other, quarrels over little or nothing, like devils. "But there's bin nowt a' that, noo, for a canny few years," the old man concluded, with

a mournful shake of the head, as if the sight had its joy of the mere spectator for him—a Nature Play on the natural stage of the wild moor, a sight stirring the blood as all such exhibitions do whilst we are still young in spirit. "Ah! a' remember it aal as plain as a pike-staff." This was followed by the tale of a beast-

Cuddy Harker. [*Ernest Forbes.*

jobber, one Farden Willy, who was 'lost' (or murdered) whilst crossing Askrigg moor. His stock had been sold out in Wensleydale and he was on his way back, North, with the proceeds -- doubtless a heavy sum, for drovers did not pay cash into a bank in those days. Willy was observed to pass on to the moor, after which nothing more was seen of him. A sudden blow may have ended his life, most likely this, or a peat pit on the black hagg may have got him, and have him yet. There are points against this; he was on horseback and the man vanished, but his riderless horse strayed up and down for days, but no man, said Cuddy, would so much as lay a hand upon its bridle for fear of lying under implication of connexion with the fate of its master.

Droll tales are told of Cuddy Harker. One time, returning from Reeth (Bartle Fair) in charge of a horse and cart, having "refreshed" not wisely but too well from the "cup that cheers," he fell into a sound sleep in the cart bottom. Some jokers who who knew the man and his failing, likewise his philosophy, found him in this situation, unyoked the horse, and urging it homeward, nothing loth, left Cuddy asleep and dreaming where he was. Some time later he awoke, and was not a little mystified at his situation His memory was at 'sixes and sevens,' but he thus in soliloquy summed up the ponderous affair: "If ma neam's Cuddy Harker," mused he, "I've eyther lost a hoss or fun' (found) a caart to-day." Poor, harmless, good-hearted Cuddy! Soon after we met him, leaning up against the wall on that high wind-swept moor, gazing with the eye of memory on we know not what, he passed to his long sleep. His presentment and personality, however, will long remain in the mind-pictures of the dale's people.

From Booze moor we followed along the east bank of little Arkle, loquacious as a small thing often is, down to Fremington Bridge. The scene changes--it is both wildly picturesque, here hemmed in by unkempt craggy heights, Fremington's sharp

'Edge' on one hand and Mount Calvey on the other, and verdantly placid and pastoral as the lower lands are reached. When the waters are "out," in times of flood, the sight is savage and turbulent. At other times, in the seasons of love and hope or of fulfilled promise—Springtide and Summertide—gems of pictures are to be viewed: the Arkle glinting and flashing under its bowery arcades of stream-side verdure. In our way down the dale we chanced to meet with Captain Sherlock, interesting himself as is his wont in repairing the fences, or hedging and banking with spade, axe, and pruning shears. After saluting, he favoured us with a brief sketch of his career. A military man, welcome to and mixing up in city life gaieties, a west-end clubman, at length he came to realize the essential uselessness if not actual folly of such an existence. So he resolved to forsake the fashionable haunts of idlers, and come to live on his estate at Reeth. Like a soldier, to command (himself) was to obey; and he has long been one of the best-known figures hereabout, going to or returning from his self-selected labours or, shall we not say, wholesome and useful recreations. His handiwork here and there visible adds not a little to the natural unadorned beauty-spots on this stretch of the Arkle.

CHAPTER XIII.

Reeth to Gunnerside.

From Reeth up dale we must take the highway, winding and changing levels, up and then down as we breast the swells of the dale pastureland, until the grey somewhat ruinous mossy walled village of Healaugh lines the road for a hundred and fifty yards or so on each hand. Above us to the right—north, for our faces are set full to the setting sun—are the 'slate' or flag and Chert quarries wide of Kearton ('crag or stone town') but lying back towards the nearly continuous northern ridge of the dale. Chert is a sort of grey flint, and, ground to a fine powder, is in constant demand and use for the polishing of China-clay ware; the 'slate,' a dark weather-proof stone easily splitting into thin slabs, we see everywhere laid as roofing on the rude built and primitive buildings, house or laithe, mistal or chapel.

The Mineralogy of Swaledale.

From Roman times, if not earlier, upper Swaledale has been renowned for one great industry—Mining for the lead ore known as Galena. The lead occurs in greater or smaller quantities in all the rocks of the 'carboniferous' beds, but chiefly in the limestone, yet the production in the Cherts is nearly equal but the beds are much thinner. Lead also occurs in one or two places, even in the "riders" of the grit sandstone plates, namely, in the ten fathom grit of the west Swaledale mines, and in the twenty-seven fathom grit of Blakethwaite. The limestone beds range from the lower limestone in the river bed levels of the dale, up through the slopes of the Yoredale limestones and into the main divergible into the underset—the main (or twelve fathoms lime) to the red bed lime, and the highest of all the Crow limestone.

Above this the ridges, and higher peaks where they approach 2,000 feet are capped with the unproductive silicious millstone grit. The beds of "Chert," are intermediate in composition, great heat and pressure in geologic eras having fused both lime and silica (with iron) into a compact mass, which where exposed to the weather as on "the tops"—and notably on the summit of Dodd Fell in Upper Wensleydale—gets the appearance of light grey flint. There also intervene two thin layers of coal of unsaleable and impure quality. Of the grits, there is little more to be said than that they have very few fossil remains, impressions of coal-age plants in the hard rock, and of snake-like worms in the shales and plates.

The lead ore, found almost wholly in the limestones and cherts, has been worked from time immemorial in eleven or twelve places, the principal being the West Swaledale Mines, the Blakethwaite and Beldihill Mines, the old Gang and Surrender Mines, above Gunnerside; the Hurst, Whitaside, Grinton Moor, Ellerton Moor, Arkengarthdale, and Fell end Mines, around Reeth. Few are now worked, the yield not being sufficient to cover the expenses of working.

Like other places in Swaledale, Healaugh has fallen in estate considerably since the day-levels of the lead mines in the hills above were deserted by the foot of man. The derivation of its name is perhaps the most uncommon thing about Healaugh. It comes from the Anglo-Saxon 'aula' or 'helah' (spelled Hale in Domesday), the hall or stronghold of some chieftain or headman. From the fact of a place so named having stood here from very early times, there is no doubt Healaugh was formerly of much greater importance than it is to-day. It was the head of the Manor which actually included Reeth with Muker and Melbecks, in extent over 40,000 acres. Early in the 12th century it came into the possession of the Gants, already mentioned in connection with Grinton. It was the marriage 'fee' of Stephen, Earl of Richmond, to his daughter Matilda on her union with Walter-de-Gant, whose father Gilbert came into this country with the Conqueror. Walter became Lord of nigh all Swaledale. His homestead or chateau

stood in the field still known as Hall Garth. The Gants were a noteworthy race, Gilbert, last of the Swaledale lords, was commonly known as Gilbert the Fifth—kingly in title at any rate. He married Laura, sister of John Baliol, King of Scotland, and took a part in all the wars of the bellicose First Edward. In 1294 he had urgent summons to personally attend the king "with all speed, for the advising of the great and pressing affairs of the realm." On another occasion he was to repair speedily to Portsmouth, well accoutred, and with horse and armour to accompany the king to Flanders. Having no issue he made the king heir to all his estates save those in Swaledale, partitioning this lordship among his kith and kin; half the manor of Healaugh and half that of Reeth were awarded to Peter de Malolaen, who also went under the name and style of Peter the Fifth. This Peter took part in all the Border Wars of his time, and was also a Warden of the Northern Marches. He was succeeded by his son, Peter the Sixth, a great soldier also, and custodian of the marches. Later—as already fully detailed—the Bigods became owners and later losers by attainder of all they had become possessed of. Lastly, the Whartons had and lost it, through the espousal by Philip, Duke of Wharton, of the Young Pretender's cause. In his youth Wharton was a prominent Whig, but turncoated to a rank Tory and Jacobite. From a staunch non-conformer he became a Roman Catholic, intrigued against his king, and afterwards as a rebel; fought with the Spanish army in an expedition to recover Gibraltar; ending his life's course of 'motley' in a Spanish convent. Truly a chequered history. At the time of his death he was on a visit to a mineral spring (in Catalonia) from which he had previously found some relief from fainting fits to which he was subject. Here he suddenly became worse, and being almost destitute, the monks from an adjoining Bernardine convent attended to his wants, and in their care he died. He left no issue.

The old hall of the Gaunts at Healaugh is said to have been rebuilt in semi-fortress guise, or as a hunting lodge in the fastnesses of Swale—as the forest then abounded in wolves. and various kinds of game—by no less a person than that celebrated 'sporting' Duke, John of Gaunt (Duke of Lancaster), who for a space was Lord of the Swale Marches. This chase stretched without intermission over the 'tops' from Wensleydale to Stanemoor, and from the 'new' forest lying betwixt Ravensworth and the Greta (easterly), through Applegarth and Arkendale, westward to Mallerstang and the fringes of Westmoreland. John of Gaunt is also traditionally credited with having slain with his own hand the last wild wolf, near Leeds; but wolves had their lairages in Richmondshire long after his time, the very last being killed in Scotland in 1743, only 160 odd years back. But this vast chase was ranged over by great herds of stately wide-antlered wild red deer. In course of time, up to the 18th century, when they were still protected by the Whartons, they decreased in numbers, for various reasons, one of which was want of cover and constant disturbance; but even so late as 1730 they were still in considerable force around the head of Swaledale. After then they rapidly dwindled down, pined for want of food in winter or, if they sought the lowlands, taken by poachers. At length this noble animal, and one by no means despicable as 'noble' meat, was extinct in the borderland of Richmondshire about which we are about to write. Moor-close Jamie, who lives in a lonely gard-stead on the upland a mile west of Thwaite, distinctly remembers *his* grandfather speak of seeing the wild red deer grazing on the slopes of that many-buttressed mountain, Great Shunner Fell.

It may not be without value to mention that along with wolves, badgers, otters and sweetmarts, the Brown Bear of middle Europe ('Ursus actos') gave a spice of risk to adventurers in these wilds, before ever the Bretons followed his ursine namesake to

Richmount's dale-land. Documentary evidence exists that wolves were at Marske until 1369, and Clarke and Roebuck's "Handbook of Yorkshire Vertebrata" tells us that bones found in a kitchen midden—a historic refuse-mound—at Richmond, were identified by Professor Boyd Dawkins, an authority, as those of *bears*, and the pit where they were found was considered by him to date back at least as far as the Roman occupation of Britain.

Part of the wall which no doubt encircled and protected the park at Healaugh still remains. It is of great thickness. There are, too, other indications of long and early occupation around Healaugh. Succulent stone-crops of a kind not native to the dale, but known to have been introduced about the Norman invasion—the wall-flower on Richmond Castle wall for example—flourish and trail their fleshy sprays on and over the crumbling masonries of Healaugh. The valley here assumes a bolder aspect, the hill lines are more finely contoured, whilst midway between their north and south parallels, silvery streaks or pearl-like glimpses, shot with blue or steel-grey according to the blue and silver or leaden grey of the skies over all, bespeak without need of its own ever-murmurous voice the dale's waterway—an arrow of Nature's fashioning, feathered with 'forces,' tipped by what calls the rainbow into being—the ever lovely, crystal-clear, flower-gemmed river Swale! The charm of the far-away hills, the azure of the clear sky or the quick silver of the flitting clouds, all find their goal and guerdon of loveliness in this fairest and finest of Yorkshire rivers.

Of interesting physical features there is no lack in this upper strath of Swale. Low down in the valley between Healaugh and Low Row (with Feetham on the rigg above) are several round or oval 'hog-back' mounds or heaps of earth over which the grass grows lusher than on the hill sides proper. They are probably reefs or moraines of earth with embedded boulders and stones and

Reeth from the Meeting of the Swale and Arkle. [*Owen Bowen*

of similar origin to the 'Round Howe' above Richmond. They were either formed by water action much as heaps of sand and seaweed are drifted up on a seashore, or the debris carried down by a glacier melting and depositing the heavier stuff which could not float away with the water. The largest moraine is quite deceptively Barrow-like, opposite Low Whita. Round here at some very remote date the river flowed in two streams, islanding (not carving its way into) some obstruction, and from the retardation of current (or, if an ice-dam, its melting) adding further stones and clay rubble until the stream has become diverted to one side or another. But, since its formation into a howe, in early historical times some race entrenched and terraced this large mound by way of making it a defendable place—a natural hill fort. Furthermore, between the howe and Healaugh is an ancient ford over the river called Swabba Wath, that means, the washing swabbing ingulfing ford, the 'swa' indicative of a splash (of water), just as in the name of the stream itself. In nautical language sailors speak yet of "swabbing the decks" with water.

A guide post at the west end of grey old Healaugh (whose cinereous history could furnish many a startling page) points an arm to another old-world hamlet not seen from the road—Kearton ('caer' Celtic for crag stone, and 'ton,' Anglian town), resting in stony seclusion back nearer the hill ridge, past which, if followed far enough, the aforesaid busy Black Gang Mines would be reached. Caerton itself of the early Anglian settlers gave its name to a family-name once of no mean power, for it occurs in the early Charters and records of disputes over rights of chase. In 1315 a Roger-de-Kerdeston is declared to be joint-Lord with two others of Healaugh manorial demesne. His line clearly did not die out, with explainable substitutions of consonants, the name can be traced down through Querton to Kierton and Kearton to the more familiar form of to-day, Kirton. George Kirton of Oxnop Hall, in

Muker parish, lived to a great age, dying July 15th, 1764, in his 125th year. This and other records go to prove the dale's climate and customs is not opposed to longevity; we instance Henry Jenkins of Ellerton-on-Swale, and several other centenarians. George Kirton, the patriarch, possessed considerable estate handed down from the De-Kerdestons of the Edwardian period. A noted Nimrod, he regularly followed the hounds, afoot and on horseback, until beyond four score years of age. For a generation later than this, 'till his century was a thing of the past, he was wont to be present at the "Breaking of Cover" in his single-horse chair. To the confusion of advocates for Temperance he is also reported to have imbibed 'freely' of "the cup that inebriates," far beyond five score and ten years. His lands fell to his son, Thomas Kirton, an eminent physician and 'of this ilk'; and 'sib' was Cherry Kearton, gamekeeper and preacher, father of these latter-day Kearton, men who have achieved considerable fame by bending the camera with a single eye, to the entrancing study of bird-life. No doubt on their native heaths, the Swardal moors, that glow of enthusiasm was fired by the sights that, alas! grow rarer and rarer—the wheel and sweep of a buzzard's flight, soaring in wonderful circles as it quarters the rough ground for a meal; or the hoarse croak of a raven that, perched on a jut of rock, awaits with glittering speculative eye, the dying of some rig-weltered unfortunate sheep. Both great hawk and giant crow used to occur and breed in security in the Swalehead fastnesses. The raven did so in Cliff Gill and Ellerkin, near Askrigg, up to 1886, on the authority of the late Ned Chapman of Carperby; and the common buzzard was "common enough about forty years ago," according to the last named observer of this district, and who knew Keeper Cherry well.

The scenery of the dale now grows in rugged charm with every turn. To the west of Healaugh Park, through which the

Barney beck leaps from the hills, the ravine is very beautiful. Scotch fir, larch, mountain elm and ash overhang the water as it sparkles and gleams like tinted jewels, prancing on under an arcade of greenery; a paradise (and one of the holdings of the Knowles' family near here is christened Paradise), an ever-changing (with the seasons) wild garden of Eden.

On crossing Barney beck bridge we enter upon the extensive township of Melbecks, verily the sportive festive gathering of waters—so many tributary streams and plunging fosses within the wide area as could be matched nowhere else in England. A little way on to the left is Park Hall, in bygone days Thomas Lord Wharton's. The house, built by him, is finely placed with spacious and lovely prospects up and down the valley, over the lintel being the date—1700. To the west of the house are ancient foundations locally explained as marking the site of such a private chapel as was commonly attached to the more important county seats. The Whartons were great people, "the Quality," for more than two centuries, owning several residences, among them a hunting seat, Gang Hall, built by Philip Lord Wharton, sufficiently notorious to be celebrated in ballad of the period:

> "There stepp'd a gallant squire forth,
> Of visage lean and pale;
> Loyd was his name, and of Gang Hall,
> Fast by the river Swale."

There is a Loyd Wharton of political prominence to-day. Here at Gang Hall Lord Philip resided during his frequent hunting forays. Game was numerous; among the larger animals the stately deer ranged the fells, both fox and badger populated the dens of the hill slopes, and the pine-marten, or sweet-mart, the more wooded gills. The old pack-horse track over the hills, the sole one in ancient times, runs along the slope high above the river to Gunnerside, Muker and Keld, and was the Tyke way for corpses of old. It is

an uplifting of the spirit as well as a bracing of the sinews to follow this literal highway, accompanied every step by forms of quiet beauty, set in the frame of graceful scenery.

The Green, Low Row, looking East.—*Owen Bowen*

Returning, however, to the low road, we follow the course of the river past Swabba Wath to Robin Gate, formerly the gated (emparked) entrance to Feetham and Low Row Common pasture. All the long green slope of the south side of the Swale here is Low Whitaside, or Whiteside, for many a generation the homeland of the Close family. A descendant lives in Leeds, J. W. Close, Esq., the accountant. Of the same race was John Close, the eccentric guide and poet, of Kirkby Stephen. The landscape along Whitaside is picturesquely park-like, chequered with green groves

and the white limestone walls of farms and stone fences. The frame of this picture is dim grey moor, track-marked faintly enough to the eye by the bridle paths to Askrigg and Scargill, broken and diversified on its western border by the lovely branching zig-zagging green gill of Oxnop—where in the lewth of the rounding buttresses of fell the vegetation is particularly fine, and berried juniper bushes first commence dotting the rough screes with their evergreen bice bosses.

We enter at Robin Gate and cross the common, soon coming upon Feetham, a large village, in a fold or lap of the rigg. Three miles west of Reeth only, like other places dependent upon lead-getting, it has suffered from the closing of the mines; many men removed with their belongings to the great centres of labour, some few families at one time of importance (the Knowles' for instance) reside in Leeds; many houses are desolate and fast falling in. Its name is perhaps the most singular feature about Feetham, and its derivation has given rise to great divergence of opinion. One side says that here was the ancient British ford over Swale, utilised by the Romans when they had need to pass from Bainbridge Camp (Bracchium) to Bowes and the Greta country, and later by the public of the day until the building of the bridge. According to these, Feetham would be the 'ham' of the foot ford, where people crossed on their feet to the (ham) beyond. This seems suspiciously plausible. A simpler and much more likely explanation of the syllables is that Feetham is the *hamlet* at the *feet* of the hill spurs which converge here and abut on the narrowing dale.

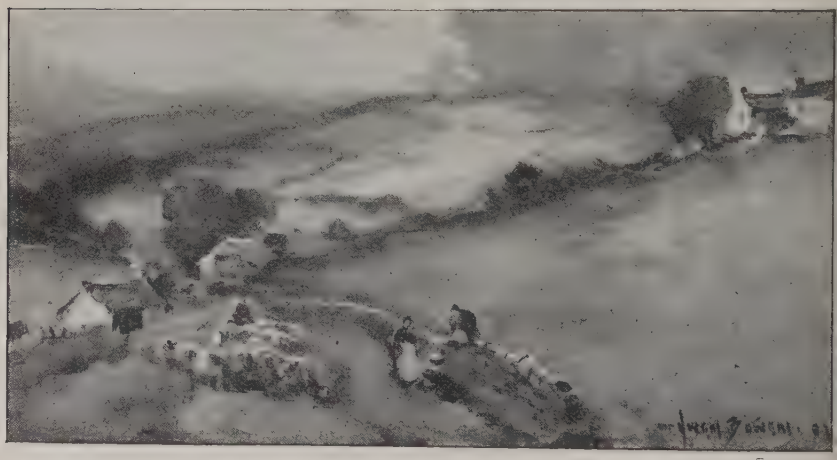
Here, by the green common, is a neat church (Holy Trinity) built in 1840-1. The vicar is the Rev. R. V. Taylor, well-known as an historian, compiler, and versed in matters of antiquarian interest. "R. V. T." needs no introduction to journal readers, but to his kindness the writer would not fail in acknowledging his indebtedness for various information.

Smaber Hall, at Low Row, was once another hunting lodge of Philip Lord Wharton; afterwards on or near its site he founded a Presbyterian chapel. This was when dissenting places of meeting might only be built at a distance of five miles away from an established church! This one was exactly five miles from Grinton and Muker churches. This same lord afterwards gave an estate near Bedale (in trust) for the purchase of a thousand and fifty bibles yearly; out of this the old parish of Grinton (I think) still receives 60 annually. Always rigid Presbyterian in their sectarianism, the Whartons were also staunch Whigs—until the last duke deserted both and "for ever blighted the prospects of the good old family," as some would hold, though surely a man may conscientiously and with honesty change his mind: placable assent is not seldom the cloak for no convictions at all.

Here, at Low Row—rather a long broken street than a group of houses—in the Queen's Arms Hotel, doing duty as an ale-bench, is a very solid and strongly-built oaken table. It came out of Grinton Church during the last restoration, and was there the altar-table: a significant vicissitude—from a fane to what is profane, from select communion use to that of the community at large in a public house!

Feetham and its Low Row together make a large scattered village with attractive features but not easy to define—its large hill-side 'green' spreads like an arras of Nature the full length of the two places, a foreground or tapestry on which many pleasant vignettes are embossed, such as clustering or grazing cattle—clutches of feathered fowl and 'bits' of human life—aged Peggy Spencely in her red hood and Paisley shawl, leaning on her stick—or a young girl fetching water from the well enhances the picture. Of more distant views one specially charming one is that seen looking down the slope and winding road over sycamores and mossy

flag roofs to the zig-zag treeful cleft of Crackpot gill, directing the eye onwards over the dim purple moor above Summer lodge, the home formerly of another old family, the Brodericks. The eastward prospect gives a good idea of the narow winding dale, mead and spinney, white-faced farmsteads between converging contours of hill-land, the ridge limits that lie north and south of that looping sun-shot silver line which marks the Swale water—not so romantic but equalling the westward view in its own way—one of the charms of rural scenery being that no two are alike, and so no two can be compared.



Low Row looking towards Crackpot Ghyll. [*Owen Bowen.*

Now let us saunter down the hill street to the bridge, to where this wizard Swale of ours most enchantingly shoals and shimmers in the sun over the sand banks and rock reefs that compose its bed. But it sleeps not; one of its charms is that it is vocal night and day, winter and summer, rosy dawn and at early eve, when the

westering sun sinks so that a deep shadow is cast over its path before it is night or even gloaming with golden tints the hill side above Feetham. Swale voices its name, "Swale—Swale—Swale!" with an eternal iteration as it journeys onward that would be monotonous were it not that its sound alters, rising or sinking as the wind varies in carrying it to our ears. In times of storm, when the helm-wind or "Gabriel's hounds" race along on high, other sounds obliterate or modify it. Unlike the "moaning of the tide," Swale's 'song' does not regularly repeat; and yet like the tide, we catch and lose it again and again, bell-like one moment, insidiously whisperous the next, with some message that we may interpret as telling of sleepless striving energy, some power of perseverance emanating from the heart of things, and ever taking its part in "the processes of the suns" (as Tennyson phrased Evolution)—an Archimedean force which, give it time enough, could make another Swale valley, as water-flow has made this one, for rain and shine and warmth to clothe with incomparable beauty.

From beyond the bridge the lane leading to Haverdale is beautifully tree shaded, as well as the entrance to Crackpot beck gill, sombre firs and greener feather-spray larch with sweet green turf of yet another tincture. Here moulders the ruined Haverdale Mill, a woollen factory of the Knowles' once, but "bad times" came and the industry was relinquished here. One Steven-de-Haverdale is mentioned in connexion with Swaledale as early as 1254, when men acquired a surname from where they lived or what they owned. Near the mill is Melbecks Vicarage, the residence of the Rev. R. V. Taylor, already mentioned, whose church is at Feetham. A little to the west of the house is a tumulus from which in 1846, we are told, seven human skeletons were unearthed, each body laid with feet to the east. Fragments of military accoutrements in the mound would seem to point to a skirmish in this district, remote from the usual routes of the Scots invaders it

seems. Two miles south-west only, on Satron moor, there is a spring known as Bloody Well, and the little valley is also called the Bloody Valley; here tradition asserts an encounter took place between the Scots and the English—hence the name.

The vista eastwards from Bank Heads is very fine; we see the fell ridge contours boldly graved against the sky, the vale betwixt like a narrowing green in perspective, with Isles bridge and hummocky pasture for foreground; just below us Aberdale House, Mill and Parsonage, in well-wooded parkland, the road to Melbecks Church curving up through Low Row street, and Calvey hill prominent in the background.

Crackpot itself, which must be confounded with Crackpot Hall, near Kisdon, is a very small hamlet a mile south by west of Low Row. The beck which babbles down its cracked pot-hole—whence its name—has its source on the moor top by Summer Lodge tarn—a placid peat-stained lakelet, magical to bathe in in the height of summer, for one comes out of the amber-tinted water feeling as the Gods of old may have felt, exalted in spirit and re-made in body!

On our visit Summer Lodge or Cracked-pot Glen—it has both names—was well wooded: thickets of hazel and sloe-tree, stunted bushes of juniper and vases of luxuriant ferns, with many an unfamiliar mountain floweret, ivy-capped "Grass of Parnassus" amongst others (as one botanist informs us) clothes the ancient earth in loveliness. From the lip of the basin-like cleft down which the beck makes its way, its path can be traced down to where it falls over a little cliff of the Yoredale shale-rock, forming a pretty cascade near the vicarage by the Swale—its 'last leap' as a separate thing.

CHAPTER XIV.

Summer Lodge to Gunnerside.

Summer Lodge, one of the homes of the Brodericks, yeomen in Swaledale, is half a farmhouse and half a shooting box, snugly ensconced in a bay of the hill on the north-west side of Crackpot Gill Beck, and so sheltered by trees and more by the uprise of the land that its prospect facing south-east is not only full of charm and sense of security but well merits its title of a summer lodge.

In the year 1500 a John Bradryke was charged (with others) by Sir Rafe Bygod, with entering his "free" chase at Mewcar and Gunnerside, and taking away beasts of chase—also committing 'other enormities!' That 'venial sin' has been long forgotten like the Bigods—but those reiving Brodericks, sportsmen by blood, yet remain in the land. The family is of Scanian descent, a tall loose-limbed, large dark-eyed, dark haired, pale complexioned race. They have been possessed of Spring End—a farm to the north on the fell slope terrace facing Gunnerside—since the days of Queen Elizabeth, if not before. The grant charter with the Royal signature has been preserved by the family.

Near the rise of one fork of the Summer lodge beck, in a bay or cul-de-sac of the craggy moor, is a small cavern known as Fairy Hole, its old name however being Crack-pot. No doubt a swallow-hole or underground course of some stream, the infall having become blocked up. The entrance is very narrow and low, but within there is a very spacious chamber, and at its further end a

deep drop with water issuing from the rock and falling into the well. The dry floor of the cavern is well worth investigating for bones (small animals must have used it, as with other antres on these limestone hillsides), but there is no record yet of any special 'finds.' Around the head of Crackpot Gill where the rough road from Summer lodge to the Tarn and Askrigg turns on a steep upgrade like the letter Z, the scenery, if treeless and lonesome, is wildly romantic in the impression it makes. The near view is of tumbled earth, deep green juniper bushes, patches of heather, an ensanguined purple in late summer, fringes of gorse-gold when the whin is in flower, and copper-hued stretches of peat about the silver sand strand of the lonely tarn. In the distance, west, the hills uprear like the backs of mammoth beasts of an early world; looking south from the summit we see the moor road wending away to Askrigg, unfenced, desolate and zig-zagged. On more than one occasion the dwellers at Summer Lodge have had to guide benighted travellers across the moor by the light of a lanthorn. Many deeds of violence the Wensleydale men aver took place on this "no man's" land; always finishing their tales of terror with the one fairly authentic story, the murder of the Scotch 'laird.'

A Night Scene.

Let us repair into the main valley again by way of Isles bridge and Low Row, and ere the cloak of night wraps all in darkness strive to recall a night scene. It is in the gloaming, mystic, and the ghost of an afterglow pervades the wide air. Stars show as faint points of light in the zenith, and the house lines of the uphill street, from where we stand a moment are silhouetted against the pearly skyground. Groups of trees or single ones are film-like phantoms of grey on the middle distance space, behind which the mystery burthened hill masses are so faintly outlined that they

tend to intensify that feeling of awesomeness attaching to what cannot be clearly seen. Detailed beauties we see not—an uncertain suggestion, malign or beneficent is all that is left. We look up: across the vast dome of heaven, in grotesque or threatening similitudes are fleeting wondrous diaphanies of cloud—the draperies of night! A 'wanton' lapwing gives forth its skirling cry like the plaintive note of a bagpipe; and the "Swale, Swale" of the river, emitting sparks of phosphorescent light where its

Where the roads part to Askrigg, Low Row, and Reeth [*Owen Bowen*

hurrying drops are flashed up in spray against its pebbles, breaks in upon without really disturbing the peace of the drowsy slow-coming night. A strange sense of apartness is upon us—what and where are WE among such immensities as seem to wrap us around, and in spirit carry us away? But now, lo! a change takes place. In the distance we see through the portals of the hills a vision of a guiding light—it is from the window of God's house at Gunnerside, where the dale-folk are at the moment worshipp-

ing; their light, the wonder of which as told to us through the eye, has permeated with feeling our spiritual being.

Such was our night approach to Gunnerside. In summer and autumn the river bank between Low Row and Gunnerside is a succession of strips of wild garden, a border of white and purple and yellow—this colour predominating towards the end—the flower-craft of Nature. Golden ragwort, 'Swale pride,' the Yorkshire Chrysanthemum, is quite an art bloom in mass, and the bramble 'of the brake' (as Elliott called it) altho' out of flower is shewing its curved horns of ripening fruit and its leaves are crimsoning towards the tip. This, and the glossy red berries of the wayfarer's tree, and the scarletting haws of the mountain ash, give the requisite touches of colour to stream, bank and dingle which ensures wild perfection. "Beauty unadorned"—and the sight of it, the abiding sense of it, takes us all the way to Gunnerside.

Gunnerside itself is a foil to the frame in which it is set. But if its homes are unlovely, plain stern grey walls, and windows for eyes that seem expressionless where not unwinkingly stern, they are thick walled, snug, and warm-hearted as their indwellers. It is a curiously grey, grim, hard featured townlet, resting on a lower shelf of the frowning Swaledale fells that loom larger because nearer to it than to other dale villages. The valley contracts here, and a similar shelf or terrace, but one more wooded, faces it on the other side of Swale. It is a true mountain village, partaking of the character of the grimmer steeps on its weather side. Yet it 'teems' with charm. Its aspect and interest, even its name and its people are as Scandinavian as can well be; it offers points of resemblance to the east coast village of Staithes. Grey weathered homes built on terraced coigns of vantage overhang one another fearsomely on the hill sides. Yet it faces south, is sheltered

from the north, and in winter is said to be warmer and snugger than many a finer place in the open.

Its name Gunnar bespeaks its founder. Gunnar was one of the great Scanian heroes, embodiment of all that was great and noble, since "living he respected the doers of good, and feared not the workers of evil." And from some wandering Norseman bearing that name, settling here after his adventuring journey, Gunner's-side received its name. The story of the village will be told in a succeeding chapter.

The 'gardy' homestead of Spring End opposite Gunnerside has been for long years one of the seats of the Brodericks as we have said, also of Scandinavian descent, and who probably came into the dale among the companions, fellow adventurers of Gunner, ten or eleven centuries ago. Here they have been firmly settled since the days of the Tudor Kings by sign manual of 'good,' if vain, Queen Bess. The Broderick family, with the Close's, the Knowles', the Blades', the Metcalfe's, the Alderson's, the Calvert's and the Harker's, nearly make up the tale of the oldest—tho' now scattered—dale families.

High up, with an outlook over the magnificence of Swalehead hills and Gunnerside Ghyll, on a natural terrace or 'air' known locally as 'the Birks,' coffined in the solid rock, blasted to make his casket, rest the mortal remains of James Broderick. Even as a child, playing on this playground of birch trees, he is said to have declared he would be buried there. And even so it came to pass; and there, "where the wind sweeps and the plovers cry," at under 50 years of age, "a kindly Nature worshipper of simple soul and fearless faith in the right of a man to think for himself," he awaits whatever future of usefulness or negation there may be for those who pay 'the common debt' in child-like hope.

His burial might well be historic: no man, of the William

Morris type, could have had a more appropriate funeral ; a Revelation of the beautiful implacable austerities of Nature, the very elements of earth and sky in their mourning garb- -stainless white ! —during and after the expressive funeral ceremony.

It was in a snowstorm of driving crystals and stinging sleet when the brawny dalesmen who knew and loved him, bore his corse up the steep slippery moor path, or no-path, from the roadway to

A Corner of Gunnerside. [*R. Rodwell*

the spot on the Birk rigg where two days before it had been found necessary to blast the solid rock to make a grave. A strange impressive scene it was—this burial of Broderick, as it might have been of Thor or Gunner, Bran or Balder, his forerunners of North Legend. And it was just such a day—curiously enough—when the writer first visited the grave, marked only by a cairn or 'raise' of a few boulders.

The bare facts are as follows: James Lonsdale Broderick died, aged 45 at Town-foot, Hawes, on the 22nd of December, 1886, after a somewhat prolonged illness, contracted in the first instance through a chill caught whilst attending a fair at Reeth. He was interred at Birk hill, Spring End, Tuesday December 28th, 1886. The funeral cortege, a hearse and one closed-in horse omnibus (for five or six ladies), left Hawes (after the funeral breakfast) about 11-30 a.m., for Muker by the Buttertubs pass road. The covered conveyance was accompanied by a guard or escort of male mourners on horseback or in open traps to the number of fifty or more. The leaden sky lowered but no snowfall came until the long train of mourners was well on its way up the winding clattery stone road above Simon-stone. The distance to travel to Muker being some miles further, even before the unenclosed 'butter-tubs' on the fell top were reached, the hearse and omnibus were undistinguishable from the ground, all alike thickly wrapped in a mantle of white. A white funeral truly—a white winter's day and a 'white man to be laid at rest below a white shroud of earth. One lady who accompanied the three sisters Broderick, related to the writer the incidents she saw, graphically described the scene as of unparallelled and weirdly impressive beauty.

It was only with difficulty, in face of the driving snow, that the pit shaft-like 'swallow holes' of the 'Butter-tubs' were avoided, the unfenced moorway curving between the two on the right and the three on the left; and the descent in the Swale hollow

was made. At Muker the procession stopped while the parson explained that he had received a letter from the Bishop forbidding him to read the Burial Service over the deceased who had willed deliberately to sleep (like his ancestors, the great Norsemen of old) on his own land in unconsecrated ground. This gave natural distress to the mourners, but the storm slackening somewhat, the journey onwards was resumed, and after a laboursome task by relays of bearers the body in its coffin, carried on foot from the roadway up to the Birks steep, was lowered ten feet deep in the solid rock. Lonsdale Broderick, a brother, read out the Burial Service—"dust to dust, ashes to ashes"; the mourners turned away from the incompletely filled in grave, and Broderick was left alone in his lone Mount Pisgah of a tomb—not a quiet nature-made Mausoleum as yet, for the blizzard reigned as yet supreme over the land. Yet the remains of the sentient thoughtful soul were homed securely enough where their possessor had desired, as Robert Louis Stevenson said:—

> " . . . . to hear again the call,
> About the graves of the martyrs, the pee-wees crying,
> And hear no more at all . . . .
> Amid standing stones on the vacant wine-red muir,
> 'Neath winds austere and pure."

And to-day, in the season for it, after the snowy cotton-grass ('moss-crop' fleeces as they are locally called) have been blown away by the winds, the moor grows wine-red with their bereft stems, and the peewits and the curlews call to one another such messages as we may fancy are sad or glad according to our mood whilst we listen to them. Sure of little else perhaps, we may be sure of this—that the great Orb of all Life pours its vivifying rays on the site, and the hill-side mass absorbs it through the months from June to September, but gives it back again to the air in the winter and spring months, an encouragement to things

to bud again: which fact indeed is the cause of the mildness of the climate in towns and villages (like Settle or Gunnerside) which lie sheltered in the vicinity of great hill masses.

There was no rest, or relief from hardship, for the mourners. Some few on horseback did indeed get back to Hawes by late evening, and carried the eventful tale with them; but for the ladies, the hearse and the conveyance the raging elements had made the roads impassable. The mourners besieged Spring End farm, had to be accommodated for the night there; the provisions 'ran out,' and a sheep had to be killed to furnish the hungry mourners with food. The hearse, in attempting a return, came near to disaster—one horse fell and had to be unyoked. Another horse ran away in the confusion and was missing for several days. One of the conveyances stood by the road for several weeks, it being impossible to get it back over the pass into Wensleydale.

To conclude, it was not perhaps very singular, for Swale-head is a cradle of storms, the writer's first visit to this latter-day moorland tumulus was under similar conditions. It was a day of stinging sleet with glints of sunshine between, and the land was again a dazzle, arrayed in a wide-stretching counterpane of white. As I stood to gaze over the grave mound, pondering, a shaft of sunlight shot through the dark canopy concealing the heavens, and like a finger fell upon the grave! In silence I breathed a prayer over one who had been refused the last Rites of sepulture by the appointed minister of the Christian Faith. A mute solemnity brooded over this high altar of Nature, this 'six foot of earth' that uplifted and impressed the writer far more acutely than a similar site in 'consecrated' ground. This birken hill is 'consecrated'—is set apart—the dead man's and God's very own earth—in every right and natural sense, or so it seemed to me. And the prospect from this tomb-land—looking east to

wards where sun and moon and stars take their rise, or looking west to where they sink and pale—is alike glorious in the extreme. The whole range of hills making the north bank of Swale's dale, from Reeth and Calvey to Mount Kisdon and the north spur of Great Shunor, furnish the eye with a panoramic picture of omenful charm. Across this fell breast or that hill's long limb

Gunnerside Beck. [*Owen Bowen*

scuds a dark lined shadow which travels along and when it reaches us we know to be slanting arrows of ice-charged rain, pitiless missles of nature shot as from a vast unseen army.

Yet, spite of it, Spring, on our next visit, was opening out again, unharmed, her murial 'phantoms of delight,' her 'wind-flowers pale and frail,' her primrose promises of that message of

loving warmth and beauty which later her bluebells ring into our ears, as one of our Nature-lovers has put it. On this old virgin forest land, blackbird and throstle, bulfinch and mountain linnet, were fluting or piping their appreciation of a new lease of life, too. The 'Orb of life' that man owes *everything* to, and "a fit because beneficent object of worship" (as James Broderick held it)—the Orb was surrounding, backgrounding, the Solitary's grave with a halo of glory, a nimbus of flaming glow and beauty such as the old Italian painters used to put upon their pictures: and the scored silver bark of the birches bit white against the background of the earth like lines of silver wire; whilst on the holly trees, the sheen and glitter-points of the leaves in the sun resembled rather some Christmas tree lit up with a thousand lights—each and all of these, with bird voices, made for pleasure for ear or eye.

As already mentioned, the higher dale with its ancient-world villages of Gunnerside, Satron, Muker, Thwaite and Keld, backgrounded with long wild lone sweeps of moorland, will come in for description under our "Borderland" of Richmondshire chapters.

Dr. Arnold Lees, furnishes the following brief pen picture of what he has seen and knows.

A Swaledale Vignette.

A FEATURE of the men and women in this secluded dale of Swale, which does not seem to have had any stress laid on it, is the acquiescence (slow but not unwilling) in the hardships and undeserved 'backsets' of life. Against Nature it is theirs to bear; against their fellows to forbear; with a sort of stoicism in practice, that looks strangely suggestive of Fatalism—the "Kismet" belief of the Eastern Races in those parts of the West where the mind-opening influences of competitive crowding intercourse with others have not reached. And the sleep-life of vegetation partakes of the sufferance too—or is it that

the 'dumb' animal and the speechful man have taken pattern from the spirit of sap?

Here at Swale-Head, and lower down of course, from the first days of husbandry, however aged that may be, grazing land and nut-hagg (tilth there is none, save in currant-bushed high walled-in gardens), water-spined gill or natural river terrace, have one and all been mutely observant, without protest and prompt as dumb, of Nature's Decrees—of the Season's garbing and treading of its stage by this or that, in dumb show! Things always come—surprisingly. One day there is but a greening carpet spread over the earth, an indeterminate metallic thickening of the legions of twigs in the thickets, unburgeoned save for the bice and olive-clad members, yew or holly, in the dale's Courts and Lobbies; the next, lo! there are white plumed and cockaded kexes and blue-eyed germanders, with sheaves of purple geranium in the cowslipped meads, buff bouquets of primroses among the ash stools, or gold-paper globes of the Troll flower keeping company with rustic red-robin and maidenhair fern-leaved rue by the Swale's edge. As at the cue of a prompter, rarely seen in full sunlight for they come of invisible heightened means of temperature and efflux of time, ringlet-tailed lambkins appear on the low sides of the limewhite walls mapping out the green slopes, and make merry in a sort of blind spurt of unaccustomed freedom, with their grey passive dams; no horny rams are here—they take the stage at another season, and are less clownish, more heraldic of aspect; and with or without the bleating chorus of the lamb-storm moon, without warning, as it seems, on a morn nigh St. George's Day, there will be, too, in the lower closes, a yellow-pump tottery calf or a dun furry foal at their mother's dugs—each taking the means of life and growth Cod has given them with a not insober deprecation of onlooking human criticism. It is a simple pageant, this of Spring in the higher dale, but full of an infinite charm to the brain-weary townsman privileged to see it in the lengthening days of Equinox when holidays are not for everyone.

The Wild Flower Gardens of Swale and Yore,

BY

F. ARNOLD LEES, M.R.C.S., ETC.

THE DALES, irrigated and drained by the two rivers, Swale and Yore, are as diverse in their physical features as in the constituents of their wild-flower gardens, which indeed depend to a great extent upon the differing character of rock, soil, catchment area and elevation of the hill-country whence-from they take their rise.

The Yore is the broader vale, with longer and more numerous lateral tributary streams; the Swale, in the upper thirty miles of its course is the narrower, rockier and wilder: from which peculiarities the *flora*—that is, the wild-flowers and trees in the aggregate—of Yore numbers (roughly) 700 kinds or 'species,' while that of Swale (exclusive of the lowland area in the Vale of Mowbray, proper, already dealt with in Vol. I. by Mr. Foggitt) overtops 600 by a very few units only.

In Upper, or 'West' Swale (as Mr. J. G. Baker calls it in his classic "North Yorkshire" Botany) there is no 'car' like that of Lakeby to nurture such *rara aves* as the tassel-tuft Loosestrife, the great Sundew, or Scheuchzer's pore-Rush, no Cowbane, no flowering-Rush, nor fœtid Iris; and indeed from Swale's source in the peat-bog above Nateby to the ancient Thornbrough camp nigh unto Catterick brig, there is no plant special to, found only, in Swaledale—not in Teesdale or Yoredale as well. Swale's 'rarest' species are, perhaps, the Sea Campion (Red Scar near Downholm, above Richmond to-

wards Marrick, at 950 feet elevation), the oval-leaved Helleborine, the Toothwort, the red Orpine, the mountain Rue *(Thalictrum montanum)*, the Rock Beam-tree, the Blue Moor-grass, the Stone Bramble, the Corymbose Hawkweed, the Anglican Hawk-weed, the Leadwort Pennycress (Arkendale), and the hairy wild Teazle *(D. pilosus)*, of Whitcliff wood near Applegarth, where Mr. James Ward, of Richmond, found it quite fifty years ago. I believe the Sea Campion on Red Scar, however, to be the only flowering plant which one or other of the adjoining dales has *not* got to shew in its 'garden' as well.

In dealing topographically with the vegetation of the Swale country—a territory of historic as well as botanic interest—I shall work upward from Catterick Bridge, where the 'Low-land' so far as *flora* is concerned may be said to begin; and as we trudge 'up-gang,' and the wondrous panorama of Tower, Scar, hanging Wood, and forceful 'gill' unfold themselves to our gaze, will shortly glance at the distinctive and special features of each storied or unaccounted locality. The alternative would be to give a tedious catalogue of plants with often repeated habitats tacked to them: which course in a 'popular' account of the Living Beauties of the Earth seems undesirable on many counts.

About Catterick. Even as low down Swale as this, seen from the high South bank of Thornbrough (a supposed Roman station), the Swale retains somewhat of its heritage from the hills, its semi-wild character commingling happily with the pastoral physiognomy of the lowland, in which arable and tilth, rich in the emerald of the young corn, or the dun maize of the ripening crop, or the purple-bronze Acanthus-like field foliage of the mangel-wurtzel or the swede turnip, take up almost as much space as the grazing turf, and chequer the rolling area in view like a chess-board. In the hedgerows we still see the heart-shaped glossy leaves of the Black Bryony *(Taemus)*, which ceases at about 750 feet in altitude, as we ascend the dale. Here at Thornbrough we first get a clear-to-be-seen infusion of Northern Types of Wild Flowers with the forms characteristic of low elevations. The downy red Rose *(R. mollis)*, and the pratensal Geranium (its blossoms the softest lilac-azure) have the more purple Wood Geranium for their companion. Here, too, beyond Brampton, the umbrella-like Ivy-tods in the very old Thorn hedges, are markedly fine. A few well-grown verticellary leafy Dutch Elms there are, here; but in lack of ampler boles the Ivy just referred to has aspired from the lowly habit, "creeping where no life is seen" (as Dickens imagined) to the

summits of the most available smaller hedgerow haughs, in a rather comical Noah's-ark-tree fashion! In view, but far below where Bolton beck joins the Swale, the Mudwort *(Limosella)* and Water Germander *(Teücrium Scordium)* used to grow, high-water-marks in plant-life, indicating where low-land joined up-land; but neither has been seen there for a many years. They did grow there, the writer had specimens from their discoverer, Mr. J. Ward; but probably the alterations in river-bank contours and conditions, brought about by Swale in winter and "in roughest mood" of spate and spite from the lashing of the wind and the stabbing of the levin about its head, have so changed the conditions of the sandy spit whereon they grew that neither could longer exist. I put this forth as no fairy tale of Science but to emphasise the fact that the Elements both uproot and destroy, as well as renew God's wild garden, and even—as will be told later when we reach Thwaite—firmly establish in it an entirely new flower factor.

Hard by the western outpost or entrenchment of the Thornbrough 'Camp,' whose bastion is the sheer bank of Swale just here, is a dew-pond, fed by no rill, and in Summer it is silvered over with the delicate Water-Crowfoot or "frog-cup" as a local rustic declared its name to be.

Over fields now, and across a troutletted stream in a dingle of its little own, where grew Wild Yellow-Flag, the pink-bow'd Marsh Helleborine *(H. palustris)*, and clearly (in Springtime) Primroses galore; and we approach Colbourn. The spider-bridge, a'straddle over this Ipswell brook, here, has a noticeable grove of purple Osier massed all about it. As to the Old Hall of Lord D'arcy overlooking this turn of the brook, one can only say

> "And where proud banners were displayed
> Now only waves—a Nettle."

In a beaten byway here, however, may be seen that small, but once-noticed most instructive thing—a 'Throstle-stone.' This is the thrushes' 'abattoir,' its rounded top smeared and glazed with the dry gory remnants of many a shelly feast. And as evidence of present use several smashed shells of *Helix aspersa* and *H. arbustorum* litter the turf. To such stones as this the throstles of a parish on a countryside, bring their bigger shell captures to break them with the beak as hammer and tongs upon the stone anvil, that their juicy contents may be made grist for their crops' mill! No fanciful tale this, either, but simple 'naked' Truth, however unpoetical and urban "the slaughter-house of a mavis" may be.

We ascend slowly to Hipswell, and there note the silvan Geranium, in hedges far from the river. We see more of this North bloom here, for we are almost in the foot-hills of "Swale's serried scarps, and rolling moss-crop swells." The moss-crop is the pink-tinged silky tasselled Cotton-grass, that, to exclusion of heath and ling, in places covers hundred-acres slacks and slopes with its red-wine stained leaf-sheaths and stems. To a painter's eye quite as 'taking' an earth hue, as the Ling firing the hills with its smoky purple blaze; or the red-coated sentinel Willow-Herb *(Epilobium angustifolium)* or Fire-weed, which lines the crag ledges of many a lonesome gorge above Reeth, and all the way up to Lovely-Seat or lonely great Shunnor, whereround croaks the Raven yet, and skrikes the Buzzard, though the Erne—or Eagle—has long departed. The common Foxglove, too, seen set in rows on many a lower ledge, or shelving bank of sand and shale, is strongly suggestive, somehow, of the martial idea of a sentry on duty; and yet not one of its 'common' or rustic names appears to have 'twigged' the likeness. A rambler even if not a botanist may wonder at this, seeing how felicitously descriptive many vulgar names of plants and animals are; and who follow in the writer's track, hereaway or elsewhere, may profitably make a study and note of any fast-passing local plant or place-names they may chance to hear. There is a 'Paradise' in Swaledale near Low Row, and a 'Crack-pot' higher up, and besides 'Frog-cup,' a 'Mother-die,' and a 'Buxom' or 'Boxen' (the Globe-flower, or Troll's-flower) among the herbs of the field: indeed, it were hardly too far-fetched a fancy to imagine that the early Dane and Northman incoles, settling and cultivating the dale's fields, were Adams and Eves for themselves: what hadn't a name, they gave one to!

Leaving Hipswell we drop slowly down from a plateau with a Belvidere over wide dale and hill-ridge, and once over its rim are all at once in a wonderful Dream wood—"Say, where last have Fairies been?"—an enchanted land, twilight at high noon. This is known locally as Ironbank, and to descend its stepped gully to Swale by a mighty Beech—a Father of the Forest truly—under interlacing boughs, through whose leafy latches diamonds of blue (sky) shew, the aisle that of a Minster of Nature, columned trees on either hand, is to feel again the inspiration of the Druid and the worshipper of the dædal Earth. Versed, to our fancy it seemed as follows:

IRON-BANK ON SWALE.

The hidden river's murmurous flow

Is in the wood's ear Day and Night,
And all uncounted wild-flowers blow
To give the fostering winds delight!

Scarcely a sound of bird or bee
Commingles with the water's song,
And yet of tireless revelry
The earth and air seem overthrong!

O Ironbank! swift Swale above,
Thy dim recesses fill the mind;
And Memory kisses hands to Love
Until with bliss the sense is blind!

The more noteworthy wild-flowers of Iron-bank are the golden Swamp-Hawkweed, swaying its auranian tassels to the dripping notes of the Greater Spotted Woodpecker, with the purpurine-feathered, tri-cut leaved Hemp Agrimony, or locally, the wild 'Love-lies-bleeding' to which gayer plant of the garden bed, it certainly bears to the uninitiated eye a not distant resemblance. The great or chimney-sweep Horsetail *(Equisetum maximum)* is also there in quaggy spots making the impassable just capable of access, like the stools of the Seaves in the pasture swamps. Wall lettuce, with its most decorative *ensemble* as it slants perkily up from a grey mural plinth of limestone, grows there too; and the silvan Bitter-cress *(Cardamine silvatica)* in oozy shady spots be-gemmed with a myriad diamond-glints of dew. The spell of the woodland, however, does not depend so much as the open spots of earth on the beauty or rarity of its wild-flowers. Trees, the sleep-song of falling water, and the shy half-lights that suggest without revealing, go far or all the way to weave the magic web of charm with the four Seasons, Cosmic Artificers varying the threads and colours as on a loom.

From the ripe of Swale, and the tenebrous shades of over-water trees, we trespass across the N.E.R. railway bridge, and join the public 'ramp' of the dale, running here, a highway at a low as well an upper level on its North declivity only, and between mossed and lichened walls—evidence of a pure acid-free air—are speedily on the little green of Easby, with the ruined Abbey, peacefully dignified in decay, not a bow-shot from a patriarchal tree, aged certainly but nothing like so old as the caretaker of the place would have it to be. Here, on the walls of the Abbey, hypæthral all, grow a few note-worthy plants, but not many. The plume Pink *(Dianthus)* is not to be seen thereon now—it *was* there in 1870. But Vipers Bugloss, with violet neck of blossom,

snake-spotted stems warty like an ox's tongue, is there, and—fine contrast—the golden headed mural Hawkweed, with the pink and green Pelletory, the pale purple Mellow *(M. silvestris)*, the golden biting Stonecrop, the Wall Lettuce again, and, not least interesting, a fine bush or two of bird-sown Barberry—the host plant of a blight which infests grain-ears in the field in another stage of its life, and so is destroyed by wise farmers wherever they find it in their holdings' hedges. Its triple spine at each twig base is curious, its hard-boiled-yoke-of-egg-like flowers almost alone among wild-bushes, and its coral-red fruit in currant-like bunches, not only useful for jam-making but decorative as a garnisher of such dishes as roast hare, that may be in season.

A short but entrancingly varied and lovely walk up-dale and the hilly town of Richmond is attained, with its terraced-ringed, mountain-rock based Castle, still standing guard over its civic and 'Shire'-centred purlieus, as it has stood so many hundred years now. The flora of its banks and walls alone concerns us, but it is rich enough, earth-ful of varied wild flowers as limited superficies could well be. Over a hundred shrubs and flower-herbs combine to deck its wild garden. Only a selection can be mentioned for guide books of the Future to copy (if they like) with care. There are Hemp Agrimony, 'Love Lies Bleeding,' Scurvy-grass, Tasteless Mountain-Currant (Ribes Alpinum) by the river and on Clink Bank. There is Bird-Cherry, and the lovely and when-in-bloom bridal Gean; while the stern grey bastions and rock-faces of the castle-wall itself, are in Spring lit by lines of wild wall-flower like a running fire; and the same coigns and ledges in the masonry later, through midsummer are streaked with the red and rose and creamy spikes of the greater Snapdragon *(Antirrhinum majus)*. There is the dull violet-grey Clary-Sage *(Salvia Verbenaca)* also; and the rough beardy wall-Barley *(Hordeum murinum)*; with the ivy-leaved Toadflax—an Italian plant originally—commonly known here as 'Rambling Sailor,' which (like the Snapdragon and even the Wallflower) have been 'at home' here, each in its yearly 'day' for goodness knows how many years. These few alone should surely be enough to whet the appetite of the plant-hunter for much more 'spoil' for his collection box: more and even rarer sorts are there, but to name those that grow only in very limited quantity would be to run the risk of inviting extermination. There is a pale-yellow Tower-Cress which clumps itself only in one place, tho' it occurs in Britain from Kinross to Cambridge: luckily, however, its site is almost inaccessible.

About Richmond itself, "near Saint Nicholas," prior to 1821, the rare and always 'alien' *Roman* Nettle was observed to be growing, according to Clarkson's "History." It was quite as interesting a 'find' as any flint implement or metal torque, since it furnishes collateral proof that the old Latin way touched Richmond. The seeds probably came with the charioteers' impedimenta, remaining quick though buried until some disturbing of the soil brought them under the awakening influence of moisture and sunlight In itself that is an illuminating little lesson in plant history.

From Richmond to Reeth the winding dale gets narrower and is successively frowned over by many a well-wooded scar and bank. At Downholme the Sea Campion grows, a maritime relic presumably of a time, eons ago, when the tree-clad scars of to-day were wave-washed cliffs of an arm of the sea. This may be dubious, but how else explain the fact that this sea-pink is identical in type—fleshy leaves and dark purple anthers—with the Commoner of our western-sea littoral. The sheer slopes hereabouts are hung with many a curtain of silvan Vetch *(Vicia sylvatica)*, of aromatic Woodbine, bee-beloved, of the Rock Beam-tree, like the mountain-ash a milk-pail of foam flower, and, unlike it, blooming and fruiting (little spotted pears) whilst only a crag-stunt in stature *(Pyrus rupicola* is its Latin title, meaning a habitant of the rock). Up-dale we now get more and more in numbers of individuals of the silvan Geranium, with Globe Flower and Mountain Rue by the stream sides in late Spring, the Baneberry in one or two lime-rock *caches*, with Columbine, Spindle-tree, rosy Orpine or 'Live-long,' for its fleshy leaves and juicy rootlets are almost unkillable by drought; the privet-leaved Sallow *(S. phylicifolia)* by every rocky wet gill side, with the rock-Currant (R. petræum) where the shelves are drier. Away from the main dale, the Marsh Helleborine (H. palustris) grows at Skeeby and Ivelet, with Wood Stichwort, Woodruffe, Stone Bramble or Red-Blackberry, and nodding Melic-grass in many a nameless corner of herb-tangle.

As we almost insensibly ascend, the dale's stripe of verdure gets 'parked' in more and more by the encroaching brown and olive fells. Away from the dressed roads the ground, even where green is softer and blacker soiled—the bog silt of ages from the peat turbaries of the 'tops' and the hill basins. Just now, being lily-time (and lilies of the valley grow in hazel-cop haggs up to near Paradise)—'lily-time' is early Summer—the orange torchlights of the bog-Asphodel, ærial glow-worms they look! light up the sturdy growths of

broad-bladed Marsh Orchis (O. latifolia), and the wine-stain sheaths of Cotton-grass, and the neat heart-leaved rosettes of the Grass-of-Parnassus (its bloom as yet a green to white button) in the boggy 'slack' below the Upper force at Ivelet, and many another wild, moist, moss-deckt creek and swale of the dale's upland.

The dale forks noticeably at Crackpot above Low Row. The scene is romantic enough for a Rubezahl here—the earth gash at Crackpot—Titanic convulsion of historic time—with the despoilt Yarn Mill in its very jaws having by now the aspect of some abbey ruin, making up a picture as of some paganic torture—Mother Earth herself broken on the wheel of a blind god! which once viewed, be the sky frowning or in a light smile, is not soon forgotten. And on the 'Birks' terrace hard by, under a cairn of his own stone, in the earth of his forbears, on land of his own (Spring End) do literally repose the 'remains' of a grand—and in no irreverent spirit we write it—latter-day Pagan: James Broderick, one who loved the earth and the sea and the sky and all that is in it, and who, further, had the courage to say "I don't *know*, and therefore I can't believe" those ascriptions as to another 'world' and another 'Life' which it pleases or satisfies the sentiment of the great majority to accept, childlikely, as demonstrated or inferrible verity. In the turfs of this lonely grave-land, by-the-by, grows the pretty Mountain 'Everlasting' (*Antennaria dioica*), with cottony leaves and two sexes of blossom, the male and the female on distinct roots, one pink, the other in a fleecy white petticoat. And on the fell ridge above, and towards Summer-lodge—the Broderick homeland since Elizabeth's Day—is the prickly bush Juniper in a profusion which is characteristic of the mixed rock-soil hereabout. Upper Swaledale is the 'Kingdom' land of the Juniper, and from first seeing it by the roadside opposite Crackpot, to taking leave of it at the 'Buttertubs' at Cliff-Gill, one is insistently reminded of old Amphion who piped to such tune that the very woodland danced, and (in the late Laureate's early and incorrect lines):

"The gin atinct with juniper
Began to make him merry."

However, we go too fast. At Healaugh, a very old village, trudged by a mile or two back we note, as everyone with an eye for natural beauty will note, in the crumbling wall the lucid *Geranium*, a "pretty-maid" (locally) of Swale's wild garden, with pink stars of blossom, and red glass stems and green glass leaves; and with it the rare white Stonecrop (*Sedum album*).

Further on Sweet Cicely *(Myrrhis)* Wayfarer's-tree *(Viburnum Opulus)* and the great 'Melancholy' Thistle, sad because it has no spines, or some more inscrutable reason of those who gave it its appellation.

We reach and pass Gunnerside, our progress being marked by the discovery of no new flower element unless it be the exegeant prominence of the creamy Beadstraw *(Galium silvestre)*, with Lady's-fingers *(Anthyllis)* and Wild Salad Burnet (whose leaves chewed taste cucumber-like). And now we have, from Ivelet high 'rigg,' the capital bifurcation of Swale's curious dale in full view—the way of the water (as we see it from the east) blocked by a great boss of mountain, the naturally water-moated Kisdon! This isolated mount has a double *flora*, due to the 'dip' north of the Main Limestone rocks, overlaid as they slant earthwards by the sandstone Grit, which results in Kisdon being (on the surface and sides) one (the southern) half lime-rock, the other (the north) half millstone sand-rock. On Kisdon, therefore grow quite a hundred different kinds of plants, ranging from the Yellow Pansy, the silvestral Beadstraw, the fugacious-flowered Rock-Rose, the Blue Moor-grass and the Vernal Leadwort, Cœsious Hawkweed, and wild mountain Oat—all these on the calcareous outcrop; to Cloudberry, Crawberry, Cotton-grass and many commoner species of Rush and Erica (heather) on the gritty sand-soil exposures.

About the dale-head above Keld the most flamboyant wild-flower in its bloom-tide, is the narrow-leaved Rose-bay Willow-Herb, though I regret to say I have been unable to extract a real local 'rustic' name for this, here, from either dalesman or daleschild. In flower, its serried spikes of rose-purple flash florigraphic messages to who have eyes to ken them—"Look! How lovely I am, how I Call, Come! A flower-bow, set against the High rock for a Sign!"—or anything else the mind may imagine.

There is the most-spiny Burnet Rose here by Kisdon 'force,' too; and the twist-pod Whitlow-grass on the rocks, the Rock-currant again, and the mossy Saxifrage with modest milk-white blooms, and no less than six rare Hawkweeds, including that with stem-clasping leaves, the *H. prenanthoides*. That *par excellence* old English tree, the Yew, is likewise as native as it is noticeable a feature in the vegetation of these warm and sheltered dale-head gills and ravines.

Travellers from Muker to Thwaite by road as they near the point where Thwaite and Kisdon becks meet about a stony spit or reach in the wide com-

mon bed, have a treat in the flower-way in store for them. Here has grown in increasing luxuriance as time has passed, since the great Thwaite and Hardow cloud-burst occurred in 1900, a glorious clump of the Monkey-flower (*Mimulus luteus*). In mass its deep orange is visible hundreds of yards away—near hand the details of the gaping individual blooms, in varying shades or hues, but each a vivid flame, is indescribably impressive. Behind, on the background cliffy bank of drift sand and moraine, range numerous fine crimson to purple spires of Foxglove. This fine alien wild-flower was only established here in the flood of a few years back, the tradition of which is lively in this little-to-talk-of hamlet even in 1906. Washed out of the Cotters' gardens by the violent rise and swirling fall of the beck in spate, accidentally the roots found a garden bed for themselves. As the years go on the Monkey-flower will, without doubt, colonise, through washed down seeds, the Swale bank lower down. Such is the history of one not 'undesirable alien,' but it will serve for many another. All over this land of ours some wildings die naturally or are snuffed out by accident, and in an equally inartificial unpremeditated way other flower-stocks take their place. So in the 'world' of Plants is a balance maintained.

We are now nearing the end of our cursory botanic investigation of the Swale's natural *parterres*.

We rise by a tort stony roadway the rounded boss of 'the Hawes pass above Thwaite, lower than the Birkdale road giving access to Westmoreland from Keld, but reaching 1,600 feet to the south of the Buttertubs, those "fell pits of woe" which are really 'Swallow-holes' formed by the erosive and solvent action of water aided by 'slips' of the columnar "Main" (Yoredale) Limestone rock. Their physical description belongs to another place, but this much is necessary as a hint how these four or five churn-like shafts piercing the bowels of the hillside, and in the case of one 'tub' having a tunnel from its base to the Cliff gill beck on the east, came to have the remarkably rich and mixed garden seen about their borders and in their depths. They are sieves or traps or 'forcing frames' for almost any and every living rootlet or germ-seed which wind or water may give into their safe keeping! So true is this that it comes hardly as the startling coincidence it might, when one notices that the dripping oozy rim and ledges of two of the greater 'buttertubs' are profusely bespangled with the lucid glistening yellow-green leaf-rosettes of the common Butterwort (*Pinguicula vulgaris*, which has a

solitary spurred violet bloom set singly always on a buttery stem) giving an appearance not very unlike as if the rocky churn sides were besplotched with little pats of adherent butter! The 'tubs' could hardly have got their name from the greasy-leaf herb; and as certainly the wort's common name is due to the yellow greasy feel and consistency of its leaves, and perhaps in part to the further fact that its tissues contain an enzyme or ferment which 'cracks' milk, and brings butter just as the jogging of the churn does, separating the butter by centrifugal force from the cheesy element and the whey. Nearly half a hundred different kind of plants may be noticed at one season or another in and about the buttertubs. The following is a selection such as are noteworthily instructive for some reason. The Butterwort—the Mountain Ash (berries dropt from bird's bills or in the excreta)—the Saugh or Sallow—the downy-soft Rose *(R. mollis)*—the mural and the vulgar Hawkweeds—the narrow-leaved Rose-bay so profuse in Cliff gill a mile away—Heather—Stone-Bramble—the Lady's Mantle with large plaited fan-like or mantle-shaped leaves—the Green and the Black Spleenwort ferns—the brittle Bladder fern—the Hazel—the Blackthorn—the Coltsfoot—the Male and Lady ferns—the narrow-frond Shield fern *(Polystichum lobatum)* and in one 'tub' an ungettable tuft of the rare Holly fern, if it be not a neat stunt stock of the *P. lobatum* mentioned above. The ruddy nature-sculpt pillar of the 'tub' nearest the unfenced moor-road, has for its crown of kingship a clump of the Golden Rod; and last, though by no means least, the Bird Cherry and the Juniper join to give a Summery or Christmassy aspect to the fluted shafts of lichen-laid and bemossed grey rock. 'Time-stains,' ages old, tattoo the fissured faces of the stones in a veritable hieroglyphic of Beauty, the runic script of Nature. What more? Some tufts of Bilberry (bird-sown) now waste their musky lusciousness of fruit on the Undine of the ever-falling, ever tinkling, antred or surface-rill Waters. The genii of a green mountain land preside over the benign favours of cool-aired Summers, here; and the Law through which hill masses absorb heat in heat-time to give it back to the air in frost-time, makes even the 'buttertub' of a bleak pass, beneath its blanket of snow, a snug and amœne garden close, in which holly or wild thyme, that a keen frost would kill in the lowland, continue to live and move (leaves) and have their being.

As we go over the moory water-parting towards the Simonstone flag quarries of Wensleydale, the delicate Orchis, *Listera cordata*, may be seen among the ling, and the coldly-gay but welcome Yellow Welsh Poppy glads the wayside banks near Hardrow—doubtfully wild tho'—and by now we are well in another land, politically only perhaps paying tribute to Richmondshire. So to Swale and her Flowerland, Hail! and Farewell!

THE WILD BORDERLAND OF RICHMONDSHIRE.

The Wild Borderland of Richmondshire.

CHAPTER I.

Round About Greta.

The Wild West Upland or Borderland of Richmondshire, little visited because of its difficulty of access, presents an almost unrivalled series of pictures to the lover of Nature ranging from soft and graceful park-like pastureland around Rokeby and the Middle Tees valley to the vast and well-nigh trackless sweeps and swales of unbroken moorland, solitary and cloud canopied, reaching across the wave-like champaign on the east to the stony rill-laced mountain crests and ridges on the extreme west. Here and there on this lake-land of peat-pit rock, coarse grass, ling and rushes, are oases of verdant pasture as about Muker and between Hardraw and Hawes: these spots of relief to the eye appearing like green bays or creeks washing the deeply rooted feet of the flanks of the scarred and dun-bodied hills.

From and through this wild upland region three rivers, nowhere tame, often wildly turbulent, take their way—the highroad of the Storm—and many tributary streams account for the swirl and swish of running water being seldom out of hearing even on the finest days of summer calm. The scenery varies from that of

stern and lonely wildness to romantic charm, and is scarcely equalled much less surpassed by any other of like extent in the greater shire of York. This western basin-like border, enringed with its stormy heights—their very names Cross Fell, Water Crag, Rogan and Raven Seat, Nine Standards Rigg, Lunasett (Moon's

A Moorland Scene. [*Landeker*

Seat), Great Shunnor, Wild Boar Fell, Widdale (Wild-dale) Fell, Cam (crooked) Fell, Dodd or Tod (dead) Fell, and Weather Fell, tell their story and character—forms the western border 'march' of the ancient 'Palatinate' which we are about to endeavour to describe; if words indeed can express their awesome and transcendent features. These are comprised in the topographical limitations of the Wapentakes of Gilling West and Hang West, the district along the south bank of West Tees (Stanemoor) with Baldersdale,

Cotherstone and the Greta at Rokeby on one hand, and the upper watershed of Swale and Yore on the other, with that of Wharfe and Ribble at Cam Fell and Outershaw heights to the extreme south. In a few words this area may be summed up as the Cradle-land of the adult dales of Swale and Yore—the nursery of the winds and fertilising waters, the Lyceum wherein the Elements perform their tasks for the benefit of Nature at large.

The Brignall Country.

Recommencing at Ravensworth (already described) we pass Gayles Dalton and Newsham. At Dalton there is a 'Camp,' its name recallatory of bygone history; and near by is a Cairn beneath which the skeleton of a man was found. It is satisfactory to learn the stones were put back in position, and this chieftain of some long-forgotten tribe or clan left to continue his rest in peace. Another tumulus, story says, contained a Kail-pot in which was a large sum of money—needless to say *not* left undisturbed. Two men were in course of pulling down a wall, and below they found hidden a carefully wrapt-up parcel. The finder called out "Hauves!"—a claim for half—but the other, the stronger, snatched at the packet and shouted "Na hauves." On opening out the wrapping, however, he cried to his fellow, "Here, thoo ma tak it all!" The contents proved mysterious if not gruesome: the skeleton of a child. On this story and the old and new stone burials we need not comment.

At Dalton a field is, or was lately, 'held' by tenure of providing *a grindstone* for the people of the place "for ever." While we have gossipped we have reached Barningham, a village, to say the least, very pleasantly situated. The old church has been demolished for nigh upon a century, a few of its relics only still remaining. In pre-Conquest days "Tor" was in possession; later it came into the hands of a family to whom that fact gave them

their name—the de-Barninghams. After them it passed to the Scropes. The Church of St. Michael's was erected nigh the site of the first fane of piety, in 1816. Here, in the old days, the sexton was paid a certain sum yearly for 'Cat-whipping,' that is to say, for chasing them out of the churchyard, wherein, cat-like, they were wont to congregate for anything but purposes of worship. The practice points the radical change which has come over human thought since the days of the Egyptian Dynasties, when pussy was not only held sacred but worshipped.

But here we are at Brignal,

"Whose banks are blooming fair"

as Scott—a keen observer of natural things in association with men—sang in his imperishable staves of "Rokeby."

"O Brignal banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a Summer queen."

The place-name means conjunctively Old-bridge, from the Saxon 'Briggen,' and 'Auld,' whence by dropping of letters we have got to 'Brignaul' spelling it as spoken. A family of the same name (taken from the place where they lived) was seated here from a very early period; and an only daughter of one Richard de Brignal married William Phillip, of Stillington, who settled here during the 14th century. Their lands were held (by military service) of the Lord Scropes; and the Phillips are mentioned in the charter as being in the company of those famous archers who by their prowess as bowmen contributed largely to the victory at Agincourt. During Henry the Eighth's reign, one James Phillip was Steward to my Lord Scrope; he appears to have been by nature a greedy hard-fisted man, exacting compulsory loans from his tenants, any refusal on their part being met by a notice to quit or, more probably, an eviction! One Avery Uvedale of Marrick pitifully

complains of him thus: "His extorcions is almost cryed owt upon in everye poore widdowe's mowthe and he so vexethe many poore menne with proces and suits in the Law, that they be utterly undone, and almost readye to goo about in the countrye begging wot, staff and pouke."

Having a connexion with the Phillipses is the following tale, known as the Richmondshire Curse Towards the end of the 18th century, two leaden tablets were found concealed in a tumulus on Gatherley moor. They were engraved upon in astrological characters, planetary signs, and also bore the following inscription: "I doe make this that James Phillip, John Phillip his son, Christopher and Thomas Phillip his sons, shall flee Richmondshire and nothing prosper with them in all Richmondshire. I did make this that the father James Phillip, John Phillip and all the kin of Phillips and all the issue of them, shall come presently to utter beggary and nothing joy or prosper them." This is somewhat curious and not very clear, but it would appear that it was John Phillip, a representative of the elder branch, who after this fashion of making a dummy figure and reciting some anathema over it worked the Spell. He would seem to have been in some way dispossessed of the estates, and his revenge took this superstitious course invoking by the 'Black Art' the mysterious forces of witchcraft and magic. Singular to relate the evil thus invoked did fall swiftly upon the family. Not one of them, it is averred, did ever after flourish. All the male descendants died without

issue, and the very name of the family became extinct in the district in which they had been settled. Such is the Richmondshire Curse. The Rev. S. Baring Gould has related other cases of successful "Evil-Eyeing."

Onward we go, Scargill with its hoary old tower lying to the south on the opposite bank of Greta, which chatters and clatters along in its stony channel, arcaded by its bordering 'palms' (Saughs), the demure dimpled landscape all aglow in the liquid gold of the afternoon sunlight. And now we reach Greta Bridge, a most charming structure alike in its fine lines and time-worn tints of mossed or lichened masonry. On the west side of the bridge sits, confidently awaiting the custom that fails not, the yellow lime-washed "Morritt's Arms." Here the hungry or the thirsty can be confident of their reward for making trial of delay: both inner and outer man will find refreshment. The hamlet of Greta Bridge is situated on both sides of the stream. In the meadow just behind the inn is a well defined Roman Camp. Between the writer's last visit and the previous one eleven years had elapsed, and his then companion, William Howgate, of Leeds, ever a keen lover of the beautiful, had passed away. Naturally one's thoughts reverted to the pleasant evening passed in the far-famed 'Arms.' William Howgate was a true-born 'Open Airist' and jovial companion. Turning over the pages of the Visitor's Book the entry, under date April 3rd, read:

WILLIAM HOWGATE
EDMUND BOGG
WM. CARTER
} On a Thousand Miles Wander through the Border Country and Lakeland.

The following lines, from Mr. Howgate's pen are appended:

A PASSING THOUGHT.

A Trio true on pleasure bent
Stayed at this Inn, where sweet content
And beauty reigns supreme

How great the change from City life,
Where poor folk struggle e'en with strife
How different these things seem!
—W. HOWGATE, Leeds.

Here at Greta Bridge, Rokeby, Barnard Castle and Bowes, all who visit this region tread in the footsteps of two literary giants—Sir Walter Scott, the "Wizard of the North," and Charles Dickens, the "Household Word"; whose magical pens made of already romantic surroundings "a Land of Faery." In genius as in temperament the two men presented a strong contrast, their productions as opposite in theme as in inspiration, but both alike to be numbered among the Immortals, unless the tastes of generations to come alter radically from those of the last half century. Scott interpreted all the finer higher sentiment of Romance in association with scenes of natural beauty and historic significance. His light suffused the whole length and breadth of the land from higher Tees to Rokeby with a radiant glow as of freshly-stirred embers, and imbued with an old-world atmosphere of Feudality and Chivalry. His Romance was of the highest order, and wove into its very texture the old Ballad-lore of the Borders. Rokeby, too, as a pure poem is the setting for some of his finest gems of landscape description. Dickens, on the other hand, saw the living moving men and women of this land first, and the natural peculiarities of the stage on which they strutted, fawned or ambled, second; which method of creation has resulted in "Nicholas Nickleby," with its Squeers, John Browdie and Smike, and many another, in giving a curious element of combined pity and revulsion to the "wind-swept stony land" of which he wrote. He placed his characters in austere surroundings well within the 'Modern' times of the latter half of the 19th century in which he lived; indeed only in "A Tale of Two Cities" and another work did he desert the hum-drum town and country of the middle Victorian

era. So much must be remembered and allowed for in any pilgrimage such as ours into the shrines the two magicians made so famous.

Charles Dickens's account— in a letter to his wife—of his coach journey to Greta Bridge, sounds drear enough. But naturally it would appear desolate to one whose home of adoption was the streets of London; and who knew best the decaying Thames'-side towns, and the sleepy minster cities of the South of England. The writer followed in the exact track of Dickens' coach, save the mark!—it was 59 years later—one dark lonesome night, and he, like the gentle cynic, felt the extreme of satisfaction when the orange rays shone from the windows (not of the 'George' but of the 'Morritt Arms') swam into his ken through the thickening murk. The famous old posting house which Dickens actually rested in adjoins the eastern foot of the bridge—the George, and its appearance continues to be typical of the state of 'traffic' in pre-railway days. The George is not now a licensed house, but still receives visitors. But readers will no doubt like to read Dickens' own words, from a letter written to his wife, indited from the 'George.'

"Thursday, Feb. 1st, 1838.

The Mail kept on well, however, and at eleven we reached a bare place with a house standing alone in the midst of a dreary moor, which the guard informed us was Greta Bridge. I was in a perfect agony of apprehension, for it was fearfully cold, and there were no outward sign of anybody being up in the house, but to our great joy we discovered a comfortable room, with drawn curtains and a most blazing fire. In half an hour they gave us a smoking supper and a bottle of mulled port (in which we drank your health), and then we retired to a couple of capital bedrooms, in each of which there was a rousing fire half way up the chimney. We have had our breakfasts—toast, cakes, and Yorkshire pie, a piece of (pie) beef about the size and much the shape of my portmanteau, tea, coffee, ham and eggs; and are now looking about us. Having finished our discoveries, we start in a Post-chaise for Barnard Castle, which is only four miles off, and there I deliver the

letter given me by Mitton's friend. All the Schools are round about that place, and a dozen old abbeys besides, which we shall visit by some means or other to-morrow. We shall reach York on Saturday I hope, and (God willing) I trust I shall reach home on Wednesday morning.

Love to all friends.

Ever my dear Kate,

Your affectionate Husband."

After describing his journey North by way of Grantham, he said, "As we came farther North the mire grew deeper. About eight o'clock it began to rain heavily, and as we crossed the wild heath there was no vestige of a track."

This moorland south of Tees is of course much less wild now.

The windows of the inn, antique in their every line and wrinkle as it were, seem to be ever gazing with a blank regret at the "wizard woods of Rokeby" which they look out upon. And partakers of the same mystic influence of the dim days gone by, our dreams in the "Arms of Morpheus" (lying in those of Morritt and not of George, as we did), were shot and interfused with Dickensiana, stage waggons, mail coaches, masked highwaymen, and spectre trees whose arms were wind-strained all one way like dark-lock'd witches abroad in the darker night. We awoke, however, not to the sound of pawing roadsters or jingling harness, but to the confusion of tongues—the babel of a colony of rooks nestling in the woodland hard by. The din and confusion that a community of "the many-wintered crow that leads the clanging rookery home" can create is almost inconceivable to those who have not heard it.

Greta Bridge, one flying span, as though the builders thought little of it, is a beautiful structure: a certain distinction being conferred upon it by its artistically pierced stone balustrade. Here the road to Bowes and Barnard Castle runs by the Park wall under beautiful arcading tree-arms, magnificent as timber in their stately proportions.

Rokeby conceals itself in a casket of Nature's own furnishing—between Greta and Tees, but is well-nigh hidden in trees.

The Rokeby's are an ancient family (their surname implies Danish origin, the tribe of the Roke or Rokers—there is a 'Roker' in England, North of Tees, too). The Rokeby's were here soon

Greta Bridge

after the Conquest. In early Plantagenet times they were a notable race, ruined later by the Civil Wars. During the Scotch Wars of Edward the Third's reign, two knights of Rokeby, both named Thomas, gallantly distinguished themselves; and later, in 1408, a Sir Thomas Rokeby suppressed the rebellion of the Earl of

Northumberland at the battle of Bramham Moor. They had a small castle or fortified peel-tower, which was destroyed during an incursion of the Scots subsequent to Bannockburn fight, all except the chapel, with the doorway and the ground-sills of the walls. The Rokeby of this period having married the heiress of Mansfield of Mortham, left the ruined castlet and built Mortham Tower on the other bank of the Greta.

Arms of the Rokesbys'

J. Harrison

In the reign of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Mary, there resided at Mortham Thomas Rokeby, Esq., a plain man as might be, who lived so in the good hearts of his countrymen, that when his son, Christopher Rokeby, was assaulted at Gaterley Moor horse race by Christopher Neville (brother to Henry, the unthrifty Earl of Westmoreland) whom the earl had sent with a hundred men to kill him, there was not a gentleman in the field but cried "A Rokeby!" and were proceeding to very hard blows upon the Nevilles. But the good old Thomas, in his capacity of Justice, entreated peace, saying, "Gif (although) it grieves me to see him bleed that bleeds, yet peace, the peace!" And the king highly loved him that could so well get the love of his country

On the 29th April, 1520, part of the Church of St. Mary's, Beverley, fell, and fifty-five persons were killed. Sir Richard Rokeby, knight, and Dame Jane, his wife, gave £200 towards its reparation, for the which they were to be specially prayed for.

Ralph Rokeby says, "I have heard that a bear-baiting and a mass being both at one time in Beverley. There was near a thousand people at the bear-baiting, and but only five and fifty at mass, who were all slain, and ever since they say there, 'It is better to be at the baiting of a bear, than the saying of a mass.'

From Greta Bridge we wander through the woods high above the sparkling loquent water, ever babbling or chattering in a tireless delirium of tones, through groves and glades of marvellous and bewildering beauty, until we reach Mortham's Tomb, standing in the wood by Greta's side.

Mortham's Tomb.

What shall we say here that will not seem affected? It is difficult, for we are in Romance Land. Every square yard about Rokeby is transformed—to eye through mind and memory—as though the invisible wand of some mighty magician had been lightly laid upon it. Winding through woods by Greta's side is

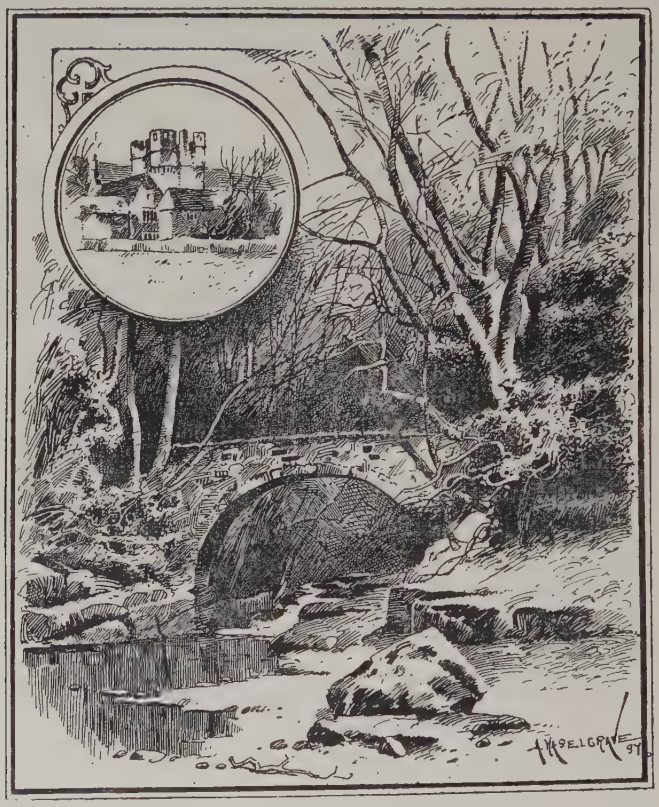
> "A stern and lone yet lovely road,
> As e'er the foot of minstrel trode."

The place is holy ground, and of good omen seeing that it is full of sunlight and flowers, a fantasia of fairyland on the theme of Nature, fixed in fair colour on fine lines to an accompaniment of

woodland warbling. [Here we are at Dairy Bridge, crossing Greta just above its junction with Tees. The bridge is cool and dimpsy as a dairy, too: arms of trees in full foliage interweave and make a canopy of green for it. Moss and lichen dye and colour its stone-work, ferns and brake blooms border its thickets, while early purple Orchises bedeck its environing meads. Through the arch, looking up stream, far away in the wooded banks, the water can still be seen flashing kingfisher-like down its bowery lane of greenery, the hues ranging from rich yellow through amber to blue grey.

What can we say of the Nuptials of the waters? What "Meeting of the Waters" half so suggestively sweet? Greta, the graceful Bride running to meet her ampler lord of Tees—and the mergence of their waters: "a thing of beauty" and "a joy for ever"—an illustration of Endymion in England! Many have been the artists who have attempted its depiction on canvas. One oil painting in the Leeds Art Collection does in some respects do justice to the mystic quality of the scene; but it is only a few souls who can to the full appreciate such loveliness as is here, where Greta meets Tees; those who are "worthy to receive the light" that "never was on land or sea," we dare not add to the attempts, or hope to be among the "few but fit"; but to stand below Dairy Bridge in the glory of a clear summer evening, when a mellow golden radiance steeps everything in colour and the air drinks like wine, is alone—without any other examples of scenes—worth the journey to see. The water of the Greta hard by Tees furnishes an optical illusion: it has the appearance of running up-hill! There is a swirl of amber water, foaming (champagne-like) over and by huge marble like rocks, here piled in admirable confusion by some Titanic force in the past, in and along the Greta's path. Form and colouring alike are too transcendent for mere words to express. The picture is permeated with witchery and glamour, sublimely picturesque, grandly impressive: a temple

and a bathing place for an Undine prepared by the hand of Nature alone.



Dairy Bridge, and Mortham's Tower.

"The cliffs tha rear their haughty heads
High o'er the river's darkling bed;
Were now all naked, wild and grey,
Now wavering all with greenwood spray
Here trees to every crevice cling,
And o'er the dell their branches fling;
And there all splintered and uneven
And shiver'd, rocks ascend to heaven,"

In the triangle of land formed by the junction of Tees and Greta are a few vestiges of Rokeby's ancient church, pulled down upwards of a century ago. Some mouldering tombstones still show above the greensward, and the base of an ancient cross and an old font point to the spot where for centuries children were brought for baptism—where generations of men have knelt in prayer, and have been laid to rest beneath the velvet carpet of earth within hearing of the everlasting lullaby crooned by the loquence of clear 'living' water.

Just to the east of the Greta and Dairy Bridge stands Mortham's Tower. It is now a farmstead. The memoirs of Rafe of Rokeby tell us that the original peel of Rokeby was burnt down by the Scots, and later (as already said) the border-like tower was built to withstand any future attack. It is mute now, yet eloquently enough in its stony strength, reminding us of the tragic and pathetic memories it stands for—the slogan cries and clangorous din of a foray fight—no pitched battle, but a sudden hawk-like swoop of reiver upon his quarry, shouts of triumph short-lived and ending on a note of pain, the wail of the tortured flesh under a non-fatal stroke, or the last groan of one "sheut" and spent in body and spirit. And after the unprovoked battle what a keen wail of anguish must have risen to the frowning sky above, around the old embattled peel! It recalls the days when the borderer *did not know* whose cattle he should drain at the next milking: it recalls the 'Bold Buccleugh' when "nine-and-twenty knights of fame—

Hung their shields in Branksome Hall;"

likewise 'Awd' Walt. Scott of Harden, Hobbie Elliott, Johnnie Armstrong and others raided England for fully sixty miles south of the 'debateable land.'

"Lord God isn't this a pitiful case,
That men daren't drive their goods to the Fell
But limmer thieves drive them away,
That fear neither Heaven nor Hell,"

ran the old ballad full of pathos, yet one sufficiently indicative of the disturbed state of alarm and ferment under which the whole countryside laboured.

Connected with this tower, too, is a grim legend. A certain lord of Rokeby in a fit of jealousy did his lady to death with a dagger, and the blood-stains uneffaceable on the stairway are declared to be those of blood which dripped from the murderous steel after the deed was done. The ghost of this lady of Rokeby, known as the Mortham "dobby" (a Northern English term for 'spirit,' akin to the Scotch 'browny') long after continued to haunt the scene of its earthly sojourn. Mr. Morritt, in his well-known Letter to Sir Walter Scott, describes humorously, how, at length, "the Parson by talking Latin to her, confined her under the bridge that crosses the Greta at my dairy, but the arch being destroyed by floods in 1771, it became incapable of any longer containing a ghost." It is "thought"—says the chronicle—the spirit was swept away in the waters, for it has not been heard of since!

In the wood behind Mortham is a tomb formed of immense blocks of Tees marblestone, richly emblazoned with crests and armorial bearings, toned to a lovely antiquity of tint by the finger of time. Scott felicitously describes the spot:

> "South of the gate, an arrow flight,
> Two mighty elms their limbs unite,
> As if a canopy to spread
> O'er the lone dwelling of the dead;
> For their huge boughs in arches bent
> Above a massive monument,
> Carved o'er in ancient Gothic wise
> With many a 'scutcheon and device."

The two immense limbs were still outstretched benedictively over the tomb on the occasion of the writer's first visit some fourteen years ago; a few years later one of them had succumbed to the pressure of a great storm of wind. The tomb is that of Sir Ralph Bowes, brought here from Egglestone.

We are now again by winsome Greta, rendered so marvellously 'classic,' for all time.

"Beneath her banks now eddying dun,
Now brightly gleaming to the sun,
As, dancing over rock and stone,
In yellow light her currents shone,
Matching in hue the favourite gem
Of Albin's mountain diadem."

Here is Bertram's Cliff,

"Where purple heath profusely strown,
And throatwort with its azure bell,
And moss and thyme, its cushion swell"

The throatwort being not a herb for the quinzy, but the great sky-blue Canterbury-Bell, which is distinctively a North Country wild flower—a giant indeed among wild flowers, for it grows on occasion in damp situations that favour it, quite to a man's stature.

Two and a half miles down the Tees from Rokeby is the ancient village of Wycliffe—if not the birthplace of the great Reformer, it is of a certainty the homeland of his ancestors who took their name from the settlement here. John Leland wrote, "They say that John Wiclif (hereticus) was borne att Ipreswell, a poore village a good mile from Richmont." So it appears the tradition ran that the Reformer was born at Hipswell, for the ancient Topographer wrote "They say" etc.

It was evening on our visit. The sun had set, yet a mystic light irradiated the spot, and our feelings were strongly appealed to by the harmonious lullaby Tees sang in our ears. The church is quaint and venerable, with its flat roof. Inside are some old relics: a rare font, some years back rescued from sacrilegious use as a water-trough. The chancel has brasses to the Wycliffe's memory, and there are sculptured fragments of mural slabs, which belonged apparently to an earlier church, inserted in the exterior walls. On our visit, in the Rectory house hung a portrait of John

Wycliffe Church. [*Percy Robinson.*

Wycliffe, copied by Sir Antonio Moro from an original one. It was presented, as an ecclesiastical heirloom to the Rectors, by Dr. Thomas Zouch, himself a rector, towards the close of the 18th century. Wycliffe is, indeed, a beautiful "haunt of ancient peace" resting by its pasture and wood bordered river overhung by laurel-like willows; the Tees is the stream of 'Palms,' over a score kinds, myrtle-like or olive-like in leafage with purple, green, rose-red or yellow varnished withy-wands, growing upon its banks between High Force and Yarm—whilst the ever sounding music of its waters and the drum and clack-clack of the old mill, make a delightful accompaniment.

Further down stream are Ovington and Gainford, places of interest, but want of space must excuse a descriptive account of them here.

The Tees is the natural boundary between Yorkshire and Durhamshire; upstream from Rokeby for two miles from Greta's mouth to beyond Eggleston Abbey, it has, in the course of ages, cut a way for itself in the bed-rock, much as Wharfe does above Bolton; and the amber beaded frothing water is overshadowed by huge trees, elm chiefly, with the translucent yellow-green foliage of beech, the darker opaque gum-alder, with the introduced sycamore and horse-chestnut, the feathery lattice-leaf ash, and many another. Nature has been lavish here indeed—every rood upward a holy rood dedicated to and sanctified by her, reveals new beauties. Here it flows sedately enough, prim and brimful to the daisied turf's edge; there it courses swiftly on, with spume and froth, as if voicing at every little obstruction; and, again, anon, plunging cascade-like in wild commotion from some dark ledge into some darker pool, the glinting lights of the surface seeming to suggest unknown mysteries of depth and doing; the river's banks, as a foil furnishing a fair flower picture changing with the season of the year: in Springtime Scott's "rath primrose" and fairy-star wood

chickweed, in Summer meadow rue and silvan forget-me-not, in Autumn the stately spired throatwort belfry, the gaping orange wood rattle, the old-gold button-bloomed tansy, and the great trumpet bine (Convolvulus). Scott, though not a botanist, was struck with the beauty and tender-clinging lady-like character of the Silvan Vetch or Tare, for he says of this very reach of the river:

> "Profuse, the wood-vetch clings
> Round ash and elm, in verdant rings,
> Its pale and azure-pencilled flowers."

The Tees! the beautiful Tees! Lovely indeed are the glimpses one gets of this glorious river running flecked with foam on its oily glistening surface—as it were the glossy flank of a hard-ridden steed—deep in its arcade of greenery; the marblestone of its bed shewing every branching vein through the glassy amber medium; and one cannot but pause a moment to speculate how long this process of marbling and enamelling the rocky channel has taken the water in its ceaseless uninterrupted flow over it. We cannot answer. Time, sometimes, may not be measured in centuries, or eons even. By some indomitable, unwearying unending force Tees' bed has been carved and chased, and just *so*, into fantastic shapes unlike aught of man's making. We leave the problem to others.

From the Abbey bridge of Eggleston—a magnificent span!—can be viewed a scene which, to call it one of bewildering beauty says nothing comprehensible or adequate enough. This belvedere is beyond the power of language to express. The river sweeps, like a mighty scythe or Excalibar (that "flashed as it fell"), into the very heart of a dense palpitating growth of beech trees, their masses embosoming in limpid opaline half-light the green-blue blade that to all seeming is plunged into them. Of course it is the other way round, the river runs towards us through the green arch,

but the illusion is perfect. Where do fairies dwell? Here yet, surely—if anywhere. Tees sparkles like a jewel, now a diamond, now a sapphire, now a topaz, as a fish leaps, leaving a dimpling ripple that rings an octave of colour changes before it declines into a shimmering reflection of the green-leaf canopy above. Swallows and martins, scythe-winged, purple-backed, white-breasted, curvet

Eggleston Abbey. [*William Wright*

and sweep over the water, skimming the surface, occasionally kissing it; while among the fringing moss draped dripping rocks and boulders, wagtails flirt perkily, and water ousels display their white vests as they dip in the rock pools of some stony stretch. A golden gloom, an amber air as it were, filters through the lattices of the impending greenery—the *tout ensemble*—resulting in scenery so exquisite that few spots in the county can equal it, and as certainly none surpass the view unfolded to us from the graceful Abbey Bridge.

A rood or two further on we dip down into a basin-like depression of Tees valley. Here still remains the Mill of the Monks, and its old undershot wheel still casts up the dripping flow, and adds its pleasant rumbling drone to the more sonorous music of Tees.

Egliston, unlike other abbeys, does not rest in the hollow of the vale, but crowns a bold eminence looking down into "fairy Thorsgill" and on "sprite-fed Tees." Scott, alone of all writers seems to have seen Eggleston's environage with the eyes of a true poet keen to see the symbolism for humanity, the "sermons in stones, the books in the running brooks," in the subanimate features of Nature.

Eggleston Abbey is now a total wreck, and "Ichabod"—the glory hath departed—might well be written over all but the changeless natural beauty of the place that knows it no more. Portions only of nave and chancel are about all that remain to reconstruct its story from. The later monastic buildings are in a sad state of neglected disrepair. The tale of a vanished grandeur is breathed, eloquently enough, but only to those who know how to read the rune. Above the soil wherein the great knights of Rokeby, the Fitz-Hughs and the Nevilles find rest in silence, stinging nettles, untidy tall grass and weeds grow rankly. There are some large memorial slabs of Tees marble—a sort of limestone—and on one of these is this inscription in bold character:

THOMAS ROKEBY, Bastarde ✠ Jesu, for passion's sake,
Have mercy on my sinful heart!

Others there are from which the brasses have been torn out and on which are finely cut the Cross and the Sword.

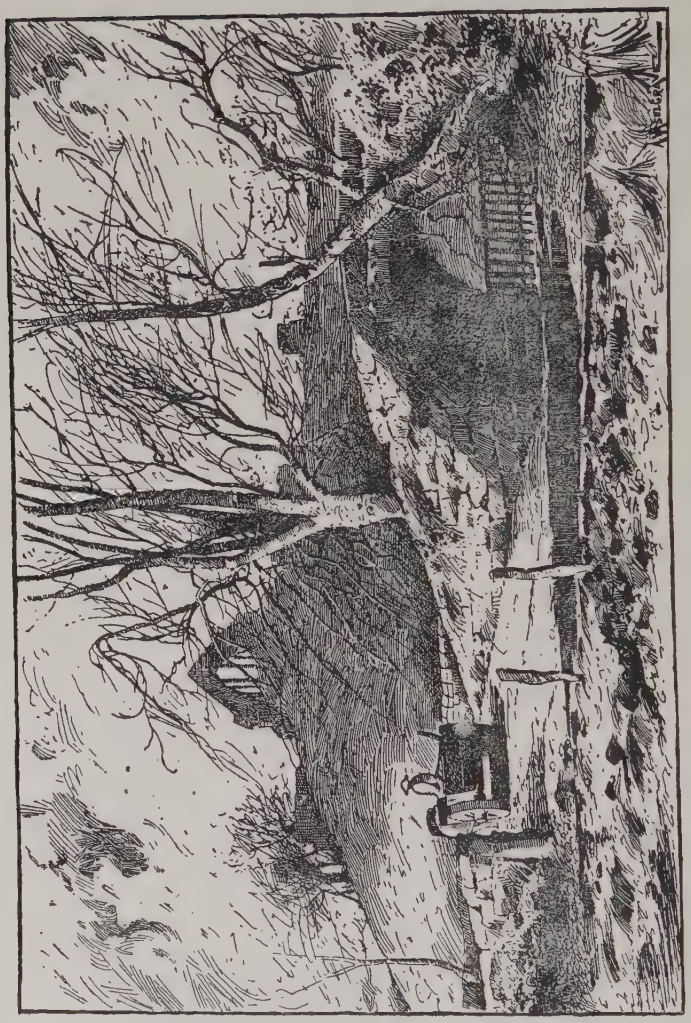
Leland, who saw the abbey before it became ruinous, says, "I saw in the body of the church two very faire tumbes of gray marble. In the greater was buried as I learned, one Sir Ralph Bowes. And yn the lesser, one of the Rokesbys."

Musing, Fancy weaves and conjures up an old-time scene depictory of the Abbey's Dedication.

Bishops and Priors, with their retinues from afar, are there—prominent figures all. The Norman Knights in glittering mail, and Barons with their appropriate following, mingle with the holy brethren in this—the first service—act of worship at Egglestone. The service is choral—the pathetic wail of the opening "Kyrie Eleison," whereat all bow low, is succeeded by the "Gloria in Excelsis" (whereat all are revived in spirit), which vibrates along the groined roof and newly-raised aisles. Following this, we seem to hear the sonorous roll of bass voices of lusty monks and friars proclaiming the "Credo"—'*I* believe,' etc. Then abased in contrition all would bow again, the proud humility of the true Believer, as the "Agnus Dei" was chanted, one and all smiting their breasts and crying out "Mea Culpa"—Mine the sin, mine the blame! deprecating punishment, hoping devoutly for Mercy. Then a solemn stillness, the lull before the outburst of human heart's aspiration, and then the Benediction! In those five acts of prayer and praise, the sum of Man's Life, and Death, and Resurrection. Amen.

Now all have gone into the Silence—become shadows of the Past, abbot, monk, bishop, knight, squire and serf, thane and churl, all the pride of Rite and Chivalry, and almost barbaric splendour, faded like "the baseless fabric of a vision." The Baliols, the Fitz-Hughs, the Nevilles, the Bowes's, the Percies, the Rokebys have gone with the abbey for the most part, the fane that as Scott says lies

> "Wild and waste,
> Profaned, dishonoured and defaced,
> Through storied lattices no more
> In softened light the sunbeams pour.
> Gilding the Gothic sculpture rich
> Of shrine, and monument and niche."



Fairy Thorsgill. [*A Haselgrave.*

"Fairy," Thorsgill adjoins, opening out upon the abbey, and a graceful one-arch pack-horse bridge spans the stream just above where it falls into Tees, whilst wheeled vehicles have to splash through the shallow water. And Time has dealt more gently with this fairy-like structure than with the abbey that yet meant so much more to many. Nature's lowly growths, moss and lichen, have but made its lines the more attractive, bepearling, enamelling and silvering the arch with the beautiful-for-ever tints and dyes of Age. Scott considered the stream flowing down "fairy" Thorsgill as its "murmuring child," not one of his best similes, for murmuring does not well express the silvery light high toned tinkle and chatter of a little beck over stones.

The gill itself ever exercises a delightful fascination over the lover of Nature. 'Tis a dell where one might well believe 'the wee folk' were wont to hold their revels in—and do yet! And why not, since other things besides beauty "lie in the eyes of the beholder"? If fairies ever were, fairies are yet! The rill plashes laves its way between soft slopes of viridescent turf (flowers innumerable making a pattern on its carpet) tinkling and crooning its little song, sounding as if they were dying echoes of the Past.

Here, says an ancient chronicler, "is a faire quarre of blak marble spotted with white in the very ripe of Tees."

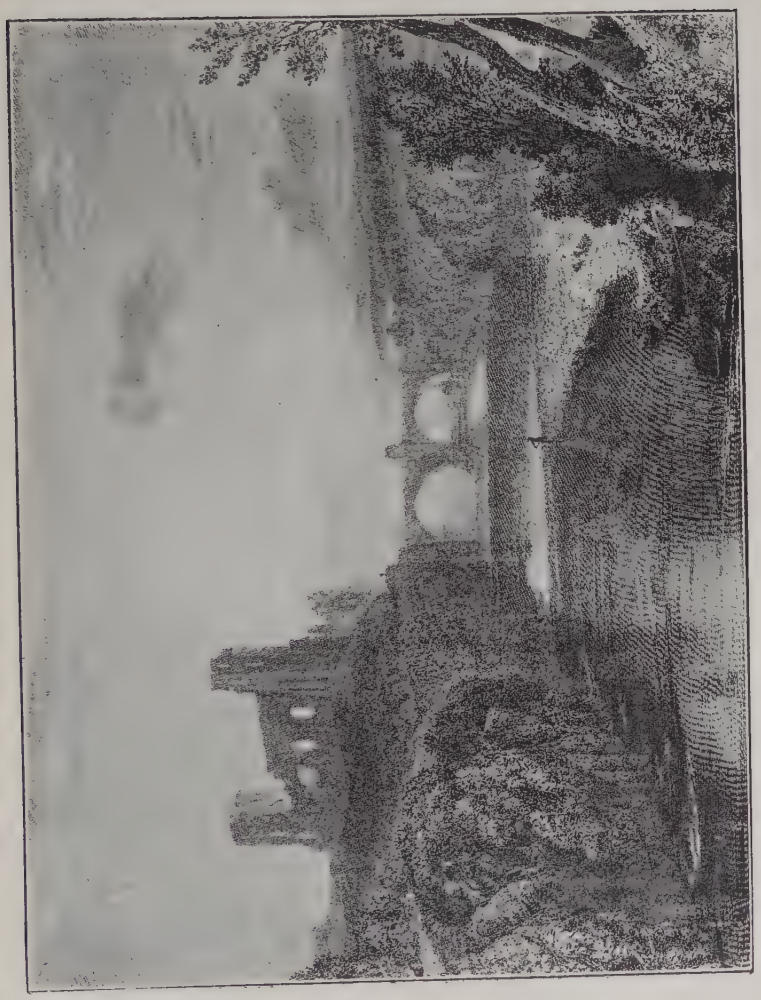
Nowhere in all its course is Tees more spaciously beautiful than here. Fine trees abundantly add their courtly majesty of mien to the scene; the river is broad enough to mirror the splendours of Nature about it, the silver billows of cloud that float above it, and the bordering lesser beauties that draw anear and bending over it see themselves as in a glass, darkly or lightly according to the hour of the sun. And another feature the bosom of Tees present here. From the great waterfalls of Higher Teesdale,

masses of foam and froth, like wreaths of snow, float gradually down, undissipated by distance. These drifts come down irregularly; and hereaway, by children and the young, they are known as "Peg Powler's suds."

Who was Peg Powler, some one may ask? A malicious sprite, akin to a water kelpie, whose greed was human life; or merely some locally famous beldame of the middle ages who was wont to wash clothes in the river? We cannot say, but the "suds" are visible—possibly a sign that there has been unusual spate at High Force—and the bairnies of middle Teesdale are well acquainted with the name, and its association with risk, danger, death. To a nervous child the very mention of "Peg" will bring fright, and a splash or unusual sound from the river is enough to send a child home screaming. Eerie stories are whispered of men lured to destruction by noises o'night, the cry of the river spirit luring its human victim never to be heard of again. Such is the dread power "Peg" Powler wielded in this district.

However, we must not loiter. On! and over the brow of the next rise the old ford and boundary town of Barnard Castle comes into ken, its crumbling towers of masonry limning themselves in pearly grey, and the modern pile of the Bowes Museum in the foreground upreared statelily as if some well-preserved adamantine Palace of Stone. Barnard Castle itself is not included in the Richmondshire palatinate with which this book deals—it belongs to Durham, and we must not, strictly writing, cross the Tees, but surely no scenery-lover will raise serious objection to some slight outline of the topographic meaning and story of what the eye can see from the Yorkshire side of the river.

The general situation of Barnard Castle is that of Richmond, a massy pile on a high rock on the north bank of a considerable stream, with a bridge at its base almost. To Tees, Barnard's



Barnard Castle. [*After J. M. W. Turner.*

Castle is what Richmond's finer and greater stronghold is to Swale. There resemblance ends. The mount on which Barnard built his castle, however, has not the sheer face of Richmond, nor is the castle so bold in its conception, nor so grandly sublime in its lines. Building later, Baliol may have copied the general idea of Alan the Red, placing his great keep on a commanding coign of vantage dominating a river, on the southern verge of his vast dominion situated in the 'forest' of Marwood in Teesdale, with the lordships of Middleton on the west, and Gainford on the east. From the point at which we view it, the old town, with its steep streets and uneven roof-lines, retains much of the glamour of its mediæval decades, the high-pitched old bridge in the foreground leading into the antique winding Bridgegate (formerly haunted by a Spectral Hound, a source of terror to the inhabitants), and the clustered ruinous towers of the castle crowning the crag and conferring a general appearance which association connects with feudal days and ways.

A brief historic sketch of the family who built this castle will be advisable here.

CHAPTER II.

Barnard Castle.

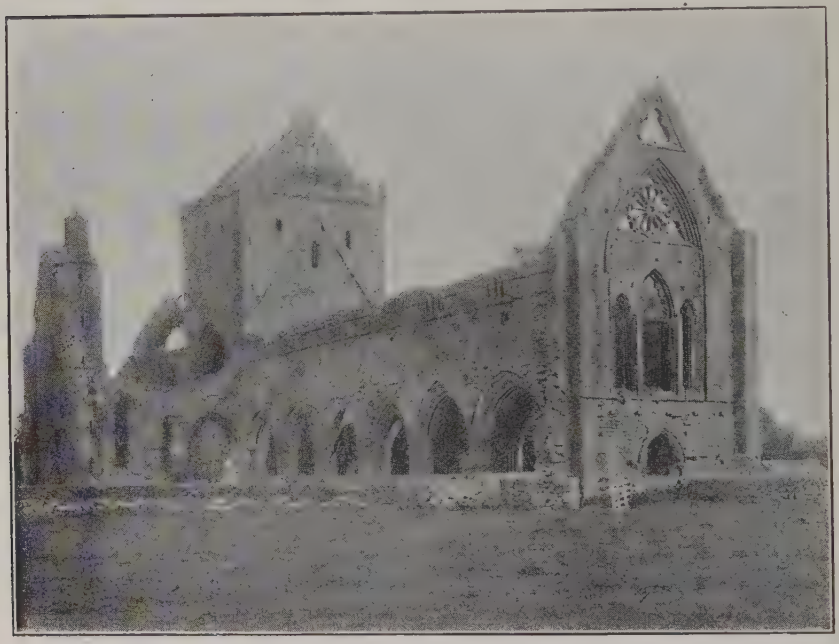
A Fitz-Barnard or Bernard—of Gallic origin—is the first of his name on the historic scroll. One Guy Baliol was given certain lands by William Rufus in 1098, and his son, Bernard de Baliol it was who had the castle erected in the early years of the 12th century. His son Bernard succeeded him as Lord of

> "Proud Barnard's bannered walls,
> High crown'd, . . .
> The sovereign of the lovely vale."

He was the grandfather of John Baliol who married Devorgilla, daughter of Allan, Earl of Galloway, and this John was grandfather of the John Baliol who inherited the Crown of Scotland. He it was who founded the College at Oxford bearing his name, which on his death was completed by his wife Devorgilla, the Scots heiress, and which on his death had his heart embalmed and placed in a casket which she set on her table, and did reverence to it as to him whose in life it was! That was true wifely worship! At her death his heart was placed on hers and buried under the high altar of Dulcecor (or Sweetheart) Abbey, founded by herself. A noble monument indeed is that richly decorated Gothic ruin, standing on the lonely Solway shore—an unspeakably touching memorial shrine, Love and Faith fixed in stone as in life were the twin spirits which so keenly felt their pulsings.

It thus came about that the Teesdale Baliols were also Lords of Galloway and heirs to the Scot's Crown, through the person of John Baliol, son of the above John and Devorgilla, his wife.

This period coincided with the acme of Barnard's Castle glories: when the great Noble crowded the narrow steep street with his retainers, jostling one another in their eagerness to do homage to the new-made King. For the moment they might



New, or Sweetheart Abbey. [*Edmund Bogg.*

almost be excused forgetting that Barnard Castle was an appanage of the English Crown! The sun of Baliol's splendour was soon clouded over, however: the conditions under which he took the Crown were too harsh—in an evil hour he turned towards France and laid his ruin in train. There was another great Yorkshire Baron, his rival, Robert Bruce, who aspired also to Scotia's iron crown, and won it, worthily too, after bitter struggle by great

personal self denial; and what is more—held it. With this the rule of the Baliols at Barnard ended for ever. It passed, swelling the already vast possessions, to Anthony Beck, Bishop of Durham, and later, the King of England, aggrieved at Beck, gave it to Guy Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who for five descents kept possession of it, these Beauchamps and their successors the Nevilles.

One writer says, "Barnard Castle again became a centre whence on more than one occasion the interests of the kingdom were gathered, and plots discussed which ended in tragedies the bitterest in history." It fell into the hands of Richard III. by his union with Anne Neville, daughter of the king-maker. Before he became king, Richard resided for some time at Barnard Castle. Could the crumbling old walls speak, what might they not tell of that dire struggle of rival monarchs, the cause of the War of the Roses, when the land was deluged with blood. During the Rising of the North it was defended by Sir George Bowes, the rebels being in possession of Raby, six miles north-east by east.

The Nevilles of Raby and the Percies of Topcliffe were the chief movers in the Rebellion; and Sir George Bowes at Barnard—eyes and ears open, willing spies everywhere and at home—saw all the plotting, and the coming and going betwixt the two great houses. He failed not to keep the Government apprised of what was afoot; and we all know how pitifully tragic was the outcome of the foredoomed outbreak against firm-set authority. After much indecision among the leaders (foremost being old Francis Norton, the Nevilles and the Percies) they laid siege to Barnard, garrison, which in defending, Sir George Bowes met with great difficulty. There were many traitors within the fortress, however, and he had to surrender on honourable terms after a siege of eleven days only.

A brief extract from Bowes's chronicle diary of the siege is illuminating :—

"I found," he writes, "the people in the Castle in continuall mutinye, seaking not only by great numbers to leape the wall and run to the rebels, but also by all menes to betray the place and all in ytt to the rebels. So far as in one day and nighte two hundred and twenty-six men leapyd over the walls, and opened the gates and went to the enemy ; of which number," he adds gleefully, "thirty-five broke their necks, legges, or arms, in the leapyng."

But Nemesis was on the track of the insurgents. The leaders, with their horsemen, fled over the Border, or wandered among the lonely 'Hopes' of the Borderland ; others took ship and escaped to the Continent, where they spent the rest of their lives as exiles, far sundered from kith and kin, and the halls of their ancestors which had passed from proud father to proud son for generations, knew them no more. James I. bestowed the manor and castle of Barnard on his favourite, "lickspittle Carr," the Earl of Somerset. On his disgrace it reverted to the Crown, then to the Vanes, ancestors of the present owner, Lord Barnard.

Access to the castle ruins is obtained through the yard of the 'King's Head.' The area covered is 7 acres. From Richard the Third's window there is a fine view up Deepdale and the Tees valley. One room, the 'Hermit's' chamber, is so called from a person affecting that character, once resident in it for a considerable time. He had been crossed in love, and so left the world to dwell here in solitude. The 'King's Head' is the chief hostelry of "Barney," and here Charles Dickens and his artist-friend, "Phiz" (Hablot K. Browne) stayed while Dickens collected the material—the 'local colour'—for his "Nicholas Nickleby." He brought with him a letter of introduction to a Mr. Barnes, a solicitor, and here Dickens received his visitor the first evening after his arrival.

One may sit in the old seated bay window, smoking one's cigar and look across the street on much the same picture of still life and living odds-and-ends as the Novelist did 70 years back—so little have the times changed the irregular frontages, and the market-day pedestrians. It is pleasant enough somehow—so innate is hero-worship in us—to think that both the Wizard of the North and the Prince of Story-tellers have roamed about these streets, wynds, and alleys of Barney 'Cassel,' and left immortal impress of their muse in their lines, whether verse or prose; and well worth the time and cost to be privileged to sit in the very "seat of the mighty" thus, and fancy the author of "Rokeby" rehearsing in his fertile brain that Romance, which contains some of his happiest passages of scenic description and two of his finest lyrics, tinctured, nay dyed deep in the actual facts of marble rock and pencilled flower-sculptured stone, and the feeling of the time and place. The interest is immediate and intense, as one sits in the old bow window-seat and sees across the way the shop where Mr. Humphrey (watch and clock maker) dwelt during Dickens's visit. Exhibited over the frontage of the shop was a big clock-face, the name of Humphrey in large capitals surrounding it. It stood out so conspicuously that it seems to have greatly impressed the novelist. He held several conversations with the old clock-maker regarding Squeers' and other Schools, and it is generally understood—not contradicted by his biographer—that Dickens chose his title of "Master Humphrey's Clock" from the circumstance. What sentiment and pathos is there not displayed in the injunction in Mr. Newman Noggs' epistle to the young gentlemen at Do-the-boys Hall:—

"If you should be near Barnard Castle there is good ale at the King's Head. Say you know me and I am sure they will not charge you for it. You may say "Mister Noggs" there, for I was a gentleman then; I was indeed."

Thorngate, Bridgegate, Newgate, Market Street, and Galgate,

are the chief streets, and a spot adjoins the latter, known in ancient records as Hanglane, all of which tell their own tale. In Thorngate are two very picturesque houses, one with three stories of square bay windows—an interesting feature, but more noteworthy from the fact that it was here Oliver Cromwell slept, October, 1648. He was met by the leading townsmen, who regaled him with burnt wine and shortcakes. In this street there was formerly an Augustinian Convent. The Parish Church of St. Mary's was built by Bernard Baliol, and has been restored and altered until but little of the ancient structure remains. Still, it is a shrine full

Old House, Thorngate, Barnard Castle.

Raby Castle.

of absorbing interest from the relics in and around it, and the political and ecclesiastical vicissitudes it has undergone.

A few miles eastwards are the Castles of Streatlam and Raby, the first once a possession of the Bowes family, whilst Raby derives its chief interest from its long link with the Nevilles—the Princes of the North.

What startling scenes, big with the fate of men and kingdoms, rise to one's mind when standing before the commanding battlemented walls of Raby Castle—its features much as of old in the severity of the lines—a stone scroll of history, emblazoned with the armigery of the Nevilles, one of whom in his pride and glory stood greatest and last of the old Norman chevaliers, Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury and Warwick.

Those who have looked upon the magnificent piles of Middleham, Brancepeth and Raby will fully understand the prowess and power of the Nevilles in "the brave days of old." Such was their prestige and influence that few dared thwart an expressed wish of theirs. It was Robert Neville (dubbed the "Peacock of the North") who slew—we might say murdered, now—the Bishop's seneschal in open day on the Elvet Bridge of Durham. Their participation in the ill-fated, ill-conceived Rising of the North was the herald of their downfall, as well as that of many another 'noble' house.

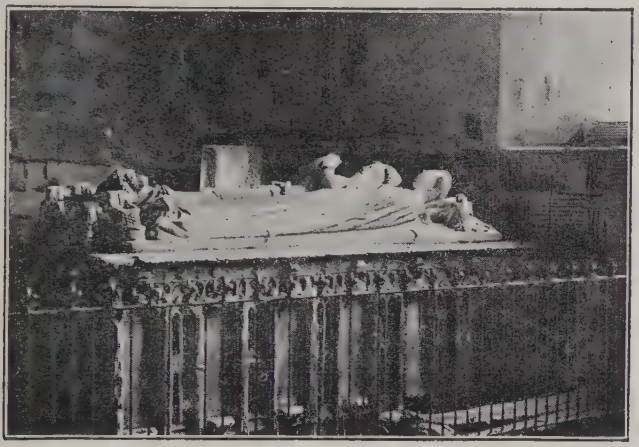
"Now was the North in arms; they shine
In warlike trim from Tweed to Tyne,
At Percy's voice: and Neville sees
His followers gathering in from Tees,
From Wear, and all the little rills
Concealed among the forked hills.

. . . . . .

Seven hundred knights, retainers all
Of Neville, at their master's call,
Had sate together in Raby Hall!

Such strength that earldom held of yore;
Nor wanted at this time rich store
Of well-appointed chivalry."

In the past Barnard Castle has often been a byword or term of reproach—it has been described as "the last place that God made!" Anyone outlandish, eccentric in dress or manners, or, peradventure, dour or stubborn must have been of "Barney Cassel breed." "Come, come, that's a bit o' Barney," is a reproof to a



Tomb of Ralph Neville and his two wives—Staindrop Church. [*E. Bogg*

great boaster. "Did ta kna t' toll-man o' Barney?" is another catch-phrase. If the questioned one replied "Na—who was he?" the retort was "Wey, his neam wer' Ananias!" Schoolboys from the adjacent villages were—and perhaps are yet—at feud with the Barnard lads, and fling this taunt at them:—"A coward, a coward—a Barney Cassel coward; darn't come oot to fight a battle." This couplet refers to the siege of Barnard Castle, although Sir George Bowes was not in any way a coward. Barney and Bew Castle are irritating epithets which scolding wenches hurl at one

another; and any project which has miscarried or turned out badly is "a Barney." The origin of these, in themselves not objurgatory words of reproach, *may* be due to and explained by the undoubted fact that in the old days Barney was a hotbed of the more or less outlawed—evil doers flying from the hands of justice, who had only to cross the Tees to be in another jurisdiction from the one they feared. A county writ did not run in any other county but that in which the offence was committed. Up to the 18th and well into the 19th century, private feuds were openly fought out in a brutal manner in the streets of the town. In the case of murder even there are several instances to prove that the murderer might fly across Tees out of Yorkshire, and claim the Sanctuary of St. Cuthbert's, Durham.

On the 31st October, 1509, there fled to the Cathedral Church of Durham one George Warcopp, who, having rung the bell there, demanded immediately the sanctuary of that church; for that he being insulted on the 27th of this present month, struck with a hauger a mortal wound on the neck of one Richard Goldsmyth, of Richmond, in a certain lane near Richmond, called St. Nicholas Lonyng, in defence of his body, of which wound the said Richard on the same day died; for which he demanded the liberty of St. Cuthbert.

Henry Jennyng of Richmond, plumber, on the 15th of April, 1479, came to the Cathedral Church of Durham, and in presence of a notary and certain witnesses, demanded the sanctuary of the said church; for that he, on the last day of March at the Anchorage, in Richmond, by violently throwing a stone at one William Markyndale, tailor, hit him so fatal a blow on the head that he died of it within three days after; and as a sign of his request of the immunity of the said church he rang the sanctuary bell.

1492, March 1st. William Tailbois, of Qwaston (Whaston) parish o Kirby rawynswath (Kirkby Ravensworth), took refuge at Durham for having murdered Hugh Herkay, of East Layton, with a small staff.

1510, June 15th. William Cowling, of Richmond, fled to Durham for refuge for having murdered one William Sawthouse, of Richmond, on the 13th of June last, at Gatherlemoor, near Skeeby, by striking him on the leg with a dagger, of which he died the same day.

The middle of Barnard Castle Bridge was also in the past

often the scene of irregular marriages. One, named Cuthbert Hilton (middle 18th century) performed there the illegal wayside weddings. Midway of the bridge was either in York or in Durham—as wish or interest required. His celebration of the nuptial rite was very original: as the couple leapt over a broomstick he repeated the following lines:

"My blessing on your pates,
And your groats in my purse;
You are never the better,
And I am never the worse."

In 1716, we have mention of the marriage of an unknown tinker to a girl of the tender age of twelve years! In 1716 too, the Vicar of Gainford suspended one John Maresby from the curacy of Whorlton—a layman and a celebrant of clandestine marriages guilty also of certain other grave offences.

Barnard Castle. [*Cooks.*

Space forbids a longer dwelling on Barnard Castle. During our retrospect we have been seated on the south bank of Tees, the round towered masses of the castle and the town's grey jumble of roofs climbing high above the glinting river, and presenting to our eye a fine picture full of elements which the mind can follow into their tragic or more humane significances. On this, the Yorkshire bank, are High and Low Startforth, these syllables meaning *not* 'start out,' but street and ford. Here a Roman way, or 'street,' crossed the river—a branch out of the main road between Catterick and Brough. This Latian way can still be traced from Bowes to Binchester by the revealing place-names of Startforth, Streetham, Staneton, and Stanedrop, all in direct line to the main 'street' at Shildon, and so on to Bincaster.

We now keep along the south or Yorkshire bank of the Tees, past the quaint old stone bridge with its fragmentary remains of dwellings huddled about it; and as we go west, past the new iron footbridge and enter upon a spacious demesne of parkland. It is the Sabbath, and our ears are beguiled pleasantly with strains of music coming from the 'forest' of Marwood (boundary wood) which borders the opposite bank of Tees. It is the town's band playing in the delightful shade of "the greenwood tree." We also rest ourselves awhile in the greenwood shade, up and down stream alike are fine views unfolded. All we see is beautiful. The water is mirror-like, reflecting clearly the verdant boughs overhanging its surface, and the bright summer sky. For a background, the forest trees of Marwood rise tier above tier on the farther terraced bank, brilliant in full sunlight, the majestic tambour and broken wall-faces of Barnard's Castle uprear high above Tees brink. The music continues to float across to us; and we note the kaleidoscope-like effect made by many figures, variously garbed, young men and maidens, passing to and fro over the Percy beck, which opposite us emerges sparkling from the sylvan shades ere falling

into Tees. The stage and its setting (unconscious on the part of the moving figures), struck us as incomparably natural and beautiful. The mind's eye is not always satisfied with landscape however diversified, if it lack a clear key note of movement, best supplied by animated forms of life. To us here was a new sensation of delight, one of Nature's beautiful scenes made more perfect by the presence of man—not even music being wanting—and the whole blent into a Harmony, one might venture to say, of Heaven on Earth; a pastoral, a beautiful river idyll, a fairyland or bit of arcadia, like a scene from the brush of Watteau, only much more spontaneous and less of the artificial in it,

The old 'sylva' of Marwood, although in some places now denuded of its trees, stretches from Barnard Castle to beyond Cotherstone, opposite to where the beautiful Balder—stream of Odin's son—falls into Tees. The scenery is of the essence of Romance. Now and then Tees foams and frets through jaws of marblestone, anon it flows smoothly between terraced banks, to again break its pace in a rapid swirl that gives out quite a roaring drum or drone. From Lartington, with its fine Hall, and Catholic Chapel dedicated to St. Lawrence, and its pretty village with sweet plots of beflowered ground in front of the rose-tree clad dwellings, a small beck winds through the woods to the Tees, the main trunk of a water-tree (viewed as on a map) whose rilly tributary branches cover some hundreds of square miles of York and Durham shires. The gorse or whin here grows in such profusion that in bloom the braes are a mass of beaten molten gold. The path winds about, now up, now down, now through a bowery vault of foliage, and all the time we can hear the music, the silvery pipe of the rill, slow notes, quick notes, now low in minor key, now boisterous in major, until at last we pass out of the wonderland into the open by the Tees' high viaduct, and cross an old stone bridge 'neath the shadow of huge beeches, whose twigs make lines of shadow that seem to turn the green turf into a mosaic of bewildering design.

Deepdale.

Delightful Deepdale whereinto we now turn, joins the main vale or dale a few hundred yards above Barnard Castle. A path winds by the streamside up through the woods of this charming glen, a labyrinth of greenery, a bower fit for Titania, or the Matilda of Scott's poem. In the beautiful bed of the stream rests, immovable these sixty thousand years (for its weight must run into many tons) a splendid huge "erratic" or "travelled" boulder.

> "How cam'st thou here a stranger in the land,
> What stopped thy progress in this pleasant vale;
> Wert thou from Shap, and brought by fairey hand?"

Its material is that of the unmistakeable granite of Shap Fell, many miles to the west. In the Ice Age the never melting snow formed a thick cap of ice over most of the North of England, and which flowed down slowly—inches daily—from the high hills to the plains; as the flowing glaciers do from the Alps and the mountains of Norway to-day. The hard stones embedded in this moving mass ground the hills over which they passed into the delicately sculptured curves which a change of climate has now made visible. This boulder must have started too late to get so far as its relations, found all along the banks of the Ouse. A glacier travelling from Shap down Teesdale met the Norwegian one from the east and was forced to travel southward, filling the vale of Mowbray with ice level with the top of Hambleton and reaching beyond York. The Askham ridge continued miles south-east of York and is part of one of the moraines where it unloaded its freight of stones, etc. Askham gravel pits are well-known for their scratched pebble.

If the chorales of the birds signify anything, romantic Deepdale is their sanctuary. Vegetation is at its lushest and best, firs of colossal size succeed other trees only less magnificently impressive by their girth and vigour. Every rood upward some new phase

of beauty is revealed. Nature has hidden in rich garments of foliage what harsh notes there might be in the bare framework of the scene. Skyward, giant pines upshoot their blue-green or bronze-frosted pyramids, making a fine foil to the yellower greens of the shade grass and the blue sheets beyond sheets of wood-hyacinths which are spread in ethereal beauty of tint over the soil. The fir-tree trunks have the effect of a pillared cloister; we are in Nature's Sanctuary indeed, and—listen!—yonder blackbird flutes the exquisite harmony and proportion of it all.

Our attention however is now arrested by a structure of man's, a triumph of mind in its way—the graceful Deepdale Viaduct, appearing designed to carry some fairy chariot across the gorge, and not the huge iron-horse of the rail. The aerial lightness of its girded iron ribs and stays seem as filigree work from its vast height. Ten-girded standards are lashed slenderly together, with no inartistic result. Some Ruskin might say the rail-bridge had spoilt the glen, had ravished it of faery; others hold that the bold juxtaposition of man's work in wrought iron with God's in green wood have shewn (on the other hand) how extremes in style join happily together; here beauty and utility is triumphantly combined.

Above the lofty bridge-way the loveliness of Deepdale increases, with this chief difference, a note of unstudied wildness moor-born, the peat-stained waters rush and jet along among the large boulders which obstruct their course. On one hand Cat Castle, a titanic perpendicular wall of rock, stands up high above the stream, tinted by thousands of winters and all the time-stains that old-age lichens and moss growths can give it. At its foot a sweet airy turquoise blue and pink carpet of forget-me-nots, the modest white stitchwort and the sweet-in-death woodruff by the airy beauty of their details give the necessary cooling relief to the eye here. However, we cannot analyse everything of loveliness in its turn.

Higher still the Deepdale gorge trends to the west, the wood closes in and forms a sombre, it might be a gnome-haunted grotto. Far below in a wilderness the beck churns over a series of rocks; looking higher up and farther away the beck can be seen coming, dropping down towards one from the rim of the plateau of Stanemoor, where the solitude is only disturbed by the plaintive cry of moor fowl, the shrill pipe of the wind through the wires of the ling, and the fretful voice of falling water.

We now turn towards Cotherstone, passing Lartington lake. A storm was brewing in the west, and thunder reverberating and massing clouds gave to the water a darkling fearsome look. Sunlit water looks companionable, cloud shot expanses seem ever lonely and threatening—so we pass, with a shudder, to the moor road to Cotherstone, noting on our way every mile or so a couple, a lad and his lassie, wending their way over the lonely moor to their solitary-set home or farmsteads, just discernible in the distance. They add the pleasant note of human interest—the too-often needed reminder of our mortality—to the otherwise depressing moorland, where the curlew's note or the snipe's cry are the most joyous, towards the shades of night, of anything living.

Cotherstone,

Famous for its cheeses, is a long straggle of a village of one street, yet it is picturesque; it has two small greens, and its cottages are roughly built of grey stone with dark brown flag roofs. The creamy coloured walls of some of the houses make a contrast and give it a well-to-do aspect. An antique feature in the centre of the village is the old Red Lion Inn, with steep thatched roof, and ancient interior. The Fox and Hounds is another hostel of other days. Here the antiquated custom of the Court Leet is held still. It is perhaps as well to place on record here, that one Will Mecca (Metcalf) of this town, a cattle dealer, is a most singu-

larly and eccentric individual, and the most original character to be found among the great Mecca clan residing in the three dales.

Next day—a fine June morning—we are seated on the high green knoll rising above the confluence of Tees and Balder. Behind us we have the one solitary remnant of the once strong

Cotherstone Village.

castle of the Fitz-Hughs. From our feet the ground slopes sharply into a crescent-shaped hollow, like a tilting ground; and the eye can follow delightedly the winding of the river and its fringing wood for far enough. Shadows chequer the sunlit glades, and the tree-tops even change their hue from yellow-green in light to a woolly olive in shade. A breeze soughs peculiarly in the trees; a robin hops fearlessly within a yard of us; and the bells of Cotherstone sweetly chime the English call to prayer. But the

Temple we are to worship in to-day is the great roofless fane of Nature with her music in our ears, birds her choristers, the winds and her waters the instruments. In the foreground an orchard is dappled pink and white with bloom on gnarled and lichened trunks and twigs, each lovely as a spray in itself, a surfeit of beauty almost in mass; the emerald grass is thickly set with daisies, an enamel sown with pearls. The whitewashed front of a cottage blinks and dazzles in the sunlight; over the Balder's banks are 'hangers' of nutwood, white-tasselled bird-cherry—"its flower-falls like miniatures of the rills of the hillsides in flood," as Dr. Lees has aptly put it—silver-leaved rock-pear, and rock red-currant, with forest trees, rising line upon line; all in the serene calm of the moment looking as if painted and set there changeless for a tableau; "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean," and yet while one watches, changing in tone and colour, like a chameleon its hues, from sheenings of gold and green to light bronze, and again to the antique purple greys and blue-verts where the pines are passingly in shade. To the artist's eye a scene may so alter itself as if by magic—even before the pallet is arranged the elusive fairy of a tone has fled, to be succeeded by other hues equally fleeting. But one thing has not vanished yet, the Cotherstone bells are still a-chime, and "the bonny birdies" carol on, spurred to imitation one might fancy, and the Balder soughs a grave undersong of sound; everything in Nature to-day is in harmony.

The Castle of the Fitz-Hughs occupied an almost impregnable position, moated by the waters of Tees and Balder quite half the circle. The veriest fragment remains. But the path which leads round the high bank of the castle brings us to the surprise scene of the district—the meeting of Balder with Tees. It is a natural Paradise, a resort—when time was younger—of brownie and pixy, and it remains to-day as perfect a Nature-picture as Yorkshire

holds up to her votaries for appreciation. From the battlements of their keep—we reflect—the old Fitz-Hughs looked down on this scene which has more than once been the stage for feud and bloodshed, sack and plunder. Here, where we stand, has often been heard the wild slogan of the Scottish reiver or moss-trooper, and the amber peat waters of Balder and Tees have been crimsoned with blood of battle, while the air has thrilled to the lament of the vanquished. The Tees water wailed a requiem in its every note. But words fail—even Scott's lines do not fully rise to the occasion.

Scott has told how "the Northmen came, Fix'd on each dale a Runic name"—one, that of Balder (unlucky son of Odin)—how they "rear'd high their Altar's rugged stone, And gave their Gods the land they won," going on to remark:

> "Then, Balder one bleak garth was thine,
> And one sweet brooklet's silver line
> Till Tees his tribute claims, and then
> With one bright dive swims out of ken. . ."

To the north of where we sit, towering dizzily over Tees is the huge rock of Percy-myre Castle,* steeped to its feet in the wild river with the romance of the wilder huntsman (a Fitz-Hugh) who, on his return from the stag-hunt in Marwood, either leaping or through some unwary slip of hoof, rolled over into the river running rapidly so far below:

> "And far below, in that dark land
> Crept the river on its way,
> Like some huge serpent coil'd around
> Its quivering ghastly prey."

This river tragedy of Tees recalls to memory the sad leash-hound fate of the boy Egremond at the "Strid" crossing of Wharfe above Bolton's Abbey, as this is above Eggleston's.

* A "myre" was a master of ceremony, a chamberlain, a lay not a knightly seneschal,

Through scenery varying every rood but never tame, we reach Tees' Mill, only to garner yet another harvest of impressions. Tees is particularly boisterous here, never weary of brawling out its persistent note of defiance of servitude, its refusal to be curbed or tamed at the bidding of such a pigmy transitory creature as Man.

Ruskin in connection with Turner's topographical alterations in his landscape scenes, has pertinently remarked upon how scenery is first made, as to its skeleton, and then influenced as to its vestiture by the hills and rocks, precipitous cliffs and vegetation; remarking how clearly and definitely Turner took Yorkshire characteristics and feature lines from its dales for types in his paintings of scenes elsewhere. He may have been influenced (Ruskin allowed) by the castle-crowned cliffs on the Rhine (which indeed the strongholds of the Tees and Swale much resemble); but his conceptions were derived originally from Yorkshire, and supplied "correspondent imagery" to other landscapes. He "almost always preferred to put a precipice *low down* on the hill side, rather than near the top, as at Knaresbro' and Richmond; and for a view he often chose one of those piles of 'horizontal' beds of rock which usually form the faces of precipices in the Yorkshire dales."

Here an intelligent ruddy-locked lassie of some 14 years, winsome-eyed and the picture of rose-hued health said "Good morning," and we were glad to find out that she fully appreciated the charmful character of her home surroundings. She had lived here eleven years, we were told, and would be loth to leave it. The mill has been made into cottages.

High up on the south bank of the stream here, with larches of graceful plumes of natural mourning, rests in solitary state the body of one Abraham Hilton, of Barnard Castle, who died in 1892, aged 87. His grave is here (like James Broderick's on Swale's high bank) by his own special desire; and fitly has he chosen his 'six foot of earth.' The larks lilt in the high blue, wild doves croon a lullaby in the larches, and Tees completes the requiem with its ever loquent cadences.

As pleasant as conspicuous features of this daleland are the

lime-washed walls of the farmsteads: snow white they catch the sun and reflect its brightness back on the eye-like moonstones.

Returning to Cotherstone we traverse the street again to Balder Bridge,

> "By the side of the sons of Odin
> Shalt thou fashion a tale to be told,
> In the hall of the happy Balder,
> There shall the tale grow old."

a place of delight ensconced under a wooded brae. A bowshot up-

Balder Mill.

wards on the right bank and we are at Balder Mill, a spot ideally rural and retired, about which Nature has woven her ever effective spell of loveliness. The dark old overshotmill wheel stands out (like an ear one fancies) against the gaunt grey mill wall, surrounded by the tender green of Spring foliage, ever a-listening for the song which happy and bold little Balder continuously sings with a changing note for storm-time and drought, as it 'hirples'

or trips by from "the cloudland of Stanemoor"—the cradle of Tees water.

The scene at the mill was formerly of domestic bustling simplicity. What a change here too, now! The cottages adjoining the mill are not only empty but falling to ruin, the miller has finished his life's work and gone hence; the once 'busy wheel' rests on its moss-beclogged axle deserted and draped in funereal growths of water weed, silent—a reproachful witness to the change, as it were, a sermon in wood and stone on the text "better rub than rust," whilst Nature has not only retained but enlarged her garments of beauty. Bird life, too, finds this an uninvaded sanctuary: the kingfisher shoots past on the wind like an arrow over the water, and through the arcades where tree joins tree; the white-breasted sooty plumaged water-ousel goes dip, dip, from moss-stone coign into bubbling pool after pool; other birds, like the wood-wren and blackcap warbling their sweetest lilts and trills as if in emulation of the bold brook's strain. The mill precincts make a perfect fairy dell of glistening dew-spangled emerald leafage, with turquoise forget-me-not, ruby robin campion, white-starred wood stichwort, and feathery anise kexes gleaming like gems set in enamel.

One relic of antiquarian interest, strongly significant of troublous days, still to be seen at Cotherstone is the ancient Font by the roadside near Doe Park, whereat thanks were offered by pilgrims and others for having crossed the bold waste in safety: danger lurked in the hedge backs and thickets by the lonesome waysides, so much so that "all brush-wood thereby" was periodically destroyed by the parish authorities; then all city gates were closed at "sundown." The font, too, was used as a blessed resting place for coffins on this the corpse-way to Romald's Kirk. Devout and finicking in their ways the Cotherstoners were the origin of the skitting nominy—"Cotherston, where they christen't cauves, hoppled lops and knee-banded spiders."

According to Gibson's Camden, in the 17th century there was high up the dale an eruption (not volcanic certainly, but equally awe-inspiring to who saw it), a bog burst, when the peat in its basin, swollen by accumulated water, and like dough rising in a bowl, rushed over the edge of its basin in a semi fluid flood, and carried destruction down the dale. A somewhat similar phenomenon occurred in Ireland a few years back, and another in Nidderdale has been made the climax in "The Drakestone," the powerful Yorkshire novel by Mr. Oliver Onions.

Compared with Greta-dale or Deepdale, that of Balder is of tamer character, having its fountain-head springs in the elevated Stanemoor ridges and swells of Kelton and Hunderthwaite Moor. Where the 'Black beck' joins the Balder grows, or perhaps one should write grew, a lovely wild flower, the rare Great Yellow Goat Saxifrage (*S. Hirculus*), but now (1906) a large water-works reservoir, nigh a mile long by a quarter broad, has been constructed and the exact station, just where Black beck joined the Balder, is now many feet under water.

Further up Tees, near Woden's Croft, the deadly nightshade flourishes—a survival perhaps of old monastic or Danish immigrant occupation.

The sandy-moor gathering ground of the Balder and the Deepdale stream of Lartington and Hunderthwaite moors is a home and headquarters of "Black-game"—

"The black-cock springs on whirring wings"

as the poet has it—its peat waters converging to a point a little south of Cotherstone like the fingers of a hand to the palm; and the district has been made "classic" by the Thirsk F.R.S., Gilbert Baker, the Kew Botanist, much as Scott made Thorsgill the focus of attraction for scenery after his "Rokeby" appeared. The view itself ranges from the particular and near, to the general and dimly distant; the whole gamut of loveliness being included.

Some two miles higher up Teesdale is the ancient ville of Romaldkirk, the old centre of population for the Upper part of the dale. Its ancient name was *Romaldeschere*, the termination indicative of the Saxon era, this place-name, as also perhaps those of Balder—if Odin's son was its patronym—Woden's Croft and Hunderthwaite at least significant of Long Ago. The present church is a large one, and its grey tower confers an aspect of venerable dignity to the old town it dominates and gives its name to.

Romaldkirk Village.

The Domesday Survey makes no mention of a church, merely saying the place was "waste"—a consequence of Norman ravagings. The parish is "a moorland one," and cultivation has only begun within a hundred years or so to remove the bleak aspect of the most extensive parish known, larger even than the old far-reaching one of Halifax. In area it was one-seventh of the County of Richmondshire. H. Fell Pease in his precise brochure "Yorkshire in the 12th, 13th and 14th Centuries," of 1881, distinctly avers that wide extended wastes till lately spread over the immediate vicinity of the place.

The dedication to a Saint 'Romauld' or 'Rombauld' is unique —no other sharing with it this name of some unknown good man

of old. Pease remarks that "the probability is that these extended wastes constituted the outskirts of the Saxon parish of Gilling, and as population extended itself along the valley of the Tees this wide district was severed from it, and put under the protection of a Saint then popular, now forgotten. We don't know who he was, but we know who he was not. He was not the St. Romnalde, of Celtic blood, Bishop of Dublin, and a Martyr." There was an English Saint, Rumald, born in Northumbria.

> "A wonderful child,
> For ne'er yet was Saint, except him, upon earth,
> Who made 'his profession of faith' at his birth,
> And when scarce a foot high, or six inches in girth,
> Converted his 'Ma,' and contrived to amend a
> Sad hole in the creed of his grandsire King Penda."

The foundation in post-Domesday, was due to the family of the Fitz-Hughs, whose predecessors were Bodin and Forfin ; and the circumstances of the time doubtless governed the assignment of such a wide parish to its overlook. These Fitz-Hughs also gave a barn or laithe for Divine Service, whence the lonely Laith-Kirk of the present day on the bluff overlooking the junction of Lune with Tees some few miles higher up the valley. The nave of Romald's Kirk is the oldest portion extant, and is of Henry the Third's period ; the second or Norman church following the original Saxon one, must therefore have been in its turn destroyed to make room for the present fabric.

Romaldkirk is notable as being the place which saw the beginning of a curious kind of voluntary "tithe" in the early Norman era, viz., the bequeathing before death to the church, to cheat the Devil (in the guise of executors), of a portion of the goods of living men. At first this bequest before death on the part of several men was refused by the then rector, who wished to carefully ponder their intention and make it "legal." Finally agreeing to their importunities, accepted this pre-mortal bequest, which

was, besides one of the best cattle enjoyed before (the tithe), another best and the ninth part of the goods of the giver when dead, and if no wife or heir, one-sixth. This grew to be such an abuse—inimical to heirs—that the parishioners of the Archdeaconry of Richmond refused to pay this post-mortal legacy. In 1254, before the Earl of Richmond and others, this was by suit abated, and these mortuaries being finally abolished by Henry VIII.*

The Fitz-Hughs had one of their burial places here. Ronaldkirk has a fine village "green"; in its centre is a great white willow tree, and beneath its branches is the village pump. The pump marks an ancient spring, and though the willow loves water it is not long lived as oaks are, and old inhabitant can or could recall several large willows, successors to each other, on the green. It is pleasant to muse here and trifle awhile in scenes that can gladden the eye of anyone. No part of the Tees valley is more beautifully diversified than this middle course from Cotherstone by Egliston bridge to the junction of Lune with Tees. The southern bank of Tees has a pastoral and park-like charm, with horizon limits of dim purple grey moors, and occasional scarred 'rig' lines, the river (often hidden for a space in greenery) where unshaded to be seen flashing, falchion-like, in a steely-blue curve

* But Lord Peter of Savoy, then Earl of Richmond, interposing, that strife was finally put at rest before Lord John, Dean of the Arches of St. Mary at London, and others, as is manifest from the following composition, which was submitted to by all parties—"That for the future the minister should have no share of utensils, such as ploughs, etc., or of such things as were made ready for eating or drinking, or of ready money, or of gold or silver vessels or ornaments; that he should but take one of the the best cattle; that when the deceased had a wife and children, the wife should have one-third part of the goods, the children another; and of the remaining one-third part which belonged to the deceased, one fourth part should go to the church; where there was a wife and no children, or children and no wife, the wife or children should have one-half, and the church one-fifth of the other half; and where the person died without either wife or children, a sixth part of his goods should go to the church, that is, to the rector, vicar, or curate of the parish.

Dated on the Friday next before the Feast of St. Margaret the Virgin, in the Chapter-house of St Martin the Great, London, A.D., 1254.

between sheer walls of low cliff, into which in course of ages it has bitten its way deeply and more deeply.

Looking up stream from any coign of vantage, stern Mickle-fell over Kelton fell ridge can be seen due west, more to the north and right the gap or trough in which Tees runs, with that mining outpost of men Middleton Teesdale on the Hudshope slope below the frowning Eggleston and Bollihope moors, is magnificent indeed.

Eggleston Bridge. [*John Pratt*

The river Tees is at once a wonder and a mystery. A child of the clouds, of the heather and the water-logged peat hagg, it is constantly on the rush, ever downhill over a succession of cascades and 'forces,' few of which have been christened by man, tho' the spray does it with a persistence akin to religious zeal for every one of them, great or small. All have some distinctive beauty of their own, of the child's face in tears or the rugged features of some

mad Lear. Looking from here, on this day of our visit, in the dark crevasses of the distant mountain ridges snow drifts are to be seen, sometimes at mid-summer even. Such was the aspect in 1907, the hills of higher Teesdale were capped with snow, and its white fingers streaked the slopes some way down.

The Tees, called by the Latins 'Teifa,' is born amid stillness and solitude except for the speech of Nature, the wild tempest's voice, and the roar of the foaming cataract, in the region where the foot of a traveller seldom falls. The Tees rushes forward in its early career as if chafing to escape from its mountain birthplace. How desolate the scene at the 'snout' of the cauldron, the rocky vessel over whose lip it runs from that lake-like expansion above called the "Wheal!" There, as we stand on the wooden bridge of a single plank and look down on the boiling

Looking on to the Brink of rushing waters—High Force. [*W. Wright*

throng of water, leaping and hissing in never-ending altho' varying whirling confusion, an awe takes the place of wonder in one's mind. From the wheel of ruffled waters the Tees leaps successively over and down cliffs of basaltic iron-like rock 200 feet, in all a series of 'rapids' being formed, and where over plates of limestone clear falls; when, a lower level being attained, between the wall-like precipices of Falcon 'Clints' on the Durham side and Cronkley Scars on the Yorkshire side, the course is gentler over rough moorland, *blue over* in spring with the vernal Gentian, which grows nowhere else in Yorkshire, and ruddy at a later season with the alpine Bartsia, past the old lead-pencil mill to that magnificent fall, the High Force, and there, in two streams (divorced by a huge jagged rock) is rushed over layered limestone and whin sill rock into a dub full of hidden terror—a 'hell' of boiling waters!—for who would peer into its depths. The dark blue-green pine 'planting' adorning the north bank affords a wonderful foil—indeed, *makes* the picture here. It is difficult to describe the scene, for it is, in truth, indescribable.

High Force once leapt, the Tees careers madly onwards, restrained only by the jagged up-slanted rocks which mostly make its bed one of anything but rest, until the rock walls narrow down, and at Winch Bridge we have a parallel, in a sense, to the Bolton 'Strid.' But no leap is possible, and so the river had to be spanned by a Suspension Bridge (formed of long rods and links supporting a footway) of which the present one is the second. The first was the earliest bridge of its type in Europe. It spans a gorge like trench of Whinstone rock and Tees, where it slips breathlessly through with a long drawn out sibilation like an agonised sigh, as though in sore tribulation. It so impresses many a one, though the banks are diversified in level, thicketed and wooded, and are everywhere gay with such a variety of wild flowers as is not to be matched elsewhere in Yorkshire. Winch Bridge's "wild garden," Dr. Lees

says, contains over a hundred different species, some of them both rare and beautiful; for instance, Don's downy red rose, the golden alpestral cinquefoil, the halberd-leaved penny-cress, the bottle-brush equisetum (*umbrosum*), the wild cluster-pear, and many more. Here the Tees vies in its rainbow hues and glints with the bank-flowers. We cannot but leave this north-west Richmondshire border—a region of almost heavenly beauty—with exceeding regret, for we may never return.

From Middleton, a ten mile walk south across Lunedale and athwart the moorland plateaus and swells variously known as Mickleton and Cotherstone moors, brings one to Bowes. This is a depressing and desolate region, and it stretches away on three sides over almost trackless haggs and swales of heather, whereon rise as silver-sanded grains and sikes several small rivers that fall into Tees above Barnard's Castle. A few clumps of wind bowed and scarred trees stand out silhouetted against the sky, which recalls Kingsley's lines—

"No lark could pipe in skies so chil and grey."

On our walk across this waste, inky clouds threatened to vent their anger on the earth as they flew by. Now and again a black-cock or his mate would rise almost from under our feet with a whirr and chuckle. The whaup's ominous-sounding call-note and the lapwing's mournful remonstrance, a wail and shriek combined, contributed to heighten the impression of savage solitude. A dark clump of fir trees, or the white walls of a lonely farmstead emphasised the feeling by drawing one's attention pointedly to the absence of human occupation and home associations.

The folk-lore which always gathers about such scenes as this is not wanting here, where its natural origins are. Strange sights, and stranger sounds, as of men at war in the air, invisible, are to be heard on this moorland tract; and fearsome forms of ghost or

warlock *seen*—by those with strong imaginations! Peradventure, a headless horsewoman gallops swiftly by on the wings of the wind! The story runs that the first Fitz-Barnard abducted a rival chieftain's daughter. Attempt at rescue was made, and a skirmish on this moor ensued, during which the lady's head was severed from her body by Fitz-Barnard! Hence the apparition. A fig for such old tales; useful, if at all, to pass away the time whilst 'on the road.' And here we are at Bowes.

CHAPTER III.

Bowes.

Our first glimpse is of snow ploughs in the railway sidings, suggestive of the wild gales and snow blizzards of winter and spring which sweep over this district, on a well-named Stanemoor, such as even an 'iron-horse' is not exempt from. But Bowes is a place of austere and distinct individuality, cold and bleak as its aspect imports, situated on the eastern dip of "Stanemoor's shapeless swell." If Scott has enveloped the whole region of Tees from Mickle-fell to Gainford in an aura of glory, set in a frame of natural beauty, even so has Charles Dickens in his way, by the human glorification of the incidents of everyday and school life in "Nicholas Nickleby" given Bowes and its "Do-the-Boys" Hall a fame that is world-wide.

Bowes consists of one straggling street (with rough cobbled causeways) of brown-grey stone houses, crooked and twisted, with door frames and windows awry and shivered. On the left is the church. Near it is the ruin of a strong Norman castle built of stones of the Roman camp in which it stands, and a meadow-length further is Dotheboys Hall, the house made famous for all time by Charles Dickens, in his "Nicholas Nickleby," and the last in the village, if we except one or two half-ruined shanties; and further is the long dreary range of Stainmoor, over which the winds of winter shriek and howl, and phantom sprites wail a mournful dirge, enough to make one's heart shiver with fear. Nearly at the entrance to Bowes, on the east, stands the Unicorn Inn, called into requisition during coaching days. It was in the

yard of this inn that the miserable youths for Dotheboys Hall were set down, although to disguise the exact position of the school Dickens describes it as the inn at Greta bridge. "The Unicorn" is a curious old building, in shape a quadrangle, with its capacious inn-yard open to the street. The entrance to the house from the yard is under a portico. It is a most wonderful old inn, with its maze of rooms, winding passages, dark lobbies and cellars, low beams, and ancient oak panelling, thick walls, recessed windows, half hidden cupboards, and deep window seats, with antique holes and corners, here and there, the former use of which is now forgotten. On the west side of the house is a large kitchen, now the chief room of the family, with mullioned windows, formed of diamond panes of glass, looking into an ancient garden, with its neglected boxwood borders shrivelled into patches. The large tap-room, fitted up with long-settle running into the huge recessed fire-place, shews many interesting features. It is a treat to find oneself benighted, say on a Saturday, at "The Unicorn," and to sit for an hour or two in this old room, and listen to the gossip of the natives and so become acquainted with the items of interest, manners and customs of the people, which appears like reading a page written at least sixty years ago. Behind this room, and arranged so as not to disturb the rest of the house, is a smaller one, fitted up with a bedstead of seventeenth century appearance. There some trusted servant, in old coaching days, always rested overnight, ready should a benighted traveller require necessary refreshments. In the centre of the small window looking into the inn yard, was a hinged pane of glass, to allow the passing of refreshments to those outside; and two or three generations ago quite a thriving trade was done through this little lattice during the night. Martha Railton, the heroine of the "Bowes' tragedy of love," performed the duty of attendant in this room—at least oral tradition says so. Widow

Scene in Coaching Days—("The Unicorn," Bowes). [*F. Dean.*

Railton was the mistress of this inn, in those days known as "The George." It was Martha who died of a broken heart on hearing the passing bell toll, announcing the death of her lover, and a stone at the west end of the church records her never-dying love. "The Unicorn" is now far too large for the present traffic on this road and the declining trade of Bowes. The little snug at the front of the house was the room occupied by Dickens during his stay here. The large dining-room, immediately facing the street, like most of the others, now wears a melancholy air of desertion, and ghosts of a bygone generation seem to flit before the visitor. Even my dreams during those nights I slept at "The Unicorn," were shaped with forms of a bygone people. Sudden gusts of wind moaned dismally round the house and whistled ominously within the numerous crevices of the ancient roof. The old signboard creaked and groaned dismally as it was swayed to and fro by the wind; such sounds produced dreams and phantoms of the past; scenes from "Nicholas Nickleby," "Dotheboys Hall," or anon the merry jokes and cracking of whips, the rattling of coaches, the shrill flourish of the driver's horn, the unloading of baggage, and the alighting of passengers attired in old-world costumes, the hurry and scurry to and fro of postboys and guards in livery. Such are the associations and memories of this wonderful old road-side house, with its savour of past generations clinging around it. The long range of stables, and outhouses, &c., built on two sides of the quadrangle yard prove the importance by which it was held as a hostelry of vast accommodation in coaching times. In the centre of the yard is a large pump that has witnessed very many phases of human experiences.

Pembroke College is indissolubly associated in my memory with Bowes, the reason of this is as follows: A grammar school was founded at Bowes by one William Hutchinson in 1699, when a certain sum of money was left in trust for a scholarship at Pem-

broke College, for the poor youths of the village. Unfortunately, this fund had been allowed to remain in abeyance for a number of years, the reason of which is not far to seek, the money not being sufficient for the full maintenance of the student, and the poor parents of the successful boys not being able to add to the fund out of their scanty earnings, were unable to help their children to avail themselves of the advantages the money was originally intended for; and the Master of Pembroke College having had possession without any use being made of it for such a number of years, wished to retain at least half of it for other purposes than the original trust, and on the Saturday evening during our visit, some twelve years ago, a parish meeting had been called, to consider this action of the College authorities The curate (formerly a poor Bowes lad), who had reaped the advantages of the trust and knew the benefit of a college career, occupied the chair. All the village—perhaps I should say town, for there are still to be seen the remains of the market-cross—were assembled together at that important meeting; the inn was completely deserted, there was not the faintest sound of a voice in the house or a footstep in the street, until it seemed verily like a place of the dead. At length the silence and solitude reigning around the rambling old inn grew wearisome, and I wended my way up the dark street, lit with one or two flickering oil lamps, to the meeting of the parishioners. The debate was carried on in fine argumentative style, worthy of the object and a great city. At the end there was quite a rush of thirsty orators to "The Unicorn," where the discussion was still carried on, and a son of Vulcan waxed quite eloquent on the injustice of certain people; and the night had waned into the small hours of the morning ere the landlord, who was an enthusiast on the subject, and my companions on the tramp had fully discussed the pros and cons of the ancient trust. Thus we became acquainted with and interested in the manners and customs of this historic and characteristic old town.

On the south side of the village is Bowes Church, retaining features of late Norman age—two piscinas, and two fonts, one very suggestive of Saxon work. The south transept has mural slabs, a sarcophagus, and relics of Roman and Saxon occupation. Before the restoration of the church all the high-backed family pews bore the names and addresses of the owners, as for instance: John Bousfield (a well-known local name), Christopher Craddock, Archdeacon Headland, Thomas Walker Lowfield, James Langstaff, John Bourne, James Sawyer, all names suggestive of local residents less than a century ago. A small bell turret contains two bells. The

South Doorway, Bowes Church.

south doorway is very interesting, over which is a carved stone, thirteenth century work, illustrating the Crucifixion. Immediately under the west end is a headstone, to the memory of Edwin and Emma, erected by Dr. Dinsdale in 1848. The pathetic story is well told in the ballad: Emma's mother, be it not forgotten, was the widow Railton, landlady of "The Unicorn."

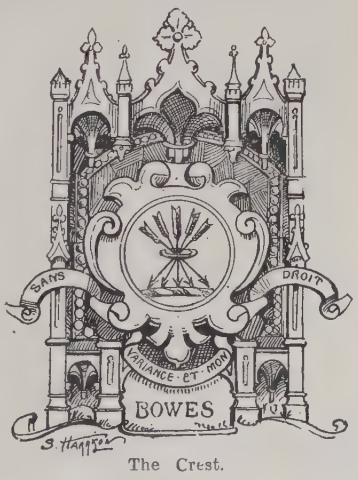
Roger Wrightson, junr., and Martha Railton,
both of Bowes,
Both in one grave.
He died in a fever,
and, upon tolling his passing-bell, she cry'd out—
"My heart is broke,"
and in a few hours expir'd purely thro' Love,
March 15, 1714-15.

Such is the brief and touching record
contained in the parish register of burials.
It has been handed down
by unvarying tradition that the grave
was at the west end of the church,
directly beneath the bells.

A few paces westward from the church are the remains of a strong Norman fortress. It was built by Alan of Brittany, Earl of Richmond. The ruined walls are of immense thickness, and stand on a height nearly a 1,000 feet above sea level. Of old the earls of Richmond were always seized both of manor and castle, levying a through toll, and they had a Gallows-tree here. Later, they enjoyed some singular privileges—"the inhabitants of Bowes were to pay six hens annually for the right of gathering 'eldin' (dry wood) in the forest of Richmond." The castle has suffered much by the corroding tooth of time, but more at the hands of men. It and the camp adjoining, have been a quarry for many a generation: the stone is easy 'to get,' and half the village and its outbuildings have been literally raised out of the castle. This strong

fortress stands within the vallum of the Roman station, Lavatræ, where the remains of an aqueduct and baths can still be traced; the Romans were in possession here over three hundred years. Between the late Roman era in England, say mid fifth century, and the Norman Conquest—nigh six hundred years—the history of Bowes is a blank, although doubtless the old Celts (Britons) held this moorland waste sturdily for centuries, only to be, step by step, dis-possessed and driven west.

The Roman station was of great strategic importance; by its position it was meant to guard the low-level 'pass' to the west, over Stanemoor, and was also in direct road connexion with every other great 'camp' in the north. The inscriptions on altars found chronicle three cohorts as having been stationed here at different times—the 4th cohort of Frisians, the 1st cohort of Thracians and a cavalry cohort of the Nettones. The camp was spacious, and naturally strong, the southern vallum on the brink of a declivity moated by the river Greta, anciently, says Camden, called the Laver. The castle, the church, and the modern village are all within the vallum of the camp. Tesseræ, pottery, and Samian ware, altars and tombs, have at various times been unearthed, and six massive gold links, which had been joined to form a torque of some Celtic prince, were found in 1850, the weight of metal being 19-ozs. 11-grs.



The Crest.

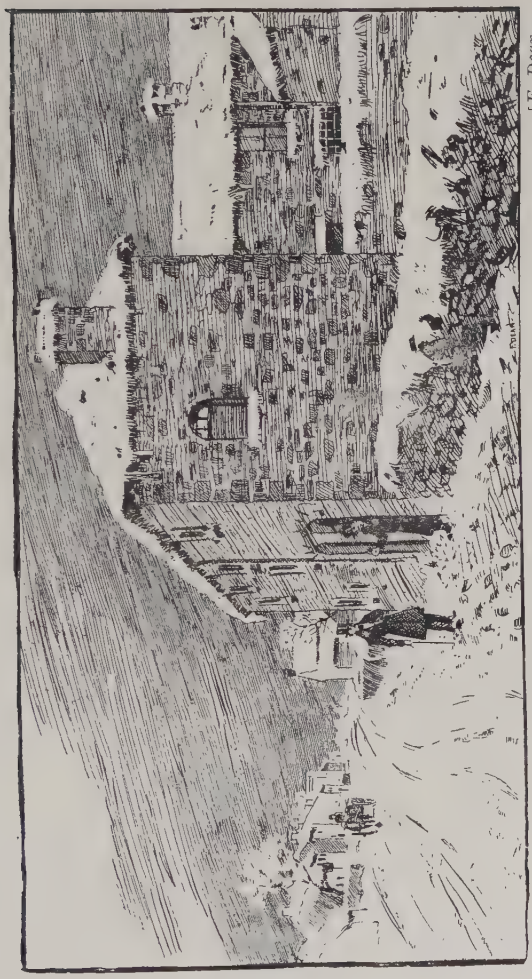
Now we are at Dotheboys Hall again—to find the place much as Dickens depicted it: a cold greystone stark house, its front

windows looking on to the ruined castle; the play-yard, outbuildings, school and dormitories at the back, and the old 'pump'—indispensable in pre water-works days– are one and all still there.

A daughter of Squcers' lived there on our former visit. The present tenants are slightly related to Mr. Shaw, the "master," but by their manners to strangers evidently resent the notoriety given to the place by Dickens. On our last visit an old lady summarily sentenced us to the outer ways for merely gazing curiously through the archway on to the—Pump! the pump whereat Smike abluted; 'shooing' us away as one might fowls from a doorstep!

At the doors of the yard Mr. Squeers met Nicholas Nickleby. The wind was howling over the moor. "Come in!" says he. "The wind blows in at the door fit to knock a man off his legs." A true remark; but the breezes of Stainmoor are invigorating. We are under the impression that Dickens, in his description of Dotheboys Hall, must have been somewhat misinformed as to the manner in which that now notorious place was then conducted, for we have it on the authority of an old pupil there, Mr. Lloyd, that the place was well conducted and the house kept extremely clean. The food was good, and the boys had as much as they could eat. There was no such thing as a Smike to be seen there, and there was less punishment than in any other school. Mr. Shaw is said to have been a very kind master, and wonderfully attentive to any pupil who was ill. There were schools in the district which would better resemble Dickens' description than the one presided over by Mr. Shaw.

It is only fifteen miles across the moor to Kirkby Stephen or Brough by winding Greta and white road. Let the tired city-man, by way of change, take our advice, and he will find how much refreshed he is for the stroll and the inhaling of the moorland breeze.



Dotheboys Hall, Bywes. [*F. Dean*

The wind was blowing furiously when we started, and an old native remarked to us that the outlook was "raither raffy." Stainmoor is a vast expanse of stunted grass and heather, dreary enough when the storm-clouds of winter sweep dark and scowling, and the winds screech and moan like evil spirits. But when the heather is purple and gold, and the sky above is blue, and light fleecy clouds trail their shadows across the sunlight, and the larks sing sweetly in the heavens, and the becks, tinged with their moorland baptism in peat, plash and trail in sinuous course onwards—the scene is then extremely beautiful.

This great military road of the Romans, and the Northmen of a later period ran, as it does to-day, unswervingly straight over Stainmoor. Near the centre of this high tableland is the boundary of the counties of Westmoreland and York, and up to the twelfth century was the dividing line between England and Scotland, and in old days was the resort of savage and lawless men, and, even down to the eighteenth century, the rendezvous of highwaymen and robbers.

God's Bridge, a natural rock which spans the Greta, is a few hundred yards to the south of the road, is an arch in the tabular limestone, sixteen feet in space, the Greta pouring its water through it to be lost, like the Nidderdale streams, in subterranean passages for a good distance. At Spittal-on-the-Moor there was formerly an inn, a place where the stage-coach changed horses, and passengers alighted for refreshments, and the scene early in the present century of a strange attempt at robbery; besides conveyance of merchandise was chiefly by the means of pack-horses, strings of 50 or even more crossed and re-crossed Stainmoor from Lancaster and Kendal, *en route* for Darlington, &c., and made this a halting place. This hostel, of coaching and pack horse days, was no doubt built on the site of an ancient house of entertainment in monkish times, presided over by some holy man, probably a

Knight Templar, who, apart from attending to the wants of the inner man, could give spiritual advice and perform other religious duties.

The Hand of Glory Faith.

Before quitting Stainmoor a word should be said about the "Hand of Glory" superstition, one to be traced back in this country and the North of England especially (although Scott in *The Antiquary* brings it forward as "foreign") to the monks who used it—the Hand—as a spell to conceal or render Treasure invisible. The "Hand of Glory" is *the hand* of a man who has been hanged in chains upon a gibbet, prepared—preserved, pickled, semi-embalmed—in the manner of a ham. The hand had to be wrapped in a cloth—part of a "winding sheet"—and squeezed of any blood in the veins, then put in an earthen pot with pickling spices and saltpetre, powdered. It must have remained a fortnight in this pickle, then exposed to the sun in "the Dog Days" (the hot weather when dogs were allowed to roam unfettered to keep them from canine madness) till completely mummified! If not hot weather oven-dry with vervain (a herb the monks introduced into England with many other plants) and bracken. A candle had next to be made with a pith-wick, the fat of the hanged man, 'virgin' wax, and mustard oil. The dried shrivelled hand had to have this candle fixed in its fingers and lighted: now the charm will work—"wherever one goes with this contrivance" (says Planey in his *Infernal Dictionary*) "those it approaches are rendered incapable of motion, as though they were dead."

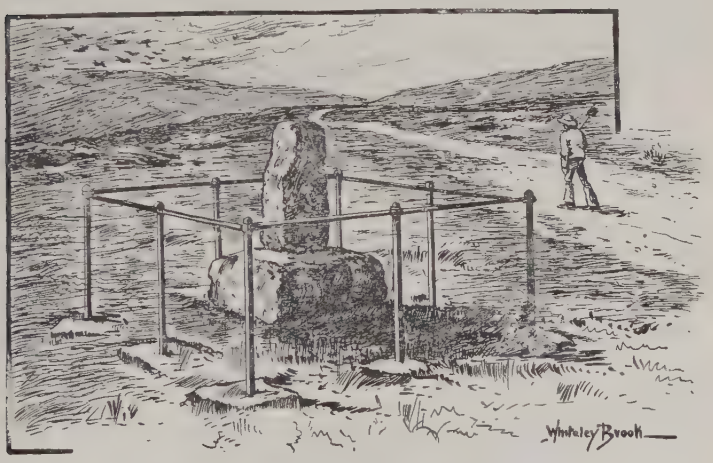
The Stainmoor variant of this horrific medium of incantation has its humorous element. About 1790 odd (date uncertain), a man dressed in woman's clothes applied at the Old Spital Inn on Bowes Moor for a night's lodgings, but having to "depart early," asked that breakfast might be put on the table and the inmates retire. All did so but a serving maid, who, lying down on the kitchen long-settle, feigned to sleep. The traveller produced a hand, fitted a candle to it, and waved them before the girl's face, saying, "Let those who sleep, sleep; those who are awake, be awake." The man, then thinking all clear, put the light on the table, and opened the inn door to whistle to his confederates in the planned robbery. The girl noiselessly following, pushed the man

outside and quickly shut and bolted the door; she then seized a bowl of skim-milk and dowsed hand and candle with it, and awoke the sleepers *without difficulty* now the light was out! The landlord's son parleyed from an upper window for them to begone, the men insisting that the hand be restored to them. The son refused, fired off a blunderbuss among them, which must (story says) have not blundered in its aim, for in the daylight stains of blood were traced on the road a considerable distance. The story has curious points—the *merit* of the hand of glory-light, be it noted, lay in the (misplaced) faith of the user, not in the thing itself; as, indeed, we may add as a tag or moral, all sorts of medicines owe to belief in them for their efficaciousness. Northumbrian and Scotch versions vary, but all agree in this particular of *personal faith* in the means used to the end, be that end a splendid or a sorry one. The superstition is world-widely spread. Southey's "Thalaba" attributes similar fetishism to thieves in Mexico! The servant-girl's daughter was living in the 'sixties, and told the story more than once to the folk-lorists of the time.

Situated on the highest range of this table-land is the Roi, or Rere Cross, as it is commonly called. It was here, after centuries of bitter warfare, that the kings of England and Scotland met to decide the boundary of the two kingdoms, and so raised this, the "Cross of Kings," on which were engraven the images of the two monarchs; and here it still stands amidst the wild waste of encircling hills has endured the howling storms and hurricanes of eight hundred years, which have long since erased the images of the founders; a relic of the old world, though shorn of its former size, it still marks an historic deed, and as we stand meditating before it we almost catch an echo of the old border warfare.

We are now on the ridge of the Pennine range, the backbone of England; and from here the scenes viewed are of the most

varied and magnificent description. Away to the west spreads the beautiful vale of the Eden, with the mountains of Lakeland rising boldly forth in the background; to the south-west we look across the nine standards Rigg, High seat, Mallerstang, and beyond looms, savage and dark, Wild Boar Fell, and to the east are the moors of North York, stretching far away between the vales of the Tees and the Swale; to the south the Sleightholme beck traverses the dark waste of Stanemoor before joining the Greta.



Stainmoor—Rere or Roi Cross.

The following is a description of Stainmoor written by Sir Daniel Fleming, over 200 years ago:—"Here beginneth to rise that high, hilly, and solitary country, exposed to wind and rain, which because it is stony is called in our native language Stanemoor; over which is a great (but no good) road, the post passing twice every week betwixt Burgh and Bowes, and coaches going often that way, though with some difficulty and hazard of overturning. All here round about is nothing but a wild desert,

unless it be the homely hostelry or inn in the midst thereof, called 'Spittle-on-Stanemoor,' for to entertain wayfaring people."

We have now reached the western confines of Richmondshire, and are near the source of the Greta, which rises by a few branch rills, coalescing on the surface of Stainmoor forest, from the northern slopes of Water Crag. "Its name," writes Phillips, "goes with the stream which springs near the old British Camp or Rey Cross" on the edge of the moor—which, with the one at Bowes, in the Roman period "held the fort," or passage, east and west. The extremes were twelve miles apart, and the way a main one between eastern and western North Britain. That the intent was to be effective as against a foe is to be inferred from the great strength of the positions at Brough and Bowes. "The line of the country," says Phillips, also "which drained by the Greta deserves attention .. being the great line of transport (in Glacial Age) of the 'erratic blocks' from the Cumberland Alps towards the eastern part of the island. . ." These blocks may be traced from their parent mountains of Shap and Carrock across Edenvale to Brough, and (forced up in ice) toward the summit of Stanemoor, on the eastern side to follow radiating lines towards Romaldkirk, Cotherston, Barnard's Castle and Brignal, at all of which places, 'dropt boulders,' all cross-hatched with ice-scratches, may be observed in the river valleys.

The Greta Valley—Stainmoor. [*J. Pratt*

CHAPTER IV.

Over the Hills from Bowes to Gunnerside.

At the foot of the Bowes street, and nearly opposite Bowes Hall, where Richard Cobden is said to have been educated (but as he presents a counterpoise to Smike, other schools here claim this distinction), is a pretty winding lane, with the holly-treed bank, which takes one to the Greta that here flows contentedly amid cultivated pastoral. The south bank's slope is crowned by Gilmansby—a village replete with the elements of natural beauty —a flashing stream, a primrosed bank, later to be gayer still with troll flowers and meadow-sweet and 'codlins and cream,' and for crown a wreath of the sylvan silver-barked lady birks and the lead-foil barked 'rowan'—for the metals have their likenesses in the forest, and who has once seen the bole of a Scot's-fir in the sun turn like a shaft of rich hued metal will fully understand he must be far from the sooty smokefall of great towns, in the pure air of the country, to witness the masque (or pageant) of the Trees' Kingdom.

The garden of Gilmonby Hall was formerly the village green "Shame!" Shall we whisper the story as told? This was filched from the poor for a 'garden' simply because, like Naboth's vine-yard, it was 'convenient.' An old man whom we met told of *his* father's cottage which formerly stood on the fringe of the green, and how bonny a scene it was when the bairnies went a-scamper across it.

Here a lane to the right (the west) leads to Tan Hill, quite seven miles away, but from whence the 'crow coal' was fetched in days when fuel hunger was more pressing than now.

Following the moor-way to Arkendale, at a fork in the track we get a fine distinctive view, shewing clearly the commanding situation of Bowes Castle and Roman Camp, the former frowning from its moorland plateau (furrowed by the Greta and other streams), much as the Rhine castles tower above and overlook the German champaign. As far as eye can discern anything clearly, is a rolling expanse of stony moor, laced by the vagrom turnings

The Greta, near Gilmonby. [*Edmund Bogg.*

of the Greta, a grey isolated homestead here and there only intensifying the impression of stony barrenness. In the east distance, a gradually rising cliff ridge runs from Gilmonby to Gilmanscar, a prominent upjut of ashen gleaming mountain-limestone, which extends for a mile or so at an altitude of 800 feet towards Brignal's wooded banks, which are visible beyond it from where we stand. From this by-road a pleasant green path leads over the moor edge to Spanham, a lonely farmhouse some three to

four miles south-east of Bowes, tenanted by a most hospitably natured family, naturally glad enough of the opportunity of speech with visitors from the busier world. The farmer, also a game-keeper, shewed us a number of preserved skins of *white* moles which abound here.

In passing, one may wonder and speculate on the reason why these albino specimens of a normally dark brown-furred burrower living mainly in the dark and with small eyes, should be so much commoner in sterile white limestone regions of the uplands than in the loamy deep-earthed lower cultivated lands. Is it something in the soil, or the semi-alpine austerity of the atmospheric conditions, such as tend to produce *white* blossoms in wild flowers naturally blue or red? The stoats and foxes of alpine lands are white, and birds like the ptarmigan, rock-grouse, buntings, and blackbirds, tend more or less to be white-feathered in winter and high latitudes. This, however, is a digression.

From Spanham across the knee-deep dull purple heather, we strike the Stang road and note a brace of 'black' game, black cock and hen, which rise with a whirr of wings; also a flock of whistling plovers, a scimetar-billed curlew, and the pretty high-voiced pee-wees that resent our invasion of their preserves with circling loops of flight and shrill protestating wails.

We are now on the dividing water-shedding ridge or line which decides whether springs and rills shall flow down into Tees or into Swale. The heights beyond Arkle beck come into view—a delicate pearly-grey in hue, due to the sun-steeped hazy atmosphere. Now over west moor, we drop down by the out-of-use lead mine there, with a large overshot aqueduct served; and then drop down into the richly wooded stretch of Arkle valley at Askeleth—water barn—where the becks are gathering together, a leash of waters, broad and swift and clear as rock crystal.

From here after refreshment at the "C.B. Inn," already mentioned, we climb over the east gable of Great Pinseat (1,914 feet), seeing, from this wild moorland height, the road in front of Calvey—a round-headed almost insular hill that forms such a fine background to Reeth when seen from the east. The road to Redmire winds across the moors from Grinton—we see it from here as on a map ; and the picture is filled in by the distant hill line, crags and wood alike, toned down into mysterious shadow washes. The nearer hills are a dull purple, green pitched where no ling lies, with gashes of rocky gullies, nature riven by storm-waters in ages long ago, or made by man in mining or quarrying.

Now again trending a little to the west we descend upon "t' aud Gang mines," four miles north east of Gunnerside : a long

A Mountain Stream.

out-of-the-way tramp, but one well worth taking since it leaves a satisfaction something akin to that of the "Village Blacksmith's completed task:

> "Something accomplished, something done,
> Has earned a night's repose."

The Swaledale Mines.

This mine lies four miles to the north-east of Gunnerside, and is called the old 'Band' or old 'Gang.' We are struck by the primitive rakish elevation of the ground. The mine galleries are below, but the surface works have a character all their own, as unlike a coal-pit with its wheel and cage and engine-house as can be. The long slim smoke-shaft or arched tunnel runs up the face of the hill. There is a very long low shed, with a thatched roof, this being the peat-house where the fuel has to be stored, since it can only be dug out—with cutting spades for the purpose—at certain seasons. The shed was built large enough to contain a whole year's supply.

This is probably one of the oldest mines in Swaledale, and has been the most profitable. Forty years ago nearly 400 were employed here, dwelling, for the most part, at Gunnerside, Healaugh and Reeth. They had thus to walk from six to ten miles daily to and from their underground labour. Three or four men do all the work required here at present! What a falling off, but such is the great change which has come over the industry in Swaledale. Aged men, not always decrepit and infirm from mine-asthma (due to candle smoke and confined air), still speak affectionately however of "t'owd Gang"—the old Gang Mine. One veteran shewed by his remarks how long and enforced communion with the wild moor slopes and familiarity with the bowels of the earth does not breed either fear or dislike, but the reverse; he said to the writer, "A'ave wrowt at t'owd Gang for sixty-three years, an' i' mah taime

t'lead wor twent-six pund a ton; an' there's bin as mooch as £60,000 profit meaade in a year bi six shareholders, and thet efter beaan wrowt for two thoosand years!" and he added vehemently, as with pride in a possession, "It's nean warked oot, nut it, ah can tell ya. Theer's plenty a' lead in t'oade maane yit." Here the old miner fell into soliloquy, muttering "Ay, it's a gran' spot is t'owd Gang—it is an' all." It was this same old fellow who was taken to London some years ago as a witness in a trial in the High Courts over "shooting rights," and to our question how he liked London and its sights, he replied, to our surprise, "Ah reckon nowt o' Lunnon. They're only pup-heads there, spanking and sparkling aboot; noo gi' me my oane natteral heather aboot t'owd Gang, an' Melbecks moor i' me oane native country, wheer ah wor born an' am well kenn'd." The genuine note sounded there, "my foot upon my native heath" as true for the York dalesman as his Caledonia for the Scot.

But, in verity, these cragg'd hill slopes of 'Yoredale' upper limestones, layered and veined with lodes and 'riders,' are an Aladdin's cave of sparkling wealth, only for the fact that the treasure runs and branches untapped or unrifled are year by year only to be 'won' at deeper and deeper points, running away with the profit through the extra labour required. Old Gang has yielded immensely in the past, and there doubtless remains incalculable store of metal were the toil of delving and cartage to the far-away railway station not so great.

When burial in woollen cloth was enforced by Law, a Warrant, now in the possession of John Barker, of Reeth, tells of one Adam Barker, of 'Level' House, near Old Gang, having infringed the Act by interring his daughter in *linen!* The Warrant, to the Overseers of the Parish of Grinton, reports:

"Whereas information has been given to me by Ralph Elliot, of Healey, that Ann Barker, daughter of Adam Barker, of Level House, near the Old

Gang, was buried in Linnen contrary to the statute—These are therefore to Will and Require you to levey upon the goods and chattels of the said Adam Barker the sum of five pounds, half whereof is to be distributed amongst the poor of the said Parish wherein the said Ann Barker dyed, and the other half to be given to Ralph Elliot the informer."

Then follows the ominous rider—"Faile not at your perill. Given under my hand and seal, May Second, in the year of our Lord God, 1692—JOHN HUTTON." There remains the evil scent of narrow-mindedness and self-interest about this "human document" of the far-away past.

Let us now track north-west some two miles, to Blakethwaite, and drop down to Gunnerside Gill by Blakethwaite mines. Behind us, north-east, is great Pin-seat, almost attaining 2,000 feet. Full west of us rises Rogan's Seat, 2,204 feet, and still more to the north Water Crag, 2,188 feet, the hill-knot of high 'wham' and morass from whence more water courses have their spring and race down, than almost any other square mile of ground in the county. It is well named Water Crag—the landmark, and the high water-mark as it were, of Northern Richmondshire 'twixt Tees and Swale. Hereabouts the gill is deeply scored with stony furrows and wrinkles, the effect of water-spates, of wild rain-sweeping tornadoes, and the driving snow storms of a thousand winters! It has desolation and ruin carved in the runes of tempest on its monument of Earth, but to day, in early Spring, it is bathed in golden light, and reveals a galaxy of colour, and outline of exquisitely beautiful curve and contour, modulated and toned to further beauty by the olive green and ruby cloak of 'sheep's-bent' and 'moss-crop,' and emerald plant growth of all sorts. Scarred still, the impression now is no longer one of unrelieved violence of forces—the beauty and the hope of renewed Youth is, for the time, on its features. The beauteous hues on the limestone rock, new life in metallic green over-running the

mildew of dead lichen are everywhere noticeable. The scar faces scintillate like mother-of-pearl in the brilliant sunlight. The changing tones, light to dark, on the veil of the sunshot haze fade off into the precious purple of the distance. The last year's brake-ferns' fans are so much rich orange or umber, and the yellow ochres of the withering rushes in the wet places of the sunny hill-slope's greens harmonise in a marvellous way with the surrounding hues of ling and rock and sky that caps each topmost and furthest line of ridge or fell-peak. It is Nature's embroidery we look upon; lace-like green lines of tracery on dull purple velvet—the ground work of the heather clad swells—the arabesque of earth. On the sky-lines of scars or brows, black-faced sheep are here and there silhouetted sharply grey against cloudless turquoise blue.

We climb still higher into the ampler air of Nature's own solitude, and note the outward signs of the hidden inner mineral wealth of these regions, as "real as those on Afric's golden strands." We have before us, in the middle of 'spoil-heaps,' the evidence that mutely tells the story of the toil and moil of centuries, the sweating brows, and the dusty tired limbs of generations of stalwart dalesmen, whose strenuous working day-light hours were passed here, below in the dark. After "life's fitful fever," tho' healthier, less fitful and simpler than Shakespeare's lines infer, they have returned to the earth, and sleep by the sounding Swale at Muker, Gunnerside, and Grinton. Forward and upward still, over alternating rises and falls of rich purple heatherbed or whammy hollow, getting momently new glimpses of wild nature, each 'picture' framed in peat-sand or ling-clad bank, a cameo in itself! And now we have passed the limestone; the crust of the earth seen in the gill-side scars, as well as the surface boulders and edges, is all of a sandstone composition, the millstone grit of geologists. The pictures and the scene is different. We reach to the great turbary or peatfield of Wham

bottom. Wham is virtually the same word as swamp, and in our north-country Saxon means a morass or peat-bog. To cross a stretch of peat deposit, intersected as it is by wide and deep trenches (eroded by water) and cut down to the silver-sand bed on which was deposited the peat, here composed of ling wire and saugh twigs, birk branches and the original forest 'hagg' which ages back indubitably covered these treeless wastes—to cross this needs some shew of agility and some athletic powers. At length, after wearisome bounds, we reach the summit of Water Crag, and from its topmost cairn, or 'man' of stones, "a great Lone Land" indeed lies in a billowy far-reaching panorama around us. Northwards, first, we gaze out over the wide peaty slack or shallow hollow of Sleightholme beck and Stanemoor forest, and in the far distance the wall-like precipices of the south to east flanks of Micklefell, rising to 2,591 feet, background the expanse. To the east our eye can trace and follow the infant windings of the Arkle beck, yet not quite an infant, for the Arkle drains a great tract by its fan-like tributary streams, down as far as the green mead islands of Eskeleth and the hill spurs about Hurst. But when the atmospheric conditions are favourable (after long rain) nearly the whole breadth of England from sea to sea comes within vision. Gilbert Baker says, "from here we look northward over a broadly undulated hollow with Kelton fell and Mickle (which means much or big) fell in the background, so wild and dreary that the passing trains look strangely out of place, and the two Spitals at the upper part of Greta dale shine out like green oases in a desert of brown moor."

On the extreme westerly end of Water Crag, looking towards Tan Hill, are a number of huge rocks, and on the very apex of the largest is a perfect basin of Nature's own fashioning, a Stoup for Holy water of the skies, untainted with any impurity of smoke, and fit for an acolyte to perform his sacred rites. It has taken

long long time to make, but was formed by the myriad gyrations of a quartz pebble (the gritstone contains a many such embedded in its structure) through the aerial torments of many a thousand storms.

The lone hostel at Tan Hill is under two miles from Water Crag. It is 1,727 feet above sea level, and the highest placed, loneliest inn in England. It stands, but for a whitewashed gable porch, plain, gaunt, grey and unlovely externally, on the road line

The Inn, Tan Hill.

of the water-parting between Tees and Swale. Many a weary and benighted traveller has hailed this eyrie haven with as profound delight and thankfulness as any harried being a sanctuary church, the glimmer, tho' of tallow dips only (or later of kerosene lamp) from the window panes of this public refuge, has been as a beacon light to many a traveller; for in days gone by, before the mines were shut up, when chapmen or Scots drovers crossed the wastes by these rough roads on foot or saddleback, the traffic and the necessity for a half-way shelter and food, for man and beast, was much greater than in these days of railway journeying and tourist peregrination.

Not a soul dwells within a radius of three miles of this inn, if we except the inhabitants of the cottage attached; it is in the parish of Bowes, distant eight miles—in fact, it is "six miles from anywhere," with a place-name appellation. Barras station is that distance, Keld (to the south) a little more. Near by is a seam of coal, the 'crow coal' of the upper limestone, and this was for long the source of fire-fuel for several miles around. The coal—of a poor shaly character, burning slowly but keeping alight long—was distributed over the hills in light carts and in bags on pack-horses. One man, Elkanah by name, in days gone by, kept a large drove of donkeys for this purpose.

From Water Crag half an hour's exertion (one can hardly call it a walk), over peat fields (crevassed snow-fields in winter) and through knee-deep ling, will take one to the summit of Rogan's Seat, of even higher altitude but not so interesting as the Crag eminence and source of so much water as to have given it its name. These two heights, arising out of a plateau of mountain earth, with Nine Standards Rigg or Ridge, and the Fell of Great Shunnor (Pagan God) lying between Swaledale head and Wensleydale, we might designate, without much inappropriateness, as the nest-hollow of the Swale, or as the cradle of the clouds that give life. At least one-tenth part of all this north-west corner of Richmondshire lies within the 'arctic zone' of meteorologists, that is as regards mean low temperature, high rainfall, and the scanty hardy character of its vegetation. The great rainfall around these catchment peaks—Water Crag and Rogan's Seat—condensing the cloud vapour into liquid rain, accounts for the source of so many of the streams which give beauty and variety to the district, voiceful as they are in ebb or flow, and in hue crystal clear or golden-amber dyed with the tincture of the heath turbaries.

The vegetation is legion as to individuals, but scant as to number of species. Square miles of ling; some bell-heather, whose

blooms are like pink wax; some cloud or knout-berry, with white bramble-like flower and orange rasp-like fruit; some yellow spire-flowered asphodel; plenty of cotton-grass and tuft-rush; and a little heather-like black crowberry: these almost exhaust the list of high moor vegetations. But of mosses and lichens there is abundance, painting and pencilling rock face and heather twig with the medals and crowns of enduring beauty in the face of elemental hardship of existence.

From the south side of Rogan's Seat we look down the furrow of Hind Hole beck into the deep cleft of Swinner-gill, a wild yet charmful scene; and across the great mountain mound of Keasdon (to be described later), the 'bar' of Swale-head, from whence we turn south-east and drop down—and it is a drop – over the buttress-side height of Gunnerside to Gunnerside village itself.

The upper Swale between Gunnerside and Keld is the most remote and isolated of Yorkshire dales. The hurry, scurry and press of town life is unknown here—and as if it could not be. No railroad drives its iron horse through or up betwixt these hill barriers that protect it from the delights and risks of modern life. Not yet disturbed or even altered has been the even tenour of the plodding dalesmen's ways. Their occupations, their customs are still in the footsteps of their forefathers. Hemmed within a narrow restricted space, no whistle or boom beyond that of the wintry blast reaches their ears; or the thunderous explosions of a storm in autumn or winter, when clouds roll up over the hills *against* the wind. This highland of Swale is yet a land without its lord, squire or county magistrate. At least not above Gunner-side. It is remote, rural, communal, not unlike those other narrow valleys, of the Swiss cantons; where the race, born simple and natural, die for the most part in the same natural state. Every man holds himself to the simpler tenets of conduct, fearing God,

speaking out the truth as they may see it, respecting the rights of others and so guarding their own, albeit holding with sturdiness that all men are equal, with their neighbours. This as in primitive times, for, be it remembered, all are descended from the sturdy yeoman of old. To-day the dalefolk answer to little more than a score patronymics, of which the Aldersons, Calverts, Clarksons, Closes, Knowles, Fawcetts, Harkers, Keartons, Metcalfs and Scotts are the principal. There has been an immigrant addition (as was to be expected) of one or two quaker families from the neighbour valleys of Eden, "the West Country," of Yore, and of Ravenstonedale—Brunskill for instance. Once a fortnight, or less often, a farmer with his wife or daughter will drive to 'the Hawes' by the 'Buttertubs' pass, or to Kirkby Stephen market to sell produce and buy in, the requisite out-world-over-sea necessaries—calico, soap, tea, or what-not.

Those who love wild and desolate scenery will find this remote land a region of strange charm, ever full of new points of interest—simple scenes and simple natures hold reserves and are not fathomed at one interview. The various centres should be visited not only in high summer, when rivers are low and stock care for themselves, but in winter or early spring when every rill is on the 'ring,' and the waters are 'out' of their beds; and again in late autumn. Winter is *later* in its onset and knipe in these deep dales than in the plains of York; the reason is, that the vast hill masses slowly give out back to the air, in November and through December to February, the immense amount of heat which they absorbed through the twenty hour's daylight of June and July: slowly warmed the hills as slowly cool, twining the wheel of the seasons at least a month backward. In winter perhaps the scene is finest to ear as well as eye. Sound and motion heighten

the effect of light and colour: the river in spate drums and roars, and the sound carries further for and through the mist. Strange shadows sweep mysteriously over this hill crest or that, threaten ominously, and yet suddenly shift away: whilst the invisible wind wails or pours forth what turns to a musical note as it finds its way through the fir trees filling the sheltered gills or glens. To the eye every crevice of a scar, every rut of a pasture becomes a thing of life, of quick-silver, and running down joins other rills till they become a musical torrent too, of importance for their brief hour; sweeping everything in the way before it that is small enough to be moved and carried away—living or dead matters not to its mighty mindless purposeless force—into its remorseless maw. So does Swale rave and roar in spate. And the Spirit of the Mountains seems to be abroad too, overlooking, directing the wild furious waste of the waters with the ban and threat of the master in brute force. It is terrible but inexpressibly grand. Such is the time to visit and fully understand the character of the valley, its magnetic moods and phases, which have left their indelible impress on the dale and the people whose lives are spent in it.

CHAPTER V.

Gunnerside.

The dissyllable of this place-name springs from the Norse 'Gunnr,' which means battle or strife, adopted as a proper name. Gunner is one of the great heroes described in the Scandinavian Sagas; and in his personality as in that of all the Norwegian heroes, we find all that courage, manliness and defiance of death can bestow upon a mortal.

The village itself, stern and weather beaten in aspect, partakes of the character and appearance of some cleveland sea village resting, or rather hanging, like a cornice of stone on to the lower tiers or frontage of the beetling fells, almost as if thrown there at random, at a point where the valley of the Swale narrows considerably, and where a beck brawls, and in storm-times leaps and rushes down a romantic gorge of stern ruggedness, fed and incited to violence by the numerous streams which issue from the south and east sides of Rogan's Seat and Water Crag, and, joining forces, is a furious rapid all the way. On the south of the village the Swale passes beneath Gunner brig, and lashes the scarp, which here rises precipitously. The bridge is a strong structure of two arches, built some dozen years ago to replace one swept away by "the great flood" of January, 1890. The rush and power of the Swale in spate is here tremendous; at times it will sweep away every obstacle, rolling ton-weight boulders as if marbles, and dumping on the land along its bank with thousands of tons weight of debris. The fall of the Swale from Keld to Richmond averages 34 feet per mile.

Yet a charming village is this—a stronghold as characteristic of the fell-land in which it is set as the old Scanian hero Gunner, whose cognomen it bears; north and west of it the huge green side or grey-brown fell slope rise like the flanks of some Titanic animal upwards and backwards to Blakethwaite and Ivelet (that means forked) beck, an upland of outlandish beauty, strangely impressive.

Gunnerside, looking West. [*Owen Bowen*

Yes! 'Gunner's-side' is characteristic, gaunt, grey, grim, hard-featured, but a place of old time that grows upon one. The grey walls, grey as the hill crags rising above them, crest after crest, tier upon tier, with green-grey slopes intervening, are set at every angle along the stream bank and higher up on terraces, or let in as it were into the upsweeping fell slopes. As yet the place

has escaped the hasty hand of the modern jerry-builder, who would plant inartistic incongruous brick buildings on the ruins of Pompeii or Babylon itself.

No! Gunnerside is as yet unaltered, unspoilt, in the primitive beauty that is all its own. The beck bridge, with the village grouped about it, is the hub or pivot of the scene, the gossip ground where the dalesfolk gather and linger makes a complete picture, and one full of light when the sunshine is upon it, as full of awful warning and threat when the skies are "of lead" with the hills, and the north-wester winds its horn of wail or requiem, or the ruder blasts of Boreas shoot sheets of hail across it. The picture is eloquent too, if one of human kind is, peradventure, in it: a shepherd home-driving his flock of 'yowes' through the street; or an old dalesman leaning heavily on his stick against the wind, after four score years experience of it, here, 'early and late,' as they say (though what would be late for him would be early enough in the towns of the busy plain) in "Owd Gang"; or, yet again, a lad of sturdy youth astride a rough-coated galloway driving cows to pasture, or a bowed figure with a can of milk strapped upon his shoulders. Such vignettes always give finish and add the touch of human interest to the scene.

Here are two inns—the "Miners' Arms" and the "King's Head," which should perhaps have been mentioned first, as it is long established, and quite a noted 'house of call' by reason of the kind-hearted landlady, Mrs. Shaw, who is an excellent hostess and caterer. Apart from the licensed premises she has other accommodation at Troutbeck House. Many notable people have stayed at the "King's Head," and Mrs. Shaw is one of the characters in Beatrice Harraden's story of *The Fowler*. In bygone times at the east end of the bridge a chain barred the way between Lodge green on the east of the stream, and Gunnerside on

the west. The local version has it, that from the fact of sportsmen passing over it of necessity, with their guns, on to the 'side' where the deer roamed, the name of Gunner's-side came into use: the north of Swale west of the village being the side of the gunners. This bit of etymology may be taken for what it is worth.

George Reynoldson, one of the "Old Gang" Miners. [*Ernest Forbes*

Among the 'originals' who now live only in the memories of the old, is Awd Deborah Metcalf, and Awd Helkanah the coal dealer, who kept donkeys (pack-beasts) to carry coal from Tan

Hill to the dale villages; and whose custom it was to blow a mighty blast on his horn to apprise the far-apart farm-folk and 'gaarders' (*gaard* is still Norse for a farm dwelling) of the villages of his approach. Another interesting 'old habitant' is George Reynoldson, now in his 83rd year, who began work at the age of ten as a miner at "T'awd Gang" mine, wherein he toiled for 63 years. George was summoned to London as a witness in regard to certain Shooting Rights—an action between the Lord of the Manor and the Broderick family, yeomen of Spring End and Summer Lodge. If we remember rightly, the trial ended in favour of the Lord of the Manor, although the Brad-rykes (Brodericks) lineage in the dale dated from, if not before, the Conquest. Another ancient witness was Jimmy Calvert, whose age was 90 years. To some question put by the judge to Reynoldson, anent shooting, he is said to have answered, "Yer honour, it isn't shutting noo-a-days, its on'y modder (murder)! When ah wer a lad, gentlemen used to shut ower points (pointer-dogs)—that's wat a' call spoort. Noo-a-days, t'gents hire men to draave birds tit guns, which is nowt at all but modder." George clearly proved a tough nut for the London barristers to crack—"no gowk, but real Swaddle." During his cross-examination he replied, hand to ear, "A's varry deaf—ye mun speak up—ah ave already said all at ah noo t' t'other side, an' ye heeard it all, an' a've nowt else to tell ye." To the writer's question, "And what did you think of London?" he made answer, "Ah reckon nowt at all aboot Lunnon—they're onny pupheeads there; it's a faane place eneaf, bud theer's sadly too mich sparkling abaat. Kristle Pallace is a faane place, an' might dea (do) well eneaf. There was lots a portraits of kings and queens" which seems to have pleased the old fellow mightily; but "the finest place on earth" to George's thinking is Melbecks Moor and T'owd Gang Mines!

Yet another figure of pathetic interest was that of Sarah (the Angel of the Inn), whose mental vision, sad to say, had become wholly impaired. A pitiful sight, indeed, giving pause to all levity from the forceful way in which it pointed the human and

The Angel of Gunnerside. [*Ernest Forbes*

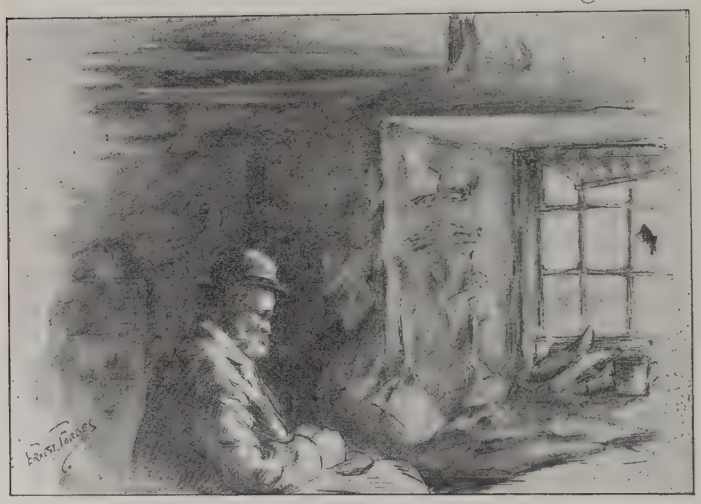
divine connexion linking body to soul. The beauteous habitation was there without its holy tenant. Her wondrously striking "raven's-wing" locks, her glossy and long black hair, her darkly liquid almost luminous eyes, without the vital spark of understanding, contrasted with a face whose skin was of ivory delicacy,

made up a picture of sweet, too sweet, docility over which one might fancy a fairy angel typifying Womanhood weeping, since naught but an infinite pity might be felt for the fair blighted bud. On our first visit—and indeed at subsequent ones—we were strangely impressed by that "vacant chair" of feminity. It was night when we entered the old inn, where the huge banked-up fire allowed deep Rembrandtish shadows to be cast by intervening furniture, and we were barely seated before our attention was rivetted by poor Sarah sitting idly, hands on lap, in meekest pose. She appeared to live in a beautiful spiritual world of which we common mortals could have no conception. Then, suddenly, yet without violence, she would seem to arouse herself from reverie, and commence weaving with her hands and a graceful curve of arms a skein of wondrous imaginary threads: such a pose and play in dumb show as not even the greatest of actors could emulate, such delicacy and grace of movement was there! The ethereal loveliness of the poor girl's face, her shining lights of eyes that yet shot forth no message beam, her intricate waving of hands, has not even yet been erased from the writer's memory, though difficult to convey in words. But our attention was suddenly taken from her wonderful shadow play of the invisible skein, and brought back to the work-a-day world by the kind voice of Esther, good woman, conveying the welcome intelligence that our "Supper was laid in the parlour" awaiting that justice being done to it which is the best compliment to pay a good meal.

Gunnerside to Keld.

Gunnerside Gill is an interesting feature of this rock-bound village. We are looking from the bridge on this bright spring morning, listening to the warble of the peat-dyed water laving the rocks and uttering its untutored chant of unfettered existence. On the west bank of the beck is the far-spreading green side,

where children dot the sunlit slope in parti-coloured skirts a-scamper with a like unfettered joy of young life. On the east bank, just up the grey walls and moss-tinted flag roofs, end to side and in divers lines; here and there a human figure to enhance the life of the picture. Further up the zig-zagged ravine we note the broad channel of the beck strewn with water-worn boulders, telling its tale of tempestuous chutes in seasons of storm; even



A Noted Cobbler. [*Ernest Forbes*

now the beck brawls and frets in chains of grooves and runnels of diverse widths. The gillsides are steep and a glorious golden green in the sunlight—bushes shew as purple patches, hollies glisten darkly, the lambs' tails of the hazel hang from their twigs a pale glistening gold, the 'palms' of the saugh bushes too, gleam yellowly, and the stems of the whitethorn are crusted with silvery grey lichens. There is infinite variety in colour form and details throughout the enamelled rocks and the grey screes laid about in

picturesque confusion: ruin-like yet beautiful. The yellow stars of the coltsfoot show among the heather, and the old-gold or rusty brown of last year's bracken; a multitudinous point of colour prick out the outlines of everything, alive or dead; whilst the air is ever full of the croon of water, the babble of infant life, the stressed chant of maturer existence. It leaves its impress on the mind, to return after many days, when the season is changed and the eyes that saw it are afar off in other scenes. Small wonder that the dalesfolk grow up loving their fastness, and think none else is like it.

We leave Gunnerside by the ancient track, north bank of the river, which leads us over the 'stray' to Muker. In this walk we traverse a perfect moorland Arcady, panoramic views all the way, unfolding and closing to reveal yet another scene of beauty at each furlong of our progress. The striking note is the magnificent upward sweep of the side, the ridgeline sharply defined against the sky, now and again a group of kine grazing or resting on the short sweet turf make pleasant vignettes of ease and contentment, giving a sympathetic touch of feeling to the broad sweep of upland. The twisting unfenced fell road is besprint with golden flower stars, crowfoot or ragwort, according to the time of year; and strings of geese, with a long-necked sentinel gander, make the air vocal with their not unpleasing gabble about the laithes and velvety wayside terraced garths; with the figure of a dalesman or a dalesgirl drawing water from the wayside well adjoining the homestead 'cote.' Such are the gleanings of memory, from more visits than one.

Looking south across the narrowing sinuous valley, we note the finely varied configuration of the hills beyond the Swale. Eastward, down the windings of the river, we see Gunnerside, in the middle distance, bathed in sunshine a burnished grey, the while a rain storm is being driven over the far-away hills, a mysterious witch-like sky warning. Deep below are the dull grey

walls and roofs of an apparently ruined hamlet, Satron, unique in its place-name, whether connected with Saturn or Sœta, it has an aspect of the drear and deserted more than all the villages of this Swale-land.

But during our musings we have reached Ivelet-gill, a beck that comes foaming, leaping and flashing down from the moors above in many a cascade of no great size but witching beauty—a live thing even where only a tinkling trickle—down to Yew-scar falls, whence it threads its way beneath overhanging thickets till near Ivelet, when rounding the shoulder of the hill it fairly flings itself in three leaps over steps of limestone rock upwards of one hundred feet down into the valley: a cooling sight to the eye upon a warm summer's day. The prospects from this north bank of upper Swaledale, from Ivelet to Muker, are both varied and satisfying. A high saddle-bridge near Ivelet bestrides the main stream. Oxenhope or Oxnop gill is of some size, it forks, and in its intricate clothing of tree and bush appears ideally picturesque. About it, the moors are scored with lighter brown lines, the bridle paths leading over to Askrigg, Grange Gill, Shaw Cote and Sedbusk, and many another group of cots and farmsteads in Wensleydale.

Three farms on the south side of the Swale opposite Muker, go by the singular name of Rash—in other parts of the country the term Rash connotes a young wood or new plantation. At one of these steadings dwelt a family named Alderson, the mother there living to a good old age: in fact her two sons had passed middle age themselves, and neither had married. When the mother died, in course of years the bachelor couple found themselves in somewhat of a dilemma as regards the domestic drudgery that usually falls to the female on a farm. The younger said to the elder, "John, thoo mun wed"—the retort being, "Nay, nay, *thoo* mun wed!" This shuttlecock sort of argument was kept up for some considerable time, but at length John the elder gave way, remark-

ing, "Ay, if ivver there wor an awkerd job, I allus get it," and so took upon his shoulders the burden of that contract the term of which is comprised in "till death do us part."

Muker from the East. [*Ernest Forbes*

But yonder west, right ahead, lies Muker, deep set in the pastureland of the dale. We cross the river by a foot-bridge opposite the south-east end of the great table-tomb-like hill of Kisdon, following a flagged footway through the mowing land of the 'car' over which Swale, and perhaps also its tributary flowing down from Thwaite, has washed in bygone ages until it had deposited the alluvial bed of rich mixed soils which to-day is a fine bay of meadow land, the summer hay and winter fodder of which

is as valuable to the present farmers as it was to the pioneers who were not slow to see the natural advantages of it for a settlement. It is probable, too, that this grand stretch of strath and car gave their settlement its appropriate name, *i.e.*, Meu-Car, the Mowing Car (*Mew*, to mow, and *Car*, a marshy flat of fat land). Muker is, or was, a small market town as well as a flourishing mining centre; but when lead became not worth the delving for, the mining population moved away, and so the place dwindled until to-day its irregular groups of dilapidated houses even, with its three inns, wears a rather depressing and forlorn appearance. One can hardly imagine any place more dismal and devoid of comfort than Muker in rainy weather. Yet a short stay here soon dissipates the first unfavourable impression, and smiling faces and kind hearts will become as apparent in "sombre Muker" as in other places. Then one can see with half an eye how the sober grey of the old place harmonises with the encircling hills, and how impressively vast and grand—as if it were some Pyramid—the huge bulk of Kisdon becomes. It might indeed be the funeral mound of some Titanic Cyclops. The best view of the town is to be obtained from the east, either from the Gunnerside road or the moor track over Oxnop as approached from Askrigg. The winding down road glistened in the foreground wet with sleet (on our last visit), and thence curving up over the antique high-backed bridge, the church appears imposing and even artistic. A nearer view dispels this idea, tho' it stands on a commanding site overlooking the beck valley, and about it the clustering grey old-world primitive townlet—one may not write village—perhaps the most compact huddle of dwellings in the dale: a motley conglomeration in stone of walls and roofs, set higgledy-piggledy yet in complete accord with the laws of picturesqueness.

A certain writer bemoans a lack of power of musical expression and feeling in the dalesfolk of this and other adjacent places.

Experience of "German bands" or their like in places abroad must have spoilt the ear of this traveller; we, at any rate, cannot honestly concur in his opinion. Every village from Reeth to Keld has its "band," the fame of whose attainments has spread far beyond the dales, though, we believe, there are those who detect nothing soul stirring in the skirl of the bagpipes. Apart from this, however, here before us is a most antiquated and primitive structure (of which we give a sketch), and over its lintel writ in large and ancient characters, so that even he who runs may read, the magical words "BAND ROOM," probably the smallest and most primitive Hall of Harmony in the kingdom.

As bearing on the notorious love of "Swardal" folk for their home fastnesses, Richard Kearton, in his fine book, "With Nature and a Camera" (page 49), tells how he knew a little girl living high up Swaledale who was compelled to accompany her parents and reside in a Lancashire spinning town. One day some of her relations sent a round of fresh butter to them wrapped up in the cool-keeping leaves of the common Dock, whose large foliage tufts grow in plenty by the stony road and beck-sides from Thwaite to Reeth. "The little girl's heart," he writes, "remained so true to the land of her birth, that she seized one of these (leaves) and cried, 'let me kiss it, mother; it has come from dear old Meucar.'"

Muker formed a part of the old far-reaching parish of Grinton, and until the 16th century the dead from the upper Swale districts had to be conveyed to and buried at the mother church. The Chapel of Ease here was built and dedicated to St. Mary, in 1580; although from frescoes discovered under many a coat of whitewash there appears to have been an earlier place of worship than the one built in 1580. In confirmation of this, there is mention at this place of one Alexander Metcalf, 'chaplain,' in 1500. At the west end of the church is a memorial tablet with an inscription—"To the Glory of God and in Memory of Sistine Washington and Margaret Metcalf, this Church was restored by their son, 1898." The interior is severely plain, and it is, perhaps, the most uninteresting fane in all Richmondshire. The God's-acre contains numerous memorials of Metcalfs, Calverts, Aldersons and Peacocks. The following record has its value as shedding light on the early history of the district, proving as well the extended lineage of most of the family names, whose successors still bear them and live in Muker and round about. It also proves how strenuously the dalesmen of four hundred years ago stood up for the right of 'free Chase':—

"In the year 1500 Sir Ralph Bygod, Knt., Lord of Swaledale forest, claimed against Galfred Metcalf of Mewcre, yeoman; Alexander Metcalf of Mewcre, chaplain; Ralph Milner of Mewcre, yeoman; John Bradryke of Mewcre; Richard, George and John Alderson of Keld, yeomen; Thomas Mawer of Thwayt, yeoman; Christopher Metcalf of Gunnersett, yeoman; Simon Huchensen of Satorne, yeoman; John Wherton of Cawnerd House, and James Milner of the same place, yeomen; for forcibly entering his free chase at Mewcre, Keld, Thwayt and Gunnersett, without his leave or license, hunting therein, and taking many beasts of chase, which they bore away, besides committing other enormities."

Truly this record shews that the 'forest laws' were not strictly observed among the yeomen of the upper Swale; and amongst the offenders is a parson and a Metcalf to boot!

Muker by Moonlight. [*Owen Bowen*

Strange to say, every name cited in the above charge by the Bigod Knight is among the most numerous in the dale to-day—all save one, that of Mawer of Thwaite. But where are the great lords, the Bigods and Whartons? Scattered about east and west, here and there—but not one single descendent of their house and name remains in the dale proper! On the other hand, the Metcalfes, Aldersons, Harkers and Hutchinsons are represented by fifty families at least.

In the nearer 'old days,' that is to say, sixty years or so back, very few of the dalespeople got beyond Richmond, Reeth, Hawes or

Kirkby Stephen throughout their lives. The writer was told by an elderly dalesman that during the long winter evenings they visited each other's houses, and,—knitted by candle or rush-light. The younger ones would likewise gather in groups about the ingle; and there would be singing, the women keeping time with their needles, but—as our informant put it—the songs were chiefly of the 'dowly' class, all about lasses pining away through unrequited affection, or over a swain who went "to the war," and (of course) *never* returned; or, peradventure, of women-folk killing their own little Barnies:—

> "She made a grave both long and deep,
> An' put them babbies in to sleep;
> She rubbed the penknife on the grass,
> But more she rubbed, bloodier it was—
> Down by yon' greenwood side in Yore."

The stories were mostly of ghosts and fairies, giants, warlocks, etc., until—as the dalesman put it—"we used to get so freetened, 'at we durstn't leuk behint us when we went hoam o' dark neets, an' if anyone by chancy knockt sharply on t'door, we were nearly flayed oot o' oor wits."

Judging from the stature of the present representatives of the old dales' families, there is no sign of racial degeneracy. For example, there is Christopher Metcalf, or "Gurt Kit"—because there are, or were, several lesser Kits—or Christopher Kit (as he is sometimes called), who is a worthy specimen of the clan. His father was known as "Kaister John Kit," an original character, apt with quaint sayings and a prodigal with snuff. Many of the older dalesmen have an alias or nickname, descriptive or satirical; such as "Matty Joan Ned"; "Cher Dode" is George Kearton, uncle of the now famous Kearton Brothers, whose pen and photo-lens have brought Wild Life on to our room tables through their natural history books; while "Neddy Dick" is Richard Alderson, the musical genius of Keld, and Thomas Metcalf is called "Dicky

Tommy"; and last but not least of a character, the old farmer moor-man living in the lonesome 'gaard' near Shunner fell's northern buttress, is known as "Moor Close Jamie."

There are three inns in Muker, none too many when the mining was a boom, but as Professor Phillips remarked in 1854, "one proper inn" would be preferable and quite sufficient to-day. Up-dale, a publican has other occupations; at Thwaite he is a blacksmith as well as a boniface, or he is a farmer, a mason, or a wheelwright. Good private lodgings, however, are to be had in Muker.

A little west, where the Keld-Thwaite and Cliff gill Buttertubs' becks meet, is a large bank of drift, shingle and sand, and upon it, backed by stately foxgloves, is a magnificent bed of the orange Monkey-flower (*Mimulus Langsdorffii* of Donn). Its history here, as an 'Alien' much more recent than the pioneer Norsemen, is singular enough. Its seeds, and the roots of it, which take hold of the soil at every point, were washed out of the cottage gardens at Thwaite, a mile higher up, Nature transplanted it here, through a great waterspout and storm-flood a few years ago. Its gaping soft orange-throated flowers, inch across, in mass made a glorious splotch of colour in the bed of the beck at this 'meeting of the waters,' contrasting finely with the green leaves of the aquatic water-loving sour-dock, eaten of children under the name of 'green-sauce,' and even given to cows to keep them quiet whilst being milked.

A little west, on the left, another beck goes leaping and flashing athwart the highway road. It has its rise in lonely and barren Cliff gill at the foot of 'Lunersett' or Lovely Seat, running between that mountain mass and the still huger buttressed fell of Great Shunner. Many lovely and cool pictures its mossed banks show, wherein wild-flowers bud and bloom unseen of all but the blue

eye of some dalegirl, or some boy a-hunt for wild birds' eggs. Laughing waterfalls entertain rainbows of their own when the sun shines through the spray, and such glimpses of natural faerie land tempt one to linger on a warm summer's day, and lave hands and forehead in delightfully crystal cool "water of life."

Thwaite is less than a mile from Muker, and which we shall visit later. We to-day cross by the footpath to the Swale, follow the windings of the river on the east and north sides of Kisdon upreared like some mighty Celtic barrow to nigh 1,700 feet. This hill is the 'Great Pyramid,' as it were, of upper Swale, dominating the dale in mute solemnity, its huge bulk having from endless ages back baulked Swale water of a direct course and compelled it to swirl and swerve round that mighty base, down a series of steps in the Yoredale limerock of the district that form a chain of fosses, grand beyond description when in spate. Kisdon is of a verity the great natural tomb of extinct life, its limestone strata being full of crushed bivalve shells and Encrinite 'lily' stems that eons ago were alive in an ocean which has ceased to be, yet their entombed remains in the rock tell the story! Kisdon is quite distinct in appearance from the surrounding hills. Sometime in the past it has been an island, the Swale forking (as shewn by the place-name Ivelet, *ivel* meaning a fork) at Keld and flowing around it in two arms. It is almost so to-day, for the Swale proper flows round its north and east base the Angram or Kisdon brook winds in shrunken proportions along its west side to south end, and only a very short brae or haugh of land close to Keld is sufficiently elevated (by the river having cut its way through a later and deeper bed) to make the circle of water incomplete. On the east bank of Swale, opposite Kisdon, the huge bastion wall of Melbecks uprises grandly as we enter this natural retreat, the very heart of the hills ringed round and enclosed in mural scar and craggy steeps. The Swale can hardly be called a river until it has made

a crescentic lap around Kisdon and been joined by the Thwaite and other brawling 'becks.' Thence, mile by mile, it grows more and more like Browning's river as it approaches 'the dark Tower' of Edgar's song in "King Lear":—

> "Low scrubby alders kneeled down over it,
> In aspect palsied, dwarf, black-catkined oaks."

Kisdon Force. [*Owen Bowen*

Between Muker and Swinnergill it flows broadly shallowed over a rock-strewn course, with many a narrow boiling cauldron or grey mare's tail like channel on one side or the other, so many natural goits or strids. The banks being low, the swath land is often inundated to the very foot of the wall of Kisdon. Every yard seems to take one further into some wild virgin land, fit haunt for hill fox, grey wolf or brown bear—so lonesome and awe-inspiring is Nature in her sterner phase here. A strange stillness

reigns, broken now and again, as the condition of the atmosphere carries or obstructs, by the voice of Swale, the plash of water somewhere falls on the ear, or hark! that is the pitiful bleat of some strayed lamb. Far away through the thin air to-day, from the heights of Kisdon comes the call of a shepherd to his collie, and its yelp, yelp in answer. It is witchingly 'fey' this gorge, this mountain-land's throat of stone that gives out such eerie sounds. We are now toiling up the most magnificent scenery of the dale, Swale foaming and leaping downwards through a deep cavernous hollow in the hills. Gaunt and forbidding is the aspect of everything save the live flashing water; a subtle sense of ghostiness and seclusion pervades this place, the lone home of corbie-crow, raven, falcon and buzzard. Down deeply gashed and cloven gills, waters surge in tangled ropes of foam. Nearing Keld the banks grow more irregular and broken by scars, the path winding up through a portion of the old Keld forest. In the sombre light of twilight we see, through gnarled and lichen-crusted stems of trees garbing the scars, the Swale—old yet ever new, the same to-day as yesterday and for ever—like some snorting war-horse with tawny mane, lashing itself into furied foam on the fang-like jaws of limestone scar as it leaps in mad career through this forest gnome land. Brushwooded fells rise steeply above the lower scar stairways, glowing to the very sky-line that backgrounds them, a sea of colour, greens, greys and russets. It is impossible to depict in words the wondrous loveliness, the dignity and stern grandeur of this length of Swale. The impression of its beauty is stamped for all time on our mind.

To reach Swinnergill from Muker we must cross the Swale by the footbridge some half mile above the village, and then proceed along the east bank under the grand bastion of Melbecks Moor, until we arrive at the mouth of the beck, and then follow up stream for a few hundred yards. It is a rough road owing to the numer-

ous boulders strewn in its channel. There are several cascades, and at the foot of one a cavern (caused maybe by volcanic action), the roofs and sides of which have the appearance of petrified or

Swinnergill Kirk. [*R. Rodwell.*

lapidary polished mud, deeply scored with indentations made by the trickle of water during countless centuries. The entrance is low, but after a dozen yards or so the rift gets more spacious, and a man can stand upright. Its length is about 50 to 60 yards. The best way to reach the cave is by way of Keld and Crackpot

Hall, and it is locally known by the name of "Swinnergill Kirk." It was used as a secret place of worship during times of persecutions for Faiths. It is most likely that ordinarily meetings for service would be held in the gill near the cave's mouth, for a single lookout posted on the hill slope above would be able to see every enemy and give warning of their approach, when the cave would doubtless be used as a hiding place until danger passed. It has also done service as a Refuge during the aggressive warfare of Celt, Saxon and Norman. The waters of Swinnergill rise on the south side of Rogan's Seat, and the stream has pretty features but the passage is too rough for it to be often followed beyond the cave. From here we make over Hall-out-pasture—a spur of Rogan's Seat overlooking Crackpot hall—which commands fine views of Kisdon and up the river to near its source, and the rich olive pasture upland through which it meanders. Cracket (cracked) Pot Hall (a pot or depression which water has worn in the lime-rock) is a lone 'Gaard' (Norse term yet for a farmstead) sited on a high shelf of the hills, the house, like an eagle's eyrie, is magnificently situated, the view on the approach to it of truly Alpine character. A hall, one time the home of the Knowles' family, it is now a farmstead in the occupation of Kit Calvert. In its place formerly stood the house of the deer-keeper for the great lords of Swaledale in its upper part. On our visit the sight of the primitive kail pot spoke forcibly of bygone days, when it was put bodily upon the stout oaken table, and everyone stood up and served himself to the savoury mess, filling his trencher by the aid of a huge leaden or wooden spoon!

We are now in the Land of Fosses, and the scene from the north side is both striking and magnificent. We glimpse the river far below over a forest-like array of trees and abrupt jagged masses of rock, swathed literally in olive and bice-hued mosses, and spangled with the silver star flowers of the leadworts (*Arenaria*

verna in spring, and *A. nodosa* in later summer) and the pert lilac candelabra-like tube flowers of the felwort (*Gentiana Amarella*) in autumn. Nature has indeed been lavish in displaying her charms here ; between this sea of colour and white limestone walls the river plunges in seething arrowy flight like a steel sword cutting in two the dale were not its voice suggestive rather of a living force filling the air with its resounding music. Spring, summer, autumn, it is always beautiful, perhaps most sternly so in winter, when huge blocks of ice, like a broken up glacier, hang pendent from the rocks on its banks and nearly close in the water in a transparent tunnel, or cave of Aladdin for sparkling points of light.

Kisdon (from *Kis*, Celtic, little, and *dun*, a detached hill) is so named only in comparison with the vastly bigger bulks of Rogan, Shunor or Nine Standards Rigg. It is of oval configuration with steeply sloping sides, not broken by gill gullies because of the limited area of its gently rounded almost plateau-like summit. It is the Table Mountain of Swaledale.

A little further west we reach East Stones Gill, draining the moorlands above from the western slopes of Rogan's Seat, and its beck falls into the Swale above Kisdon foss. In its upper reaches it has worn itself a deep bed into the moor, and is bare and treeless near its junction with the river ; it is beautifully wooded, with the arboreal flora of limestone soils, Rowan-tree scarlet cluster-berried in autumn, nut-trees, hawthorns of great age and weird aspect, ash, oak and juniper. The gill beck jumps down towards its bourne, the river, in a string of lovely cascades. Beldy hill is also on the north bank, 'howe' shaped ; it was formerly a lead-mining station. Here, crossing a bridge, we follow the picturesque path to Keld, the very name betokening water. Keld is the highest village in the dale. Builded out of the hills it naturally takes on

the same aspect. Standing high up on the south bank of the here youthful Swale, little to shield it from the fury of the elements, it appears as gaunt, bleak and bleached as the moorland scars which encompass it. No other place, not Aysgarth even, can equal it for river and hill scenery, sternly grand, sublimely beautiful, and even

The Swale and East Stonedale Beck. [*Owen Bowen*

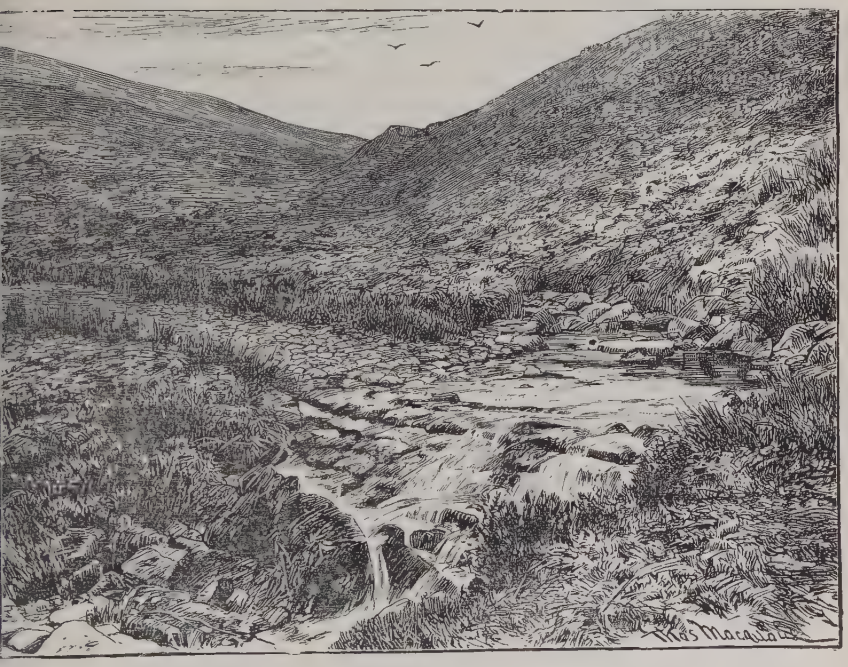
to the folk-lore lover's eye, romantic; there is the gloom of mountain form, the picturesque commingling of overhanging wood and precipices. The river at times shrunken deep down in its bed of rock is shadowily seen, mysteriously audible as of a voice from the underworld; the colour of every living and dead thing is so variable—here the misty tender scenic outlinings of a Claude, there the magnificent lowering storm effects of a Turner. Strangely beautiful is this spot when the hills are bathed in sunshine, transfigured! and dark cloud shadows, like ships, pass airily skimming

The Swale Valley, near Keld. [*Owen Bowen*

over the hills and out of sight; and to the ear there comes at intervals the distant tinkle, tinkle of a tiny waterfall, the soothing gentle plash of running water. Nor is music lacking at Keld even when the songbirds of summer have long winged their way to milder shades; and Neddy Dick has laid aside his tinkling bells and singular sounding "stones," the music of untiring Nature never ceases to vibrate on the wings of the air, from the strings of "Eolus harp." The wind wails an intermitting requiem for summer fled through the Scots' firs overhanging the precipice; and Swale adds its thunderous organ-like notes. One can be lulled to sleep by its croon in fine days, and awed in spirit by its dirge in foul weather. Many a waterfall adds an instrument to the production of the symphony, to rouse us at times to the accrescent roar and velocity of the water sprite's fury during some storm that sounds as though it were the war din of worlds.

Of the ancient history of Keld little is on record. Its name is evidence of its antiquity as a settlement, and round it are signs and vestiges shewing its early occupation, the place giving its name to a family of some estate. In 1307 there is a mention of a William de Keld, who with others were charged by the Earl of Richmond with chasing deer in the new forest and Arkengarth without his leave or license. Besides this, the "Old Keld Chapel" is mentioned by John Leland in 1540, from which it would appear to have been a conventicle pertaining to the Church of England. This chapel seems to have been a ruin late in the 17th century, and was restored in the early years of the 18th as a Calvinistic place of worship. In 1789 it was re-built for use of the Independents, and from that date up to 1837, a period of 48 years, one Edward Stillman, a man of remarkable attainments, was minister. He it was who walked all the way to London and back for "the *sole* purpose of

begging money towards building and enlarging the chapel." He succeeded in his object, coming back with the needful in his pocket, a burthen heavier than he set out with. Strange enough to say—it shews how many friends he called on upon the road—his total expenses, *o.p.*, was only Sixpence! It is verily the stern solemnity of the surroundings, the adamantine hills that rears men of Stillman stamp.



Near the Source of the River,

CHAPTER VI.

The Highlands of Richmondshire.

From Rogan's Seat to Nine Standards Rigg, and round by High Seat to Great Shunnor Fell, is a crescent-like rampart of lofty mountainous ridges, enclosing wide radiating moorland of elevated and dreary character, the birthplace of many river heads, the cloud waters of a vast area of skyland.

Coming down the south-west side of Rogan's Seat we cross the deep gully of East Stonesdale, then over Black Moor to Firth's farm, the highest in the northern watershed of Swale; and from here, looking southwards, we have a far-reaching view of this cradle land of the vasty elements. Having regaled ourselves on good milk and good bread and freshly-churned butter redolent of the sweet green blade of the limestone hill pastures the healthy hardy shorthorn fed upon—an aroma of its own, and like nothing else in creation—we say goodbye to the hospitable farmer's wife and drop into West Stonesdale, over the up-trending mountain road that leads from Swaledale up to Tan Hill, and on over Stainmoor and Sleightholm 'forest' to Bowes. This was a much more frequented highway during the reign of King Lead and his mining gangs, and when the colliery at Tan Hill was the only place in this district (except the crow-coal pit high up Cotter-end buttress of Shunnor) where any fuel for hearthfires besides peat could be obtained. At this period, before rails were laid to Bowes, Barras, Kirkby Stephen and Hawes Junction, coal from the Tan Hill pit was carted to great distances, two days often being required for a

journey there and back. Further along, our faces kept full west, and we arrive at Robert's Seat House—the outlook again impressively extensive, over dark apparently lifeless and deserted peat moors to where uprear Brownber and Coldberg 'edges' and Nine Standards Rigg in lone grandeur. A wild rugged waste, solitude entypified, its tenants at most a few lurking moor-birds

Catrigg Force, Keld. [*Cookes*

or lorn shaggy half-wild sheep. From here we toil perilously onwards knee-deep in wiry ling, scrub, or treacherous black-brown peat to the head of Raven's gill; thence over Slate Pit moss to the head waters of Whitsundale beck. It is a most fatiguing walk; the moss is full of baggs, pits and rifts or gullies like the crevasses of a glacier, their depth ten to fifteen feet, and as wide, and in some places only a stride or two of level ground separates them. And yet all this depth of peat, on examination of its layers, shews it to be the remains of dead and gone vegetation; of birch and

pine and nut tree, which no longer grow above 1,200 feet altitude. A mile's walk is as long and as exhausting as four on the level. In vain the eye roves over this sterile region for some pleasing phase of colour or natural feature of beauty. In Whitsundale, we were told, there are "several caves," one named Bryan's being very extensive, but we did not find them.

From here, still struggling onward on *terra infirma*, amid knee-high heather, after two to three miles we arrive at Nine Standards Rigg—romantically named mountain ridge—and the goal of our ambition.

The solemn silence of these 'moss' moors is strangely impressive, intruded on only by the startling alarm note "Cum bak, cum bak" of some muir-cock, or the eerie wail of a curlew's call,* or the low warning pipe of some golden plover: these, with the dunlin, dotterell and snipe all breed hereabout undisturbed year after year as they have done for centuries and centuries It is only the raven and the birds of prey, the buzzards, the peregrine and the erne (one spur of Shunnor is called after it) that have grown scarce or extinct through being shot for their sins of Nature.

These moors are best viewed in autumn, when wisps of cloud hang phantom-like here and there, and floating mists confer strange apparition resemblances to this or that outstanding feature of the wilderness of heathery upland. The contrasts to be obtained, particularly at sunset, from Nine Standards Rigg, according to the way we look, are indeed startling. For hours we have been traversing a wild houseless heath, a lone land of gloom; but the instant we set foot on the Rigg top, the summit ridge, and look west, a "Garden of Eden"—the garden of the Eden river—widens out, trending north, a real 'golden valley,' and

* The curlew's "call" in Spring is quite distinct from his "cry" in the Autumn.

withal, so beautiful, so transcendently lovely, so suggestive of peace and plenty, of smile and happiness, of good cheer in a happy land; that more than one long gaze is needed to convince one it is not all a dream, a mirage born of the barren void we have toiled through as in some "Pilgrim's Progress"; that it is a reality of earth, not an effect of enchantment or a fabled shore of the imagination.

The setting sun threw a farewell lustre on the 'Lakeland Hills'—a land of bronze-hued forms as of half-upreared mammoths —and diffused a glamourous liquid light, golden and mellow, over the lower-laid amber cornland and emerald pasture slopes of the Eden Vale. The ramparts of the far-away hills were fringed with a burnished line of fire, appearing under the mystic impact as if the frontier or some great wall barrier, marking off one fairy world from some other, their sheer front sharply silhouetted against the sky whence came the slowly diminishing flood of sunlight. Then the whole became subdued into beautiful harmony of tone by the darkling haze of evening. Deep below us, several miles away, are the twinkling points of light at Kirkby Stephen; and the sound of Sabbath bells float gently to our ears, sweetly and faintly on the thin night air, to convey, even to us on this Mount Pisgah of Eden-land, their message that the Hour of Prayer, the Cumbrian 'Angelus,' draws nigh.

Such were the contrasts—bright and dark, gold and gloom, far as the poles asunder—of the eye's guerdon for ascending Nine Standards from the east. To the south and east, a drear tenebrous forbidding desert; to the north and west, an unapproachable far-reaching scene of beauty—the garden of the (English) Eden "flowing with milk and honey." But this is only an excursion—we must keep within the bounds and marches of Swaleland and the Richmondshire border. From here, along the Rigg we follow

that border to Hollow Mill Cross, where a rude pile of stones marks the western boundary of Swaledale, and also demarks the two counties of Westmoreland and Yorkshire. Here rises the main source of the infant Swale, in its first babbling course called the Birkdale beck. The Swale proper begins from where the beck is augmented by the falling into it of the Great Sleddale stream at Lonnin' End, or a little lower by the Whitsundale water. In wet seasons, scores of nameless burns and sikes course down from the crescent slopes of the great hills around the head of Swaleland. One can scarcely adequately express the awe-inspiring solemnity when the threatening shadowy ghost of night settles silently down on this dreary expanse. The silence reigns, it oppresses the senses, it can be 'felt' almost, with, peradventure, not a single speck or spook of light to mark the presence of man. Jack-o'-Lanthorn or Will-o'-the-Wisp are said by scientists to be absent, too, on these high sterile wastes: their luring lamp of natural gas is generated of rotting swamp at lower levels. And truly many parts of this wide stretching desolation have seldom been trodden by the foot of man. At Bow Bridge habitable Swaledale begins. Hoggarth's Farm, the residence of William Kilburn (who, as his name suggests, hails from the Vale of Mowbray), is a lonely 'gaardy' standing near the mouth of Whitsundale beck. Lower down is Cautherley Scar and Hoggarth's Leap. Here is a bridge over Swale into West Stonesdale.

Returning to the Shire boundary stone, we climb High Seat, from which, too, a magnificent view opens on our gaze. Here is a spot traditionally known as Hugh Seat Morville: it was, it is said, a favourite resting place of Sir Hugh de Morville; but this high mount—a peak mounting out of a plateau—is still more famed from a pillar of stones named "Lady's Pillar," and on one of the stones the date 1664 is inscribed and the letters A. P., these being the initials of that famous woman, Lady Annie Clifford,

Countess of Pembroke, Dorset and Montgomery, who would not be bullied either by kings or usurpers. As Lady of the Manor, looking after her rights, she in person "rode the bounds" in the above year. The look out up the Eden valley is so fine as to beggar description: we have said enough—it must be seen to be realised, and once viewed, is never forgotten. We are now very near the source of four rivers: the Eden, the Yore, the Cotter and the Swale. Within a mile or so the land begins in parts, shallow channels in or on the silver sand at the base of the peat, to fall at least in three directions, the primary trickles of the rivers following these, one only (the Eden) to take eventually a course due north Near the south-east end of High Seat it begins to shape as if bound for the Humber, like its collateral Yore, but after its imprisoned race boiling with rage through the cavernous and crevassed Hell Gill, it bends away north more contentedly, to find its lullaby on the lap of the Solway shore.

From the south end of High Seat we must cross a great swampy hollow—the birth-lap of two rivers—to get upon Great Shunnor Fell. What shall we say of this huge mountain mass, with a Norse-god's name; with buttresses like the spokes of a wheel? It is the hub or nave of the surrounding highland for miles, and the belvedere from its summit is worth the arduous labour of ascent. It is not soon forgotten. No great masses stand in the line of sight to block out Ingleboro and Whernside. As a dalesman remarked, "you may see all t' world from top a Shunner." From here, outlooking every point of the compass alike, one learns the significance of the physique, the making of the frame of York. The whole slough of despond, peat hagg and barren waste comes under survey. East we can see the windings of the Thwaite beck, the precipices of the riven Cliff gill on the west slope of Lunersett, and in perspective the jutting rounding falls of the fells right away down Swaledale to Marske. But apart from the drear and

the forbidding, in this upland world within the Arctic Zone (as regards its vegetation) there is a brighter and more interesting phase, by those who have eyes to see, explained in the following vignette, by Dr. F. Arnold Lees:

Swalehead Pictures of the Season.

"In late autumn when the fire-flower of Stonesdale—the rosy purple crag-willowherb—or the Tyrian-dye ling of Sleddale is only a memory, there is still no lack of colour on dead rock over these ample Swale-head mosses, with their ambient clouds ever bending over them, and asperging them with the christening water of life. The fountain moss or the bog-moss spring here, spread there, patch-work quilt fashion, in emerald or bice green, primrose, orange or bright sienna-brown; the cotton-grass stems in serried thousands glow where the sun-gleam finds them in a hue betwixt wine-red and madder-purple; and viewed close to, distinct gouts of blood—due to a spot lichen—speckle this face or that of the iron-grey spar-spangled gritrock, in between the green and black-lined maps made by another crust-moss—the Lecidea geographica. Other hues lies like skeins of coloured silk where the leashed rills plait their way down stony moor slopes in steep miniature channels, meeting and parting in an embroidery of water, ever spurting and sparkling downwards with the trick of mother-rain, to coalesce below the obstructing stones, themselves shagged with olive seaweed-like moss or ruddied by some liverwort endued by avid thirst with the chemic dyes of rusty rock or corrosive thunder-water from off the peat; and every flashing force, winter and summer alike, is an example of green and silver foil, crystal amber transparency or opaque umber and sepia tints.

The 'familiar fleeting amethyst' of the besom-ling—'Kid' in local speech—is braced or knotted with the pale rosy waxen blooms of the cross-leaved Bell-heather, or the fuller magenta-purple of the Grey-heath: each one, and all answering transitory messages of brightness from gulfs of cloud-toss'd sky "with a radiant flower-light" which actually seems a replying smile of thanks; at any rate it intensifies by flash of contrast the golden-orange or yolk-yellow of the autumn-blossoming French furze, and the bloomy blue-green of the juniper-whin's needle leaves! Both furze and juniper are a common feature of the Swale-head slopes and pot-holes, and both of different tint are evergreen."

Descending the north east buttress of Great Shunnor, follow-

ing the downdrop of Thwaite beck—quite a two miles tramp—we reach a lonely 'gaard' or homestead—Moor Close, the only dwelling on this side between Thwaite and Mallerstang. It is the lone home of Jamie Calvert, a typical old dalesman, a jovial bluff broad-

Moor-Close Jamie. [*Ernest Forbes*

shouldered, weather-beaten 'Swardalite.' According dale ways he is known best by the cognomen of 'Moor Close Jamie'—his father was 'Moor-Close Geordie.' Here in this set-apart tenement, son has succeeded father for at least a dozen generations, over 300 years! Jamie is very apt with his tongue, curt humorous tags of speech such as "Well knawn? Well, ah'm varry weel kennt i' Swardal." A tourist once enquired of him the depth of the 'Buttertubs,' "Wha, noo," replied Jamie, "ah knaw theer's yan (one) wi'out any bottom, and theer's another yan deeper still."

Jamie says that when he was a lad folks were only half-civilized —"Wha noo, ah remember theer was yan Jack Mecca, he used allus to forget Sunday. He wor yance leading peat i' Cotterdal, an' he nivver knew at it wor't Sunday 'til he threw't hoss and cart ovver twice!"

He could tell his tale of awful storms, when the moors lay covered to the height of the field wall tops for ten weeks; and of one Henry Wastell who was lost in a storm of snow, and was only found three weeks later—dead, of course—at Tailbrigg, standing bolt upright in the peat hagg! He also related the fate of Edward Cleasby, of Muker, who was beguiled or bewitched by some "water kelpie," and never more heard of! Jamie fancies that "theer's a muckle of brass hid up at t' top a Swardal. When ah wer a lad, foaks didn't put ther brass (money) i't banks! Noo, theer wer aude Jock Duke—he hed lots o' brass, an' when he deed, suddent, theer wor nivver ony clue to what becam on it." From this, and other inferences sprung from his own knowledge, Jamie is sure there is "a vast o' wealth hidden somewheer i' Sleddale or Nine Standard Rigg." We were also told how his grandfather remembered seeing deer feeding on Shunnor and Stags Fell, although as to this latter place-name in Wensleydale a 'stag' is a young male horse, or even a cockerel. He himself recalls paying eight shillings over and above his rent—a provision against "staggs" or any

stock straying out of their rightful bounds and on to Moor-close side, a custom of very ancient date. Among his other heirlooms is an old cabinet, dated 1679, which has been in the family since that date at least.

Another droll and typical Swardaler is Richard Alderson Scott, of Park House. Instead of going the direct path to Thwaite we cross the moor to Keld, and thence follow the beautifully winding road with the great mount of Kisdon on our left (east) the whole way. The only inn in upper Swaledale above Muker and Thwaite is the "Cat-hole," by the wayside near Keld, but in a more prominent position than the village. Its name, whether originally 'Hole' or 'Hold' is curious, and is not unlikely to have originated from the spot having been the lair or lurking place of the now nearly extinct wild (yellowish) cat. The north end of Kisdon (a limestone hill with many cavelets and fissures in the basement rock), and its forest crags were formerly a resort of many of the smaller wild animals of North Britain, bones of fox, lynx, hyæna, and even bear having been found in many parts of North and West Yorkshire. The inn house is only small, and not well adapted for "accommodation for man and beast."

Here, by the "Cat hole," we met Thomas Metcalfe, whose alias was "Dicky Tommy," who declared to us he was bred and born at Keld. Pointing his hand to where the mist hung over the hollow where lies the hamlet, said he, "Ah've lived awl ma life doon amang yon mist!" Dicky Tommy it was who told us of Cherry Kearton, the gamekeeper, who acted also as a local preacher, and had "ta'en it awl up, awl in his oan head, for eh cuddn't read a letter in a beake (book) te saave his oan loife." Kearton invariably took for his text the passage about Zaccheus in the Sycamore Tree, and his opening words were always "Come doon, Zacchy." By way of a change he sometimes preached about the Shipwreck of Saint Paul. "Cherry," said Metcalfe, "didn't

reckon to be a gert praicher, but he was a man of gert faith, an' he could allus keep't foaks wakken."

Between the "Cat-hole" and Greeness the old pack-horse track, or "Corpse-way," from Keld and Upper Swaledale passed over the summit of Mount Kisdon, and dropped down its eastern slope and crossed the Swale water half a mile or so north of Muker, kept along the moorland terrace high above the river and to north of it, and so on by Gunnerside to Barf-end, Low Row, Reeth, to its goal at Grinton. By those who know the district this ancient *via morti*, the green way of the Dead, can still be followed. Imagination pictures the many sad processions in "thunder, lightening, snow, and in rain," this ancient way has seen—the difficulties to be overcome, the weary pace in the short days of snow, a very nightmare of the Last Rites, to decently put away their beloved dead at the bidding of Faith! But, properly to understand the old route, the reader will have to forget the present good road to Richmond, which runs mostly along the south bank of the Swale. In the old days, before Macadam, there was no such road, so the old path and only one kept to the edge of the moor, along the limestone terrace as already indicated. The ancient trackway has been the witness of scenes both of joy and sorrow and hope—it was the wedding-party route, the christening route and the funeral route for all places west of Kisdon, a distance from Grinton's Mother Church of between twelve and sixteen miles. Sometimes as many as ten or a dozen couples on horse-back, others afoot on "shanks' galloway" would follow the caval-cade to Grinton—how different a scene to that when in after years, silently instead of with laughter and gay speech, the same bodies, their life's labour over, were carried down for the last time to Grinton by their kith and kin. The corpse was borne on men's shoulders along this highway of the dead all the way to Grinton previous to interments being made possible at Muker, not in a

wooden coffin but swathed in linen winding sheets, and enclosed in long wicker baskets laid upon a bier or carrier. It needs no violent stretch of fancy to look back through the years and years that have altered the manners and customs of the dale so much in some respects, and see the Funeral procession—a thin black line against the white carpeted ground, winding its way, sinuous-like, creeping with many a pause and twist up the slope and over the lonely Pisgah tableland of Mount Kisdon, and then down to the Swale and once more the upward toil to gain the terrace of Ivelet-side, and on over lonesome stony forest or heath land! A relay of bearers was absolutely necessary; at intervals there were stone seats or resting places along the route to place the trestle or carrier upon. A halt was invariably made opposite the "Punch Bowl" at Feetham, where spiced hot ale and cakes and biscuits were served out to the bearers. From Feetham, refreshed in body if not in heart, the cortege toiled on with the body up Peat Gate and through Kearton, past Park Hall and John o' Gaunts to Reeth. Here, if not perhaps before, many of the villagers and the "unbidden" would join the double file of mourners, and "with sad steps and slow" to the chanting of a dirge, forward to the church, the "Mother Church" to which all her children come back soon or late, and from the tower of which

> "The bell of death beat slow—
> It paused now, and now with rising knell
> Flung to the hollow gale its sullen sound."

Here the Swales, the Peacocks, the Aldersons, Metcalfes, Calverts, Keartons, and many another old dale family are laid at rest, hard by the river-way of their homeland; and over their graves, when stress of weather brings the moorbirds down from the heaths and fells, grousecock will 'beck' and curlew wail an accompaniment to the dirge of the Swale. But enough of sorrow—there are brighter scenes; it is not always winter and death. Every rood of the way from Keld to Thwaite the tortuous road runs up and

down by the tiny hamlets of Thorns, Aigill, and Angram, farm nests one might call them, along the western brow above the beck, and a series of vignettes of natural scenes give charm to each new turn. Rustic cots have antique porches, and both thorn and rowan trees overhang the bank here, or a grey green chequered mossy wall there, each feature full of unexpected colour and lines of beauty. Let us attempt (it may be futilely) a scene viewed at nightfall on this very road.

Lane Scene, near Keld. [*Owen Bowen*

A Swale Head Vignette.

A moor-man passes us, habilimented in the primitive rusticity of the higher dale, plain rough-legginged garb. His face is seamed, stained and toil-worn through the buffeting of many a pitiless blast of winter. The frost of garnered years tells that he has over-run the three score and ten of the

psalmist. He leads a white fell galloway by the halter, and across its back are balanced two great trusses of hay.

In the background, looming shadowly, is a low cosily-nooked 'gaard,' from a window of which a faint gleam of mellow light spreads and makes, with indescribable witchery of Rembrandtish colour over man and beast. Behind and beyond, on the fell side, a shadowy tree raises its skeleton arms, bleached and spectre-like, a nature-made gibbet against the leaden sky space of cloud. Over the crest of a further-away hill, faintly penetrating the cloud-mist of evening is visible the last glimpse of the fading opalescent light of the now set Orb. Such a picture is too delicate to be painted or described as the writer saw it, but it can be felt. The solemnity and the impression it made holds sway for long in one's memory.

Such is one of many scenes that possess us as we saunter on through grey old Angram. Striding its hill buttress we soon come in sight of Thwaite, and from the brow of the last hill we can hear distinctly the ring-ring, clang, ring! of the blacksmith's hammer at the smithy by the brig and inn (which he keeps), but there is no "spreading chestnut tree" shading his "smiddy" here. In other respects David Calvert is a wholesome example of the village Smith—long may their race last! A broad-chested, strong and clear-eyed man is he, with large and powerful arms, blacksmith and publican to boot, being also the landlord of the "Joiners' Arms." Here both beast and man can be fed and the horse shod after a trying or prolonged tramp over the hills from Hawes or Kirkby Stephen. This inn will be found "a home from home" truly, a place to leave with regret, and come again to, with expectations that will not be disappointed, after many days, so long as the present home-rule prevails there at the motherly hands of Mrs. Calvert and her daughter.

Thwaite, grey and sombre, with the beauty of age and decay over it, rugged but a little ruined, as some old dame's face grows, rests snugly in the lap of the surrounding 'eternal hills,' was named by the Northmen settling here a thousand years back, when they cleared the place of its wood and made it one of their settlements. Century

after century, even to this day, their descendents have found their living here, reared families as doughty as themselves, housed and fed their cattle and braved the inclemencies of this wild uplandish place. At times the raging elements have nearly succeeded in ravaging and razing Thwaite to the ground, carrying much bodily away. This was the case half a dozen years ago, when a terrific thunderstorm and cloud-burst swept down from Shunnor, and every evil spirit of earth and sky seemed to have been let loose: as one dalesman put it, "It cam i' twa gert pushes." One, Broderick of Hawes, with a keen eye for natural phenomena, observed on the morning of this great flood, which nearly destroyed Hardraw and Thwaite, what possibly gives the clue to the cause of this dreadful tempest. There was an ominous silence before the furies of the air were let loose, and then the triple storm began. There were *three tiers* of discharging thunder-clouds, one above the other, moving slowly northwards over the heights between Simonstone and Thwaite; had the awful bombardment of the land *lastedfive minutes* longer both places would have been doomed —wiped off the map! As it was, great numbers of cattle and sheep were lost, houses, laithes, walls innumerable were thrown down, and a vast amount of property swept away. David Calvert lost nearly all his stock of carts and implements, and only escaped drowning by what seemed a miracle. The dwellings of Thwaite were flooded several feet, and the little sheltered vegetable and flower gardens of the place were wrecked, despoiled of all they held, roots and seed being carried away from the plots here to beautify nooks and corners next year at lower levels!

The interior of the "Joiners' Arms" is very clean and inviting, with its large warmth-dealing fireplace, its long-settle back to the door, its grandfather's clock, delf-rack, dresser, and other house furnishings of olden time. Everything here gives an air of comfort and welcome to the place. But the brightest adornment in

this household is the willing, kindly mannered domesticated maiden—Swardal's "Mary the Maid of the Inn"—who, with an inbred natural courtesy, seconds her mother's efforts to make visitors feel as if they were indeed expected and welcome guests.

Stone axes and flint implements of warfare have been discovered at Thwaite, and resting on the garden wall of the inn is an ancient stone quern, or early British hand-mill for grinding grain; this goes with other finds far to prove the antiquity of the place.

Interior of the Clogger's Dwelling. [*Ernest Forbes*

One house in this place—or, shall we say shed?—has a sort of loft or linhey about six feet square for its bedchamber, and the lower apartment is only about eight feet by six. This was tenanted for many years by a man and his wife. He was by trade a clogger; and his must have been the smallest 'house and shop' in existence. We give a sketch of the place.

At Thwaite live several fine stalwart dalesmen. For example, here, round the corner buffeted by the wind which never blows half heartedly here, comes George Kearton, better known as "Cher Dode." He stands over six feet, and is a fine speciman of the dale's product in bone, brawn and big heart. Viewed with his rough blanket worn shawl-wise round his shoulders, floating like a streamer out behind, as he passes us with heavy swinging stride, we think what a grand figure! Surely this dale eclipses all others of York in upkeeping the standard of the race.

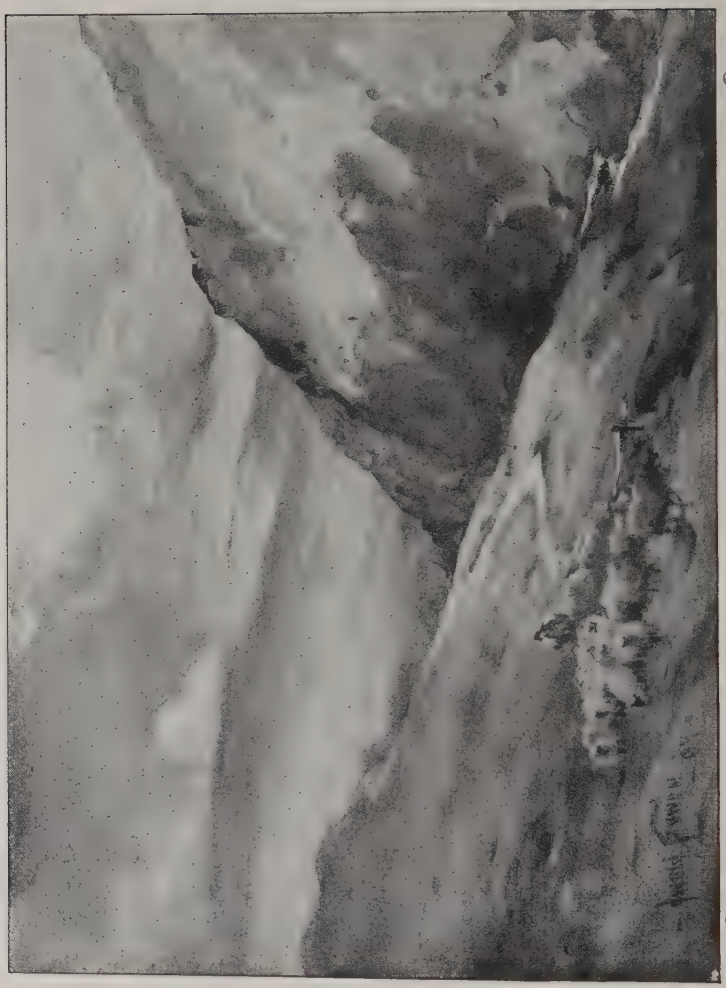
It was here, too, at Thwaite we first met "Moor-Close Jamie"; and the man who wed his 'dowter,' "Jack o't Hill-Top." But really we must say Adieu—not, we trust, a farewell for ever but a good-by for the time—to Thwaite and Swaledale, tackling, with more than one backward look, the sinuous stony hill road running between Great Shunner on the west and Lovely Seat on the east, best known over all this part of Richmondshire as the Buttertubs Pass. To this road with its natural curiosities our next chapter must be devoted.

CHAPTER VII.

Upper Wensleydale.

Buttertubs Pass is the westernmost way of communication for hoofed traffic between Swaledale and Wensleydale. The stony unfenced road runs in a rough crescent between the brow above Thwaite where a gate across the road gives access to the open moorland Swales, and we only meet with another gate when dipping down to Simonstone; its general direction is south between Lovely Seat with its Wensleydale scarp of Stags Fell (2,213 feet) and Great Shunnor Fell (2,346 feet) on the western side, but separated from the road by a deep bare gill, the upper end of which ends in a cul-de-sac of Screes.

Between Thwaite and Simonstone Cottages above Hardraw, there is not a single human habitation. The first two miles out of Thwaite is tiresome uphill work, but the growing magnificence of the scenery on looking back more than compensates for the toil, and can scarcely be rivalled in England. But woe to those who are caught in a storm crossing the pass, since there is not the slightest fend against the fury of the gale, or stinging arrows of relentless sleet or rain. Not even a shed to shelter in or bush to break the fury of the discharge. The writer has crossed under varying atmospheric conditions at all seasons; once with a companion during a raging snowstorm neither are likely to forget. The road hollows were filled two to three feet deep in shrouds of white, and all around a wild white wilderness of hills hardly distinguishable from the sky, full of blinding particles of ice-shot



The Buttertubs Pass. [*Owen Bowen*

snow charging like millions of needles as it were into our faces, making our devious progress over the arctic waste alarmingly slow. Nevertheless, we were recompensed for the bitter experience of this journey, but of this later. After crossing the bridge at Thwaite we soon bend to the right and follow the track here as yet stonewalled to left and right, leading through the passway of the hills at its lowest point (some 1,600 feet) between the peaking masses on either hand. After the fences are left the road rises and falls, curves to one side or another through the pass, along a sort of irregular terrace without any protection.

On either hand the huge hill masses, from their bulk alone, are silently impressive, their grandeur as they lie couchant as it were some huge animals turned to stone, or some vast mounds covering such, is beyond depiction in words. Looking back, we see the grand stone tomb of Kisdon, impassively dividing Swaledale head into two parts; whilst down below a beck can be heard plunging with an angry swish down the ravine or canyon of Cliff Gill to join the Swale. Above, on the east, is the pyramidal heights of Lovely Seat, better known on its south facing and precipitous slope as Stag's Fell. A sentinel of Nature, it stands guarding the way we are passing on, and pack-clouds drifting or skimming billow-like over these heights or headlands of earth giving space and bulk to the scene, dissipating or parting to gather again as some obstruction is passed. Far, far away, down the Swale valley—a skiff-like channel, long and narrow—lies a diffused canopy of sunshot mist, with detaching wisplike portions conveying to the eye the effect of smoke flooding and trailing along the green-purple stripe of the dale!

Before attaining the summit of the pass we reach the 'Buttertubs' themselves—situate in surroundings that are as weird and fantastic as a landscape of Gustave Dorè's—this cliff in silhouette looking like a distorted un-human face.

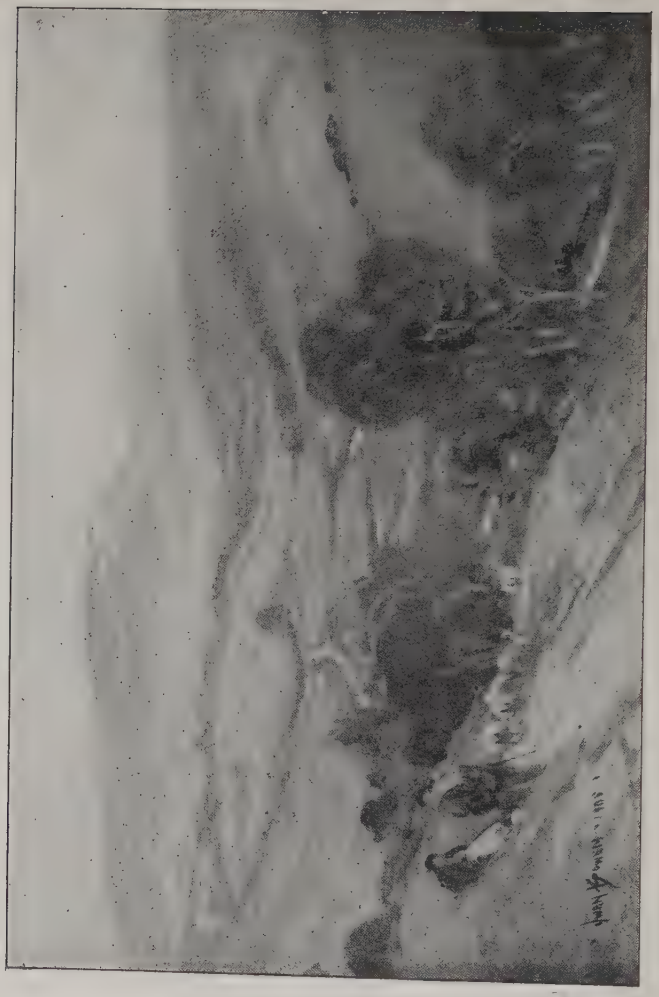
The "tubs" themselves are fractured more or less circular chasms in the limestone, and give the pass its name as well as intimate its chief peril to those who ride, drive or walk its tortuous way in the dark; cool and cavernous, twilit at mid-day are these deep pits or "pots," appearing to be gouged out of the rock by some gigantic elemental force: a giant's work in old days the fanciful would have said, though we know it to have been *water*

The Buttertubs. [*R. Rodwell.*

merely! Still, water solving and transferring is the greatest and commonest Force Nature knows (except the force of heat and cold, which raised the mountains); and water has worn through uncountable centuries these pits until their sides resemble clusters of shafts and capitals of columns of white sparry stone, not unlike the pillars of a Gothic Cathedral. The hoar channelled flutings of these pit-shafts are moist with retentive moss, and give a root-hold for a great variety of vegetation, from the ginny scented juniper bush to the wild raspberry cane, the golden-rod with its

molten crown of flower, and the peculiar *butterwort*, a herb with a tuft of sickle-curved light green greasy leaves, out of which, on a stalk of two or three inches, springs a violet purple-spurred flower, not unlike a small snapdragon or an orchis. Bird-cherry 'trees' —mere bushes here—festoon the sides of the 'tubs,' with rowans, goat saughs, and plants of the wild rose. At the bottom of the largest shaft is a cool bed of ferny green—a couch fit for an Undine or water-fairy, aye, and a fairy's boudoir also. A shining 'liverwort' spreads its grey sheet over the rock face and other plants which only a botanist can name, decorate the grooved and ledged walls of these tubs. A rill of water trickles and plashes fairy-fountain like into one 'pot' and passes out of sight into the bowels of the earth—to explore recesses and hidden chambers—who knows? man's eyes have never seen! According to the 'lie' of the limestone strata, the water from these pits may communicate with vast untrodden chambers away beneath Stag's Fell. Sheep occasionally slip and fall into these "pots," but there is no record of that having been the fate of a human being, although the pass-road runs a course between the five tubs, two on the east cliff gill side, and the three on the north-west. Christopher Metcalf, alias "Gurt Kit," when a boy was often let down to get out the fallen sheep, but he would allow none but his father to handle the rope. But of accidents, there are none to tell. Many a dalesman, "a wee bit drunkit," has driven or ridden his horse recklessly through the pass—the latter, let us suppose—possessed some "sight o' sense" which was for the time denied to his master.

But we must proceed. Another mile's climb, the solemn whistle of the whaup in our ears ever, brings us to the summit of this Pass, and instantly the five finger-forked head of Wensleydale comes into view. It was on our emergence from this gate of the pass, in the teeth of the deaving snowstorm mentioned a page or two back, that a Vision opened out the like of which our eyes may



Peep into Wensleydale, from Simonstone Moor. [*Owen Bowen.*

never be favoured with again—a peep into the plains of Eden from the lovely hills of an arctic land! Behind us, about us, an Iceland clad in snow; to the south, looking down on Hawes, the contrast magically startling—the Yore and its banking lands, and the far-off roofs of Hawes glistening with an iridescence as of silver and copper ores under the magical rays of the sun, which appeared as though these were concentrated on the distant dale only. Surely that was not Wensleydale—Hawes town—we saw! Rather a dream-town on an enchanted shore, a glittering thing of fancy, not of fact! an imaginary mirage, not a scene from real life!

But the view ended not here—there was the frame of the picture: away to the west it was impossible to descry where snow-capped summits stopped—where cloud or sky began—the two were blended into one harmonious whole, a thing quite indescribably marvellous!

A Summer Scene.

Yonder, below the indefined horizon line is the oblique narrow cleft of main Yoredale; beyond the forking-off of Widdale flanked by Ten End Fell, which is abrupt and looks as if some glacier or giant force had cut it off short, with the distant ridge rise of Dodd Fell lying back over against Cam, where the Ribble rises. This depression which followed leads by Birk Rigg to Lunds, backed in the far west by Wild Boar Fell, is visible to our eyes from up here; with a glimpse of the hump of Penyghent, and on a clear day the water of Morecambe Bay through a gap in the skyline ridges over Mossdale. Dod Fell looks like the back of a 'leviathan.' Whernside shows out too as a long grey purple line, higher than Ingleborough, although not seeming so because further away.

But we have not exhausted the radiant and radiating points of the prospect as seen from the apex point of the Buttertubs pass. Due west, to our right, the lean down-bearing thigh and calf of Erne shews us there is another dale (Cotter beyond), and beyond that the higher buttressed bulk of High Seat. But Inglebro', as its name shews forth—the brow whereon in the red days of warfare, men kept watch by lighted fires—is the most striking because most definitely isolated mountain bulk of all: the rock citadel of Nature, as it were, dominating the whole of this highland of Richmondshire. Over Hawes is the couchant lion-like bulk of Weather Fell, the lion's head to the west, and its tail the Knot of Buttersett. Hawes town sits on its own natural 'haugh,' a strip of homesteads straggling along a raised terrace, in its turn dominated again at its eastern end by the unusual square grey battlemented church tower with a single finial at one corner.

Such is the view which this high water-shed line has to show and suggest to us: a wildly grand scene whether the wind shivers along the bents of the moorland pass– and through us—and huge masses of cumulus cloud, like floating islands of ghostly consistency and shape. But they turn our attention from the underfoot road, which grows steeper suddenly and zig-zags down by the stony spoil heaps of worked-out flag quarries to Simonstone, well set on its wooded terrace or stair landing a couple of hundred feet above the level of Hardraw—a low-lying place just where the Fossdale beck after its flying leap over the Force Scar joins Yore, and so is doubly liable to flood when the waters are at all "out." The Simonstone quarries, of a splittable slate flagstone, are rich in the fossil remains of a peculiar form of sea worm—the *Serpula* of the ancient days when the rock was deposited as mud at the bottom of a shallow sea. These casts or impressions in the plates of flag are various in appearance; some are snakily curled up, others have a trident or fish-hook like figure, and are locally called "Devil's

bolts" or supposed to denote the impact of His Satanic Majesty's tail! These creatures were in their day as harmless as the earth-worms of to-day, and as beneficial; but one can well understand how wild fancies have been built up in local minds from their superficial resemblances.

Hardraw Force. (*Edmund Bogg*

Now we have reached the wood above Hardraw, a planted tree gill that a former Earl of Wharncliffe afforested with a many choice cone-bearing trees. A beck, the Foss, races and chatters merrily and unthinkingly as a child scampers into danger, down, down, in the inviting shade of overarching boscage, in a narrowing limestone channel until, without warning even to those who walk with it downwards until within a few yards of its cataclysm, it takes one bound, a flying leap, ninety-nine feet (once less, but the rim or lip of the fall was artificially cemented, about what time the Hardraw demesne was 'improved' by tree planting) into the horseshoe shaped amphitheatre or abyss that, viewed from below, is known as Hardraw Force Gill. As to the fall itself, the limestone wall-like scar at its summit is composed of horizontal beds of rock harder than the other darker layers below, these wearing least project so that the water curves like water from a pump's spout and strikes ground several feet out from the hollowed wall of rock. It is thus possible, nay easy when the stream is not in spate, to walk behind the fall on the dark slippery shale ever wearing away more and more (a foot a year it has been said) without being more than "lecked"—to use a local term—by the spray. Wordsworth who visited Hardraw mentions this fact without scientifically explaining it, and also refers to "the huge rock and the bank winding round with its living foliage on the left." He also tells of "the soothing murmur" of the ever falling water amid the quiet seclusion of the long summer days which one could spend here, and of "the enchanting effect produced by the Arabian scene of colour as the wind blew the great waterfall." We have not been in Arabia—Araby the blest—and the spot is nothing like so quiet and unfrequented in summer now as it was in the poet's lifetime. Band and open-air choral contests have many times taken place here, in the amphitheatre of level ground just below the fall, since 1884 at least, Lord Wharncliffe lending

the ground for the day (generally late in June), and some famous bands and glee choirs have competed, the affair being organised by the leading musical spirits of Hawes and the neighbourhood. It has seemed to some—one, at least—almost sacrilege to permit such an intrusion of "trained bands" with Nature's music so ever audible! What would the Dipper—an aquatic thrush and water-loving bird that rears its young in mossy oak-leaf lined nests along all these Wensleydale streams—or the Curlew think of such an invasion? The little white breast would flutter to a hiding place in wondering fear, and the grave piccolo note of the whaup would be relegated to the solitary recesses of Shunner! Is this true or false sentiment? Need the notes of a human voice uplifted in song make a discord or seem out of place in the presence of the organ-like bourdon note or the drowsing splash of falling water. We leave the question unsettled for others to answer. As for the fall itself, Dr. Whitaker says that in 1739-40, the cascade was a mass of ice, through a central tube in which the water fell. The same phenomenon occurred 140 years later in 1880-81, when it was photographed in that condition, a great cone of ice rising from the dub into which the spout ordinarily drops to half way up the cliff. There is certainly much that is magnificently impressive in the view of this circling beetling height of cliff with the down-stream of crystal scintillant white cutting the picture in half. A sheer or hollowed-out precipice, in shape like the Moorish head of an Alhambra archway, and one hundred feet in height, more on each flank, and from the keystone centre a stream (small or big according to the rainfall at the time) shooting forward in mid-air and broken at the edges into a filigree or lace-work design of silvery lines quivering with light; and instinct, as if alive, with colour! Showers of filmiest spray float away down the rock-strewn ravine. The best time to view Hardraw is after a two or three days' rain between late May and early October.

Then the sound of the waters is no longer a drowsing splash but an angry overpowering roar, and the dub below is a boiling cauldron, aweing and tremendous! At other times, the sun shining in early afternoon from over Wether Fell, a double rainbow hangs its prismatic curtains of Iris across the rocky arc and gives it additional splendour and that Arabesque of vivid colour which Wordsworth made note of. Then indeed one is loth to leave Hardraw.

At the foot of the gill stretches the small strip village of Hardraw, and a flagged path across the pastures from Simonstone to Hawes, with wooden seats for weary sightseers at intervals, put up in 1886.

Hardraw village itself contains little of commanding interest to-day: church and parsonage are comparatively modern, and the most exacting and at times adventurous part of the vicar's duty consists in journeying up-dale to grey lonely Lunds Chapel-of-Ease, no light task in days of stress and storm. Hardraw Old Hall is a very ancient building, now to some extent modernised in appearance, and had formerly a high steeply pitched roof of oak. Fifty years ago most of the houses here were thatched with ling and rushes, the latter growing in the pastures by the river; the chief occupation of the inhabitants at that period was that of knitting. The village suffered considerable damage during the great storm that broke over Shunner a few years back, the old inn—modernised without benefit of late years—being inundated to a depth of six feet. Richard Braithwait ("Drunken Barnaby") in his rhyming "Journey," writes very scurrilously of this village, the chief attraction of which is, to-day, that *only* through the inn's premises, where the key is kept, can strangers get access to the purlieus of the "great water spout," as the force has been disparagingly called. "Drunken Barnaby" said—

"Thence to Hardraw wher's hard hunger,
Barren cliffs and clints of wonder;
Never here Adonis lived,
Unless in Cole's his parlour tried.
Inn is nastie, dusty, fustie
Both with smoke and rubbish mastie."

So a "chiel amang them takkin notes," a critical eye wrote 250 years ago; we take it that the above comment is inapplicable to-day. The inn has been re-roofed and undergone other structural alterations, yet it is of very great age. The church is dedicated to St. Mary and St. John, and was built in 1880 by the Earl of Wharncliff. Apart from the Force and Cove Scar, we note two things—the flagged footways through the fields, and the steep and stony zig-zagging highroad ending at the New Bridge over the Yore in the water meadows of the flat below the haugh on which Hawes townlet rests, the broad pebbled reaches of the shoaled river here tipped as we look with mellow radiance by the westering evening sun.

A mile or so east of Hardraw, at a higher level on the north slope of the dale, is Sedbusk. Near this hamlet of farms are the underground chambers and passages known as the Maze holes, access to which from a rough pasture is marked by a thorn-bush by a vertical pit or pot, not unlike one of the Buttertubs but much smaller. Here local fancy has it that the fairies were wont to meet annually for a revel. A variation of the tale is that the water kelpie who haunts the district betwixt Yore and High Abbotside slope, neighs and snorts by the footway leading to Sedbusk.

For the present leaving Hawes and the dale proper, we follow a cart-track, wood bordered, west from the Simonstone buildings. It is the 'short cut' to Erne (hill), and the lone and remote hamlet of Cotter. The way dips and then crosses the Fossdale (Hardraw) beck by a single low arched moss-grown bridge, whence it turns

now this way now that by a cottage or laithe or two into Fossdale —a sheltered basin of rich tolerably level thorn dotted meadow land. At the upper end of this green bay the gorge of Fossdale draws in, and there is a thick dank and darksome wood. Here there is (or was) a heronry—a pair or two of that grey ghostly long-legged fishing-bird breeding in some deserted corbie's or sparrow-

A Distant Peep of Hawes from the River. [*Owen Bowen.*

hawk's nests high up in the tall trees shafting upwards towards the light above a swamp. As Dr. Lees informs me, "In this gorge-ful of mossed and decaying fallen timber, there grows the lilac-purple flowered form of the true Shamrock (*Oxalis*) or Wood Sorrel, with the modest white flowered Frog-Orchis (*Habenaria albida*) and the Columbine nearer the Fossdale farm, and in the hay-grass

fields a plenty of the sweet clove-scented *Gymnadenia* Orchis with clouts of the yellow and amber Birdsfoot *Lotus* as well."

Keeping to the Cotterdale road, now an unfenced 'green way,' as it trends up the easy ascent of the buttress of Shunner which is called Erne, we soon have another diversified prospect—we can see right down into the green pasture trough of crag-scarred Cotterdale: it looks in the clear atmosphere only a stones-throw off, but it would be a good rifle that could project a bullet into the cluster of buildings that is the hamlet. Quite another weary mile, up—up, to the right (north) are the pits of Cotterhead, where the 'crow coal,' a burnable shale of inferior 'slack' quality is got—or was got—by a horizontal heading into the hillside, as is the case also on the south face of Stag's Fell under the low crag of the "Undersett" limestone. But we follow a down bearing track now, presently arriving at the bed of the dale before us where cluster by the stream the dozen or so dwellings which compose Cotter village. A road continuing its windings along the fell side connects with the main road of the dale here above Birk Rigg. A little higher up above Cotter-ham are some caverns in the limestone (here in the bed of the stream) which go by the title of Cotterham-House hole. The two streams which form the beck Cotter have their fountain-heads right up in the ravine cloven breast of Great Shunner (2,346 feet). It is an 'outlandish' district, and many are the stories told of moving escapes from flood and storm, and of late years more than one person has lost his life in Cotter in snow.

For some weeks after the great storm of 1895 the roads between Swale and Yoredale were impassable to wheeled vehicles, and for several weeks no market could be held at Hawes, few or nobody to attend with stock to sell! Walls of snow from twelve to sixteen feet in height barred the way over Buttertubs pass; and as in the previous long frost and great snowfall of 1885-5, after the roads were 'opened,' that is dug out, great iceberg-like or hewn marble blocks of frozen snow rested at intervals along the highways either side the road.

As shewing the general and expected inclemency of the weather in the north-west dales, an announcement in the *Advertiser* for November, 1846, informs the public that "the Mail Coach, Hawes and Kendal"—which had to cross the summit and descend Garsdale, quite as bad a high road then as now—"had ceased to run during the present winter season"; and postal communication to the west of Hawes had to go round by Bedale and York and Manchester. A letter for Dent (ten miles) took *three days* before reaching its destination.

The vicar of Hardraw has had remarkable experiences during his long ministry in his journeys some six miles or so up to Lunds Church: long detours had to be made, or else balancing walks—acrobatic progressions rather—*along the tops of the walls* for considerable distances! It sounds a 'traveller's tale' of romance to hear accounts of night journeys to outlandish districts by 'parson'

Cotterdale. [*Edmund Bogg.*

or the now venerable medical practitioner of Hawes, who was for years, he and his gig and man Ned, at every ones beck and call. During winters' frosts he discarded wheels and sledded over the wall tops across the hard frozen wind-banked snow! Probably his intimate year's long acquaintance with the circuit of his practice was in a measure due to his instinct for Sport with gun or, best of all 'rod,' which took him into every nook and corner of the upper Dale. One can see (in fancy) the farmer's wife or buxom wench stirring the fire and turning up the lamp's wick as the doctor's sled or gig wheels are heard, or the watchful collie's bay or yap gives notice of his approach quicker than human hearing. Cotterdale is bare of wood until a mile below the hamlet the stream finds the first of a series of transverse limestone steps or scars to leap across or burst through in spouting blowing rapids. Here, as if to frame and curtain the "Forces," of which there are three, the ground is picturesquely besprent: boscage of (wych), elm, oaks, ashes, rowans, sloe trees and hazel bushes in glorious profusion and luxuriance, all lichened over—sign of pure air and constant humidity—with many rare and handsome damask and tapestry-like plaques and fringes. In no spot of Yorkshire do these bark growths decorate the arms of the trees more abundantly —a woodland bower harmonising in every tint and line. Cotterdale lower is a botanists' and artists' Paradise, whilst the beck sides are bordered as with gold from a remarkable profusion of auranian Hawkweeds, which continues down below Birk Rigg nearly to Appersett.

From Cotterdale we keep on the high ridge to north of the Yore and present high road, within the bounds of the 'forest' of Lunds—this path or track being of high antiquity. Lund is a Scandinavian word meaning a wood, and in the far-off days of the invading Northmen this bare stony treeless district was a great

forest—perhaps never of great trees but a hagg or thicket of sloe thorn, birk, rowan, oak and ash. Therein grim visaged Vikings from beyond the North Sea found wild animals in sufficient numbers for their needs. Evidences of this pre-existence of wood have been unearthed in digging peat from the turferies on the moor plateaus, in the shape of 'black' oaken boles and wild hag-cherry. The place is doubtless a Danish settlement, for there is a

The First Bridge—Lunds Fell. [*Edmund Bogg.*

Lund in Scania. The church is a primitive barn-like building, and on our first visit some fourteen years ago, was in sad disrepair, but it has now been renovated. Barker, author of the "Three Days in Wensleydale," relates that he once attended service in this chapel in winter, when the seats and floor were covered with snow

to a depth of two or three inches. One story has it that for many years the church was minus a door, so, to prevent cattle finding shelter within the sanctuary, a big thorn bush was thrust securely into the doorway, and the unwritten law of the church-going dalesman was, "T'last oot puts t'bush it hole." To this lonesome wind and rain-swept God's acre, the dead were borne over the high moor from Cotterdale for burial. The old track which crosses high Abbotside and thence down to Lunds Church is still known as the 'corpse road.' Here, too, sleeps that original character, an itinerant pedlar of small wares for women-folk, whose far and wide soubriquet was "Thread Jack." A parson's farewell address to his congregation on leaving this church was, "You do not love

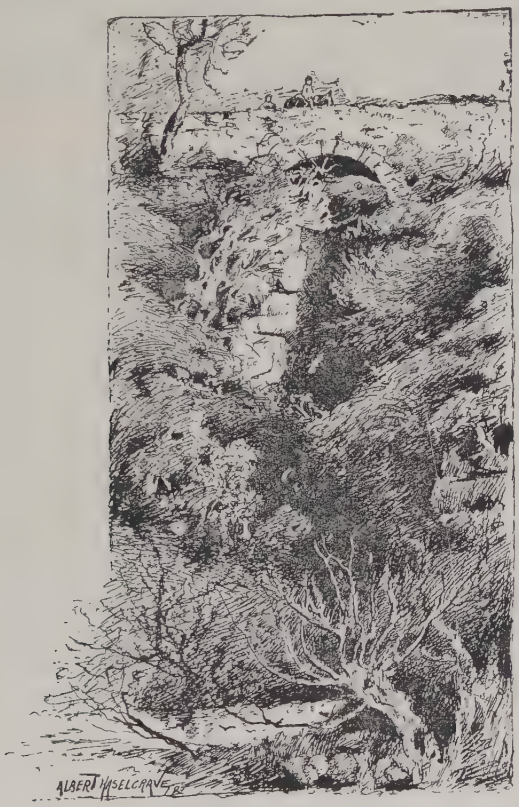
Lunds Church. [*F. Dean.*

one another, and God does not love you: for in all these three or four years I have ministered here, there has not been a marriage or a death."

Passing north-west along the brow of Lunds Fell, we attain the old pack-horse road which keeps to the right and above the present turnpike. It trends to Hell Gill bridge—a dry velvety turfed 'green way' rising and falling but keeping its direction north, on the natural terrace level which, as at Leyburn Shawl, Ivelet, and many another slope of these hills, marks the top of a mural cliff or scarp of Yoredale limestone, unlike where the shales are which crumble to a slope and not a natural causeway.

Hell Gill is a long chasm or crevasse in the limestone rock—a rift, bearing north-east to south-west, some eight or ten feet wide and in some places fifty feet in depth, down through which natural canyon in miniature flows and babbles the infant river Eden. The name sounds a misnomer here, if we might judge from the peat browned unruly torrent that lashes through the tortuous gorge in times of storm; it is less obstreperous on fine summer days; but after its trial it emerges purified (as it were) of sin and discontent for, bending north unconfined, at its own sweet will, it flows tranquilly through that beautiful golden vale bearing its name—the Vale of Eden. Hell Gill is "the Stygian rivulet—the horrid drear wilderness" of Camden. Leland says, "There is a bek cawled Hell Gille because it runneth in such a deadly place." It is indeed a wild solitary land and seems to have impressed these ancient topographers greatly. Hell Gill bridge connects the counties of York and Westmoreland. It was here, story says, that Turpin, on the back of "Black Bess," escaped from his pursuers by *leaping over* the chasm from the west countree side into Yorkshire, where the warrant did not 'run.' This structure likewise bears the name of 'Devil's Bridge': under it are to be seen the remains

of the piers of an earlier crossway, which tradition alleges to have been the work of His Sable Majesty.



The Devils Bridge.

Let us follow this wide green way a mile or so into Westmoreland. By this route have passed Celt, Roman, Saxon and Northmen down to the last century. It was doubtless the way Mary Queen of Scots was brought into Wensleydale, and it needs no great imagination to see the cavalcade, caparisoned and apparelled

in richly cut but sombre hued garments, taking its sober and dignified way along to Bolton. This way too was inlet and outlet for the wild foraging Scots raiders, and the peacefuller drover's way in later days. It was the way that the great Lady Anne Clifford paced along from Appleby with her long trail of baggage-bearing steeds in her train. And now the fall of land allows us to see a long stretch of the Eden Land. Below us is the village of Outhgill and the ancient kirk of Mallerstang, repaired and beautified by Lady Clifford when it had long lain in ruinous condition. Yonder too are the indeterminate ruins of Pendragon Castle, which is supposed to have been erected by the British King Uther Pendragon. And here tradition reports he was besieged, but the enemy failing to capture the fortress, resorted to guile; they poisoned the well of the castle, of which King Uther and his soldiers drank, and drinking, died. Beyond is the pile of Lammerside Castle and Wharton Hall, and further the roofs of Kirkby Stephen. But we must turn back and take our way into Wensleydale again. Wild Boar Fell, a majestic precipitous frowning ridge towers on our right as we go past Shaw Paddock—once an inn—and take stock of the more than pleasing defile in which we are. Hill ridges limit the view on every side. To our left is Lunds Fell, not so lofty or darkly frowning as the Wild Boar's, but interesting because on its summit moss rises *the* river of Wensleydale variously spelt and spoken of by writer or native as the Yore, Yure, Ure, Eure, Jore and Jure, Jor and Yer: all of them variations of the "broad-acred" County of York itself. The Aryan root means water, just as the Cymric *Dur* means water. So there can be no mistake about it, this is the waterland of York.

Let us now follow this river through its first and early miles of solitude; a moorland beck in some three miles of flow among uneven pastures of rush and bent, cotton-grass decorated with fleeces of white in summer, emerald moss margined in spring and

autumn, and we reach the "Moorcock Inn." The Midland railway track has been keeping us company but burrowing at times under the buttresses of Wild Boar Fell, until the Hawes Junction viaduct comes into sight. The "Moorcock Inn" is at the junction of roads leading east down the dale, west down Garsdale and Sedbergh, and north to Kirkby, the way we have come, for we are, though in

Where the Becks Meet—Lunds. [*Edmund Bogg*

a valley, just on the low rise which is the water parting—the Garsdale beck flows into the Lune. The inn was formerly in request by sportsmen and tourists, and of good repute. But the railway came; and in the early 'nineties it was badly managed and lost its good name. On my last visit the house seemed to have regained its vogue and excellence; may it be long retained. It is the only hostel between Hawes and Nateby—twelve miles. A mile away is Hawes Junction on the Settle and Carlisle line and the second

highest railway stopping place in England—perhaps also the bleakest and coldest one might add, for, pacing its platform during a long wait, it feels open to the buffets—no allusion to refreshments—of every wind that blows.

The Moorcock Inn. [*John Pratt.*

Before taking the road and river-way round to Hawes it will be as well to give attention to the Fell side road leading from Hawes Junction to the north by west end of Widdale Moor, and so by Wold Fell to Newby Head Inn where the Widdale beck rises on the very verge of the North Riding, and, three miles south-west, the Ingleton and Settle Bleamoor roads meet, and trending over Newby Head the highway follows the dale down nearly to Hawes.

So bidding good-day to our friends at the "Moorcock," we step out past the junction station and take note of the rough road down Garsdale, with Sedbergh and Kendal for its goal. Here we are on the very 'backbone' of Northern England, the

Pennine chain, the water-parting whence the tiniest rills flow either west or east. The Garsdale beck, reinforced from gills from Baugh Fell's black furrowed flanks finds its way to the Lune and the western seaboard; the Yore and its tributary waters from Mossdale, Cotter and Widdale into the turbid Humber flood-way. So we now follow the steep Fell road over the south-west shoulder of Widdale, to the north Great Shunner, High Seat and Wild Boar heights uprearing massively, with the huge bulk of Baugh Fell to the west. To the south-west the ridge of Whernside and the flank of Ingleboro' upsurge until they mingle with the cloud. Ugh! how the wind whistles through the wiry bents and threatening sheets of shadow sweep over hill and hollow, and forming fine effects. Garsdale and Dentdale, the one brown crooked the other a deep green gorge, with the craggy Rysell ridge betwixt seem to gouge deeply into the foundations of the everlasting hill, as it seems a furrowed sea turned to stone. The fell steeps of olive green shade below into emeraldine pastures, chequered over with grey lines of walls, and sparsely dotted with white-walled farmsteads, once the homes of that sturdy independent quakerly class of men of these remote valleys, full of sterling character. They are the "statesmen" of Dentdale. Away yonder, set midway down the green vale, is the little 'town' of Dent, its capital sheltering under its crags. On the Rysell side, within our Richmondshire limits, grows the rare and silvery-backed leaved Alpine Lady's-mantle, while down by the water, on the thickety margin of its lower reaches, grows the creeping Bell-flower 'Rampion.' We have now left the walled-in track. The outlook becomes wider—the impression of aloft solitariness more pervading. The only visible signs of life are a few nimble black-faced sheep, ('hoggets' they are called), the cross whirr-away of a muircock or a plover, and the uneasy flitting to and fro, upon a stone here an instant there a moment, of a stone-chat in the well-

Gaping Ghyll. [*G. T. Lowe.*

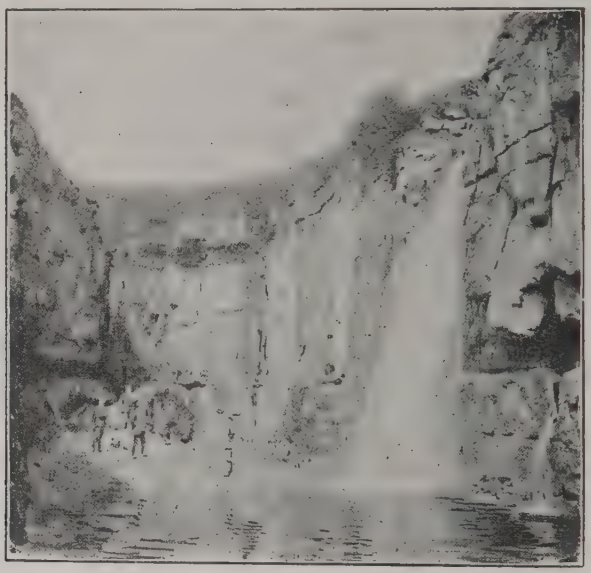
nigh dry bed of the infantile Widdale beck. Turning the shoulder ridge of Wold Fell we now drop down to Newby Head Inn, situated near the water-parting of Ribble and Yore. To the south-west lies the Cave land (see picture) so often explored by the Yorkshire Ramblers. The view here has distinct character: yonder over the declining contour line of Cam End, its face to the west and south, we glimpse "the hunchback of Yorkshire hills," Penyghent, which crouches, a mighty crumpling of a mountain, above Horton. And some three miles Hawes-ward from where we stand, the Widdale beck is joined by that of Snaizeholm valley stream. This short dale contains a very few old and quaint homesteads or gaardies, some dating back to 1640. They were largely tenanted in the past by families of one name—Allen—a rather numerous clan about Gayle and Hawes. They all "cam oot o' Snaizholm" as they will tell a stranger with not a little pride.

During the forepart of the 19th century in the upper part of this dale dwelt a singular character, an old shepherd or hind, known as "Tom at Fell." A local poet wrote verses in his honour, of which only the tag—

"In Snaizeholm Head,
And close by Ouse high well,
There lived a man call't Tom at Fell."

—a mere fragment, but it has certes a gusto of the native peat-land and heather, where by the "hut" (a shooting box) of Captain Fryer, in the first watery gleams of dawn the moor cock 'beck' and whistle to their mate hens cowering down among the bushy knee-high grouse grounds of whortleberry and heather. After an uneasy vigil in the hut, the baccy short and the peat fire burning low, to sally forth before the mists of dawn have been wholly 'scat' by the morning wind, and witness the antics of the amorous gamefowl is an adventure indeed that stirs the blood as well as any draught of the "mountain dew" one may have made a night

of it with. One feels so close to Nature at such a time, the very heart of the moor palpitates and the listener's heart pulses with it. There is a pretty cascade in Snaizeholme-dale, festooned with tresses of water-moss and many a springing shuttlecock-like growth of fern—hart's tongue, and green spleenwort, and spray besprent film-fern, in plenty. Probably there has never been a single



Hull Pot, near Penyghent.

trowel grubber to hale them away to the smoky curtilages of the big towns. In a neighbouring plantation—Widdale Car Wood—grow thousands of the loveliest star-flower—the primulose Wintergreen is its name—but its white thread-like rootlets are so sensitive to disturbance from their ferny leaf mould that to extricate them from the soil without fatal injury is almost impossible. So the film-fern and the star-eyed wildflower remain here in undimmed beauty as a shrine for Nature-lovers to make a pilgrimage to.

Proceeding down Widdale now we note the high ridge is in shadow, a tone of deep blue, being on the low tier of the sunset sky, across which storm clouds trail ominously ; and bulking out away to the north, over the brow of Ten End, is the giant mound of Shunner, and to the east the stepped scarp of Stags Fell below the cut-off line of light is in blue-grey shadow too. At intervals down the dale are grey old farmsteads sheltered by a few

Thornes Gill.

sycamore trees. We note pleasurably two things—so simple—how patiently the "coos" stand in the garths or pastures for the milking, and afterwards the men toil farmwards or Hawesward with the cans strapped to their backs.

It is the evening of a market day at Hawes, and we mark the yeoman with wife or daughter, or if bachelor in other company, squiring them dutifully back to one or other of the isolated farms lying between Hawes and Chapel-le-Dale, Ingleton way or Dent-

wards. During our gossip we have so shortened the way that lo! here we are at the Hawes' side Town Head; but before we describe this we must hark back in fancy to the Moorcock again in order to better follow the valley of Yore down by Thwaite Bridge to where the mossdale burn leaps from its dark solitude.

Lower Mossdale. [*A. Haselgrave.*

Mossdale is a short solitary wildly picturesque glen. At the upper end are two forces, which J. M. W. Turner painted, presenting a wide contrast in character. One is a stair-cased kind of mare's-tail cascade, dropping in zig-zag leaps from sixty or eighty feet down a rift in a fir-wooded bank with a scarred precipice on one side. The other fall is a bold but weir-like one, the onyx-coloured peat dyed water of the main stream falling in a spreading mass over a bed of Yoredale plate-stone with laminated shales underneath. This force lacks wood but is very fine and bold. Both can be viewed from the same point, although the aspect and

mpress of the twin fall varies according to the condition of the weather—in draught or in flood, or when shadows of oncoming evening settle like a pall over the glen. Then the scene is solemnly impressive. Above the falls is a drear lonesome moor plateau, and some two miles away, on Widdale top, are three or four inky tarns in one of which grows the hair-leaved gaping-lipped yellow water flower, the lesser Bladderwort.

From the highest point of West Widdale we have a grand view the prospect shewing how the uplands of Richmondshire to the north and west rise one over another in sombre lines of a weirdly grand character in the fleeting changing lights, making a moving network of purple grey lines and dappling shadow.

Crossing the Yore again at Thwaite bridge, a little way down dale is Rigg House, a pleasant bower in this high part of the dale. Fine trees project their leafy arms over the road and the whole is of park-like distinction. The house itself was built in the early years of George the Second's reign, by Sir John Hillary. He had amassed great wealth as a West Indian merchant, but an adverse fate was his: he fell a prey it is said to the wild gambling tendency of the age. The Metcalfes' of the Ashes (at Hawes) lent on a mortgage, which not being redeemed, foreclosure on the property took place. Behind the house the outline of park and garden close is still to be made out. This family also held land about Hawes and Burtersett. Hillary House, at the latter place, was a residence of theirs. From Rigg House the road runs under an avenue of trees, the river brawling over its rocky bed on our right hand, and the perfume of woods and meadows being very sweet.

Further down the dale, below where the Cotter beck runs under the road, and the brawling Yore runs for long distance under steep bank in a veritable arcade of trees—wild plum, a sheet of pearly white when in flower being conspicuous amongst the

rest, possibly the bird-sown survivals of Rigg's House orchard—the Yore itself is crossed by a peaked bridge and we are in the quaint little village of Appersett—the upper *set* or place to distinguish it from Burtersett. It is a squat, grey, and dilapidated dale village of some size and character, with its own high-saddle

Mossdale. [*Owen Bowen.*

briglet over the Widdale beck, and its noisy fine turfed goose green. It is par excellence the goose village of the dale, tho' geese hiss and solemnly waddle on their own business intent with airs of vast importance, their sentinel gander on guard, at Gayle as well as here. A large number of this intelligent and, for a tame thing, wary bird are reared here, their nesting lockers finding a warm lodgment in the house places of the villagers. What a quaint

picture one views when on a visit to old Nanny this or Grannie that, and we see a brace of geese, sitting on their eggs observing the stranger keenly and gravely as if listening to the conversation!

A few hundred yards north of Appersett the Widdale beck joins the Yore. A field by the road on the east of the village is sure to attract the attention of passers-by: it has in it one conspicuous and solitary tombstone. It marks where rests one Jackson of this place—an immigrant, from his patronymic—of the Sandemanian (often called Glassite) Creed. Not desiring interment in consecrated earth, he had this 'field of death' prepared in his lifetime, and was laid to rest here without funeral rites! Who shall judge, or say he sleeps any the less well?

Some little distance up the Widdale beck, was formerly a very ancient cottage tenanted in the early years of 1800 by an ancient man who tended sheep on Widdale moor. He was known as "John o' t'Bog." When his cot was re-roofed some thirty-five years ago, a goodly store of silver coins of the Stuart period was found.

The Yore between Appersett and Hawes calms down somewhat and flows in many a loop and backset through low-lying marshy land (receiving the waters of Fossdale or Hardraw becks), with a low terrace slope or scar on either bank at some little distance from the flat Car-land in which it meanders, until a mile below Hawes it receives the waters of the Black-burn-sike from Wether Fell slope and forms a reed fringed pool or tarn known as the 'Backwater.' The river has now grown in volume though not in volubility, and the striking thing to be taken note of is, that many centuries ago this part of the dale was an elongated lake or 'wheel' much bigger than Semerwater. The banking terrace scars mentioned above were then the banks of the lake-like expansion, and the waters were the resort of an immense and

variable congregation of wild fowl, ducks, snipes and sandpipers, is almost proved by the 'Backwater' and the Low Scar being even yet visited annually for breeding purposes by both sandpiper, mallard, and other birds, in whom the inherited habit or instinct is so strong that May every year sees them by the now narrow stream, the air vocal with their whistles or honking call-notes. The sandpiper brings off fresh broods annually within a mile of this Capital of the Upper dale.

Cotter Force. [*Edmund Bogg.*

CHAPTER VIII.

Round about Hawes.

Not very distant—some six miles—from the head of Wensleydale, "up Bank" as the natives put it, on the lowmost limestone terrace slope of Wether Fell rests the little market-town of Hawes. One rising cobble-stoned street, with a little square called the Holm on one side, and the Church Bank on the other, few of the dwellings planted with a regular face to the roadside but end-on, or anyhow. The town cannot be said to possess any striking natural advantages except that it is above the level of any likely river spate, and on the dale's main road, east to west by south over Newby. It lies on a limestone pavement of underlying rock, some twenty to thirty feet above Yore bed level.

Although it has long been the Capital of Upper Wensleydale as Leyburn is of the Lower, Hawes is not, strictly, an ancient place Its beginning does not date beyond the middle of the 15th century In maps of Camden's time (1696) its site is spelt Harse-side, and marked with a tower as possessing a Church, but as a place of note its soar into the ken of the world outside the dales of Swale, Ribble and Dent, probably began with its Charter of a Market. Askrigg and Bainbridge preceded it by centuries, and Domesday book does not even mention its name, nor do any later historians up to about 1650. Yet Gayle (or Gale), a village adjoining Hawes, as a settlement doubtless dates back beyond the Roman Invasion. Anyway, here at Hawes, about the early years of the 15th century, the 'forest' owners and husbandmen had made a clearing on the

hawthorn clad strip of ground safe above the river, and as it was gradually denuded of its timber and brushwood, stock was introduced and reared and the settlement soon grew into importance until, in the year 1485, a Chapel of Ease was needed, and established by no less a personage than King Richard the Third; and one James Whalley—of the dale family of that name—was the first priest, and his first stipend "to sing at the Chappelle of the Haws, in Wensladale for oon yere," was the magnificent sum of "Seven Marks!"

A Peep of Hawes Church. [*Edmund Bogg*

Yet if Hawes has no hoary record there are evidences in the shape of flint arrowheads, stone hammers, and other ancient weapons of offence and defence, and implements of antiquity,

found in its vicinage which lead one to suppose that the Celt roamed these wilds, and struggled as Early Man had to do for a bare subsistance in inhospitable wilds ere ever the Roman Eagles floated from the ramparts of Bracchium.

After the 15th century had flown the town grew steadily in importance as a centre for folk to go to for this need or that. The up-to-this-time means of access to the place were mere tracks in unlevelled earth, over moss and through 'forest'; stony brush and haggland were turned into something like shape of highways or bridle roads, though bad enough for generations longer; yet gradually wheeled intercourse with the adjoining dales became more frequent. In 1699 William the Third granted a Charter for a weekly market to be held on Tuesdays, and Two Fairs yearly. There are several Cattle Fairs now.

The writer once came into Hawes on the evening of the October Ram Fair, and the 'clarty' greasy state of the street, and the overpowering odour of sheep in the air will not soon be forgotten. Hand-loom weaving and knitting was the old industries here, but for nigh a century now there has been quarrying for stone with some mining for coal (above Gayle and on the south face of Stag's Fell), and even lead mining has been ventured upon, although nothing so extensively in Wensleydale as in Swaledale if we except the big mine a mile or two west of Leyburn.

Previous to its connection with two trunk lines of railways (North-Eastern and Midland) in the 'seventies of the nineteenth century, Hawes was a place set apart—a little world to itself, sufficient for itself and wellnigh inaccessible in less than a long day's journey from any town of importance like Kendal, Richmond or Skipton. For long years strings of pack horses bore the town's merchandise to Kendal or Northallerton, or farther afield to Bradford or Leeds, returning laden with the exchange and barter—goods required for use in the upper dale. Hand-knitting was the

regular occupation for not only women, but men even whilst walking out or tending sheep or visiting, the ball of coarse "bump" would be carried and the clicking of the needles go on! It was a thing well understood in the dales that when a young couple married, if both were expert knitters, whatever their shortcomings in housewifery or husbandry experience, they would 'do all right'—get on in the world! In those days, too, not a hundred years ago, the pedlar and the smallwares huckster of "Thread Jack" type were always welcome callers in the far apart hamlets and gaardies, for the change of a new face and a new tongue, as well as the fluster and curious joy born of an inspection of their unfolded wares. These itinerants retailed the news of the outer world, as well as the latest bit of gossip from a nearer but still far enough off country side. Even the mendicant class, says Gilbert Bradley, was not unhonoured such had usually a square meal put before him, and a bed provided in some nook or corner of the house or 'hay-mow,' and when he left, staff in hand, he stepped out like a man standing well with himself and of honourable calling, his meal bag slung over his shoulder replete with meal, bacon and other provender. This was in the days too—or rather we ought to say, *nights* of Rushlights; tallow dips were expensive luxuries, and the rats not averse to raiding the "candle-barques." The rushes were gathered on the wet fell slopes and in the low-lying fields in late summer, and having been stripped of their skins the white pencils of pith were dried and then dipped in hot sheep's fat several times. When sufficiently coated they were placed in a sort of nipper or tweezer attached to an upright candle stick. They gave *some* light certainly, but it was so feeble that its glimmer only served to make the gloom of an apartment the gloomier.

Hawes, as has been said, is a town of one principal street, a twisty, higgledy-piggledy medley set-anyway walls and roofs, yet

all stoutly built, the courses of stone laid sloping outwise so as to keep out 'weather'--and successfully. There are two or three side streets or alley-ways, one called the "Neukin," another "the Holme," all running along a rising neck of land about 850 feet above sea level. Phillips says its name suggests Hals, a *neck* of land, there being another place similarly situated in Coverdale, the 'l' being silent in speech; but a more likely etymology would derive it from *hæge*, Anglian for an enclosure, a hedged in place. *Haugr* (Norse) is a heap, and *Haugh* (Gaelic) a low-lying field or brae. The occurrence of the Scots word 'Neukin' (a nook) in Hawes, however, is suggestive; Hawes is set on a brae or long terrace on the slope, and the early name *Ha's-side*, meaning the place on the side of the haugh, or even on the site of the haughs, would bear this out. The haw or hagg thorn too, is both native in Upper Wensleydale and a fine feature, great natural parks of ancient trees of it yet existing on the north slope of the dale opposite Appersett and near Hardraw. So its name may be derived from the forest of hawthorns—the Haws.

Yet be this as it may, without any ancient charter *the* Hawes —as the natives call it—has long been the metropolis of West Yoredale, and many a "Mayor" elected by custom of acclamation at the White Hart has worthily upheld the traditions of office handed down to him by unwritten law. A Chapman—the miller —was Mayor in the first years of the 'eighties.

A new era opened for Hawes when the Iron Road was laid on sleepers past its doors. The old *status* gave place to the new, yet the keen pure pungent thyme-scented mountain air one breathes in the old town (except at Fair-time, when naphtha and hams defile it for the nonce) remains ever the same, the clean exhilarating feeling it confers with every breath as one perambulates the neighbourhood, and finds the human dwellers thereabout to be so kindly. Hawes's connection by rail slowly destroyed its knitting

by hand. Bump and loom are about things of the Past. From like cause, many or some of the old customs of the place have fallen into disuse too, and one, if not more, best honoured in the breach than in the observance. We refer to "Riding the Stang." This was a public holding up of 'Reputation to Execration,' and not exclusively for the old offence of "wife-beating." A ram's head fixed upon a Guy was burnt on Fifth of November in the 'seventies and 'eighties to the chorus of "Wild Shepherds watch their flocks by night" for offences which had outraged the moral sense of the inhabitants. Ah well! both pilloried ones and perpetrators of that parody of public opinion have nearly all gone to their rest. To-day this little Capital of the Richmondshire Borderland is not a whit behind the times. Tired city men and sufferers from nervous sleeplessness would do well to try a week's change of air here. They might not become Rip van Winkles, but they would enjoy each breath they drew by day, and by night be lulled to slumber by the lullaby of falling water; and if one may judge from the presence on market days of the many stalwart dalesmen of advanced years, the district must be good both for the appetite and mind. Yet Hawes is busy enough, bustling and to spare, on market days. "The End of the World," says one; "T'last pleaace God meade," says another. Yet if one stands at either end of the town on a market day, one may well wonder where all the stalwart dalesmen and buxum apple-cheeked sonsy women and girls come from. The old yeoman and statesmen come flocking in with their wives and daughters from a hundred and one farmsteads, in Cotter and Forsdale, Garsdale and Lunds, Dent, Ribblehead, Outershaw, Yockenthwaite, and Cam; from Aysgarth and Askrigg, Bainbridge, Countersett, Marsett, Worton and West Burton and Thornton Rust; aye! and from further afield. From the western recesses of Swale they have climbed the brae to the Buttertubs and so on to the Hawes; and their talk?—its staple topic is hogs, hoggetts,

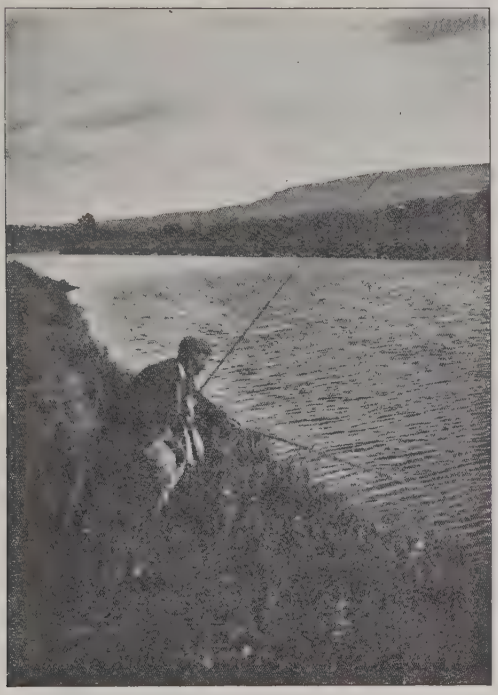
Gayle Beck, Moonlight, Hawes. [*Gilbert Foster*

gimmers, stegs, coos, cauves, cheese and butter and eggs, fowls, and—everything that is or might be the "milk and honey" of their luxuriant pastures. Writing of sheep reminds one of the following story. An aged yeoman of Hawes had an only son, a youth of (age unknown) but precocious talent (in his own estimation) for farming. He was particularly anxious to take the burden of the farm at home, such as the buying and selling, off his father's hands. About this time the old farmer's sheep became infected with some disease, and he was very eager to sell out before matters

got any worse. "Jack," said he one day, "the dealer is coming to buy sheep; they're getting worse, an' ah'll sell oot at onny price. Noo, Jack, when thoo sees us haggling ower t'price, thoo mun call oot 'Ye mun divide!'" Unfortunately for the scheme, Jack came on to the scene too soon, and finding the dealer had not begun the deal, said he, "Noo ye mun be varry sharp and get em bowt, for me father says they're varry bad wi' scab, and he's willing to sell out at onny price; and when ye and him are haggling I ha' to come up and say, 'Noo then, ye mun divide!'" The sequel needs no telling.

It is well to visit Hawes in the hayng-time, and inhale deep breaths of the perfume of newly-mown half dry grass off the sweet limestone meads, and store it up in your memory when in less rural scenes; or if you are a fly-fisher come up to Hawes in Spring, when the primroses dapple the ground of the water side copses with clots of bloom, and go a-fishing for the speckled trout or the sleek silver grayling along with "Sproats"—the 'watcher' of these waters! His skill has something of the uncanny in it—he can hook a trout, or more, at one cast where others fail, and the meanwhile reel you many a yarn. And there is tumult and bustle on weekly market days, and lively 'goings-on,' only one must keep out of the way of the fast trotter (for sale) shewing off his paces, "gingered" it may possibly be; or of that young and lively bullock chased by stalwart dalesmen, that seems as if he would run amuck of the stalls in the wide street. The first thing striking the visitor on entering the town from the station yard is that from the skew bridge over the chasm over Gayle Beck. After a 'fresh,' when the spray from the deeply sunken force is lit up by sunlight, the picture is charming. Flowering plants and tiny fern tufts hang out of the niches of the plate rocks, all sappy green and be-diamonded in spray with matted growths of liverwort, and by the wooden mill cut among them in summer may be seen the gaping

blossom of the monkey flower. The swish and boom of the water when at flood is almost deafening, the picturesque dripping floats of the mill wheel throwing up water adds to the turmoil of sound; but to thoroughly understand the roar one needs to be trying to



View on the Yore—Sproats landing a Catch.

sleep at the Temperance guest-house adjoining the foss—that is, at flood-time. The sound which startles the ear of the stranger seems to stamp—as with a die—its impress on the whole district; it is a land of becks and forces, cascades and cataracts, everywhere one goes one hears and sees rapidly running water, tinkling or bubbling

from this scar or that bank, tramp where one will, and at most of them man or beast may drink and be satisfied.

Many a story might be told of Hawes characters in the last century. There was for instance Wade the saddler; Blenkhorn, the street sweeper and dealer in turf. There was Clement Scarr, a staunch Catholic, and local adviser on Law matters—a great orator and politician to boot. This man regularly on Sundays walked from Hawes to Leyburn and back (thirty two miles) to attend service after the manner of his Faith. Another face that lingers in the memory is that of the old cobbler, with the tap-tap of his hammer on hide hard by the church gates: he to oblige his customers put many a wooden sole on to 'uppers' scarcely worth the expense. To our remarks he would answer, "If fowks bring ma booits to clog, ah mun clog 'em." Such a craftsman working away under the sound of the silvery sweet-toned bells of Hawes Church—a comparatively modern structure with a four square stone tower, in which Swifts bring up their broods of two year by year—could nevertheless be distracted not and make a pair of "hand-sewn" fit either for any Lord to wear when tramping the heather of Stag's Fell, or for "Sproats" to "turn t'watter" when wading in the river. The old 16th century Chapel of Ease was taken down in 1850, and the present structure erected. The Register of Births, Deaths and Marriages in existence only dates back to 1695. Later the church was beautified by a one-turret clock tower and its set of bells which—save the mark—are tubes of steel toned to emit a "linked sweetness long drawn out," which is most pleasant to the ear. Many other interesting impressions of Hawes flood on one's mind, but space to tell it all is denied: the clear sunlit landscapes ever to be seen, alike yet different, when walking the main street, or going by the flagged road to Beulah (which means beautiful) Bank towards Gayle; the cloud shadows chasing one another up the slopes of Stag's Fell or Wether Fell, according

to the wind, are infinitely various yet ever charming to follow with the eye; the cows crowding together near some gate at a garth corner for their evening relief—the milking—the bowed forms of men taking their foamy can-loads home; the 'throng' time of getting in the hay, the only harvest of the fields up here—the wooden sleighs, or 'sleds,' carrying the sweet-smelling crop from the steep slopes of Wether Fell side to the 'laithes' and 'mows' into the unglazed window places of which it is 'forked,' with many a laughing jest of the willing workers—often under the eye of "t'maister" and his family—not unmindful of certain brown stone jars laid by under a grey stone wall. Purl—ale fortified with gin—*is* nectar after such labour, for although the air is redolent of perfume it is also dust-laden with dry particles from the late flowering grass, which has to be cut, if weather permits, before it has run to seed and taken all the juicy nature out of the blade and stalk. But neither must we forget that at Hawes we are in 'Mecca' land—the soil that has seen the birth, the rearing and the death of many a generation of Metcalfes, of Whaleys, of Allens, of Dinsdales, of Thwaites, and of Rouths to mention a tithe only of the patronymics that are as honoured of "auld syne" as are the Chapmans and the Willis's lower down the dale. Hawes, too, has never

A well-known Figure—A Comfort.

lacked its more than due share of intelligent townsmen of light and leading. It has had Whaleys and Brodericks, men of education, who have each in days past played their part as practical men in advancing the interests and industries of Higher Abbotside; until in 1879 the opening of the railway line from Leyburn to Hawes Junction also opened up wider possibilities.

Gayle Knitters. [J. Pratt.

A Night Sketch at Hawes.

After tea a pipe of 'bacca and a stroll through the town. A group of men stand in the market place; the non-believers are arguing with the Christians; the shoemaker is holding forth, anon they all speak together, each side quotes from divers learned books, whereat Bob Routh calls loudly for chapter and verse, "gie us th' chapter an' verse." For such a small town there is quite a surprising number of non-believers; and erstwhile the low sinking sun is reddening the hill tops, and while the carillon in the church tower is playing its quaint sweet evening hymn, they argue and squabble over their different dogmas. Let us leave them and have a chat with the ancient men on the bridge, meditating, as usual. Slowly they turn themselves round, leisurely they take their clay pipes from their mouths, knowingly they look up and observe the signs of the sky; at last they speak, "aye, it leuks like bein' middlin' weather to-morn, aye," whereat they thrust their pipes if possible farther in their mouths than before, and resume their silent watching. We pass on. The twilight wanes, the phosphorescence on the western hills dies away, and now the moon appears over the black edge of Wether Fell. Yawber and the long sharp wall of limestone at its top stand out clear and black; the rest is in deep shadow. Evidently the opinion of the "owd 'uns" is going to be confirmed. Now they are gone and the bridge is deserted. Not so the market place, the theologists are bickering yet; if it were not moonlight, they would, no doubt, have a lantern, they often do. But now for a last pipe and a drop of "hot," and so to bed, lulled to slumber by the rushing sound of Gayle beck, hurrying past the walls of our bedroom.

CHAPTER IX.

Gayle.

Through the sloping churchyard of Hawes, bearing numerous memorials to the families mentioned in the preceding paragraph, and by the west end of the church runs a paved way, a short cut saving the angle made by the road from Town Head, through the pastureland to Gayle village. Its name is Beulah—locally pronounced Beela—Bank; and on summer eves, aye, and at other times when the moon looks on, it is the trysting place for Gayle lads and Hawes lasses, or *vice versa*. By daylight there is a fine prospect from its pavement—north, south, east, and west— and by night its stiles are best negotiated by girls with assistance of a youth—couples are company. But not being of courting age, Gayle is soon reached, Gayle the most prevalent feature of which is, Water. The broad beck here flows in a channel over slabs of Scar-limestone, cracked here, worn into basin-like holes there by the swirl of water, but everywhere polished and smooth. Gayledale or Aisgill (*ai* a corruption of *eau*, water) is only some four miles in length, yet it comprises many fine sets of scenery, enchanting nooks and fairy dells, gay with wild flowers galore in their season, wild pink rose, golden-tassel hawkweed, white starred woodruffe (sweetest when dead and dried), and mossy Queen's cushion. These grow both at and below the Force, and on the very precipitous bank east of the fall is a thicket of the true wild alpine red-currant. A rare fern, the limestone Polypody, grows by the beck a little above Aisgill. Below the force the

stream runs down over an irregular floor of successive limestone and dark shale rocks, in a gorge or canopied arcade or overhanging trees "where twilight reigns at high noon-tide," a green limpid glade pierced by gleamy shafts of light that, falling on the beryl-clear green water, babbling ever like a glad child as it chases along, make of the narrow colonnade an enchanted passage to a

Aisgill Force. [*John Pratt*

fairy palace. This reach of the stream is alike the dipper's and the kingfisher's haunt, a fit spot for the abode of Undine; Pan with his pipes, even, would hardly seem more out of place than the enchantress of the Rhine. Here in summer the lively sandpiper twits in shrill alarm, and flirting its tail, darts off at every strange footfall approaching its mate's nest, somewhere among the thymy verdure of the bank. At the force itself the bare sections of the

dark grey cliff-side shale shew, sticking out because harder and weather resisting, brown nodules of ironstone; and stone 'thunderbolts'—the pointed fossilised dead horns of a Belemnites, a cuttle-fish which dwelt in the sea eons ago when the shale was formed by the deposit of sediment—have also been found. Professor Sedgwick, the geologist, visited this place, with Owen Dinsdale of Gayle, then a lad, for guide. Half a century and more has passed since then, but Owen is still an interesting companion with whom the writer has had more than one pleasant tramp.

Aisgill Force has a fall of 46 feet, and Professor Phillips describes it as "a most pleasing cascade, remarkably full of fossils." It careers over the lip of a level table of Yoredale rock, flowing down over a broad rather protruding cliff of dark shale, into a 'dub' or basin-like pool. It has, broadly speaking, a fan-shaped outline, widest at bottom, and is flanked by overhanging trees; a wealth of mossy growth and wild flowers drape and festoon the banks on either hand, composing a mise-en-scene, charmful both as a whole and in detail, and in its character forming an agreeable contrast to almost every other waterfall in the district, the only one having a sort of general resemblance being White Fell Gill.

Wide of Aisgill, to the west, half a mile above Gayle, is a farm named "Gaardy"—that being a pure Norse word for a home or farmstead of some importance. And indeed Gaardie farm has one distinction—according to the late Rev. Christopher Whaley, the Hill Fair held at Askrigg from 1798, was in 1817, "owing to the intended enclosure of part of the 'common lands'" removed to and held at "Gaardie near Gayle" for two or three years. It was then taken back to Askrigg, but for a 'sheep fair,' by reason of its nearness to the main road up Widdale, Gaardy was perhaps the more central site. From the brae near by there is a grand prospect of Wensleydale from the shadowing wall of Wild

Boar's Fell to the Carperby Moors above Bolton Castle. Full north, across valley, on the slope of Stag's Fell, west of the dark gash made by the Simonstone flag quarries, the road into Swaledale may be seen winding sinuously upwards; just below where we stand Rookhurst in its grove (well named, for it is the hurst of rooks)

A Bit of Gayle, shewing the home of "Black Lenn." [*R. Rodwell*

nestles and slumbers in the sun, but although the hall is a comparatively modern structure signs of early occupation are apparent: green cross lanes and a few old decrepit laithes and laith-like cottages make a network around it, and on some of them onlinger old world herbs used in rural or beastal pharmacy, such as monk's-rhubarb dock and masterwort kex, whilst the old walls and rocky

places about where the original garden garth used to be, are the only spots in the North of England where grows the clasp-leaf hawkweed, gay with big golden heads of blossom and sticky hairy stems. These three plants were discoveries of Dr. Lees while resident at Park House.

Gayle might not inaptly be termed the water-village, founded upon a rock on the banks of a stream which tumbles and shoots past its very doors in a staircase of broad shallow stepped rapids, plunging forward with irresistible seething force when in spate. Or it might be dubbed the goose village, for the place swarms with 'gabblers, large numbers being fed up here, some reared from the nest, some bought of the goose-drivers who convey large flocks of them, lean grey-lag and brent, into the dales from Ireland at certain fixed seasons of the year. The whole aspect of the place is full of 'character,' picturesque in its hard dilapidated way, old walls and roof of grey stone, its streets a 'Y' shape, its houses set at all angles to the road, the broad beck, like a highway of Naturs's own for the passage of her train, running unhindered through the 'camp' of house-dwellers, step by step over the rocky highway which determines its course. It caracoles onwards to the mill where it leaps over a deeper step of rock in a cascade of spray and is lost to the eye a few hundred yards lower down.

As a settlement, Gayle is probably one of the most ancient in the dale. Its very name bespeaks its Celtic founding and origin —its situation, too, both betokens antiquity, and (again) suggests water. There is a Gala in Scotland—water, a river, and a town, Galashiels, on its banks. There was a community gathered together at Gayle when Hawes was not. Clints House—clint, a rock—Gayle, is a residence of the Routh family who have held lands in Wensleydale from the days of the Plantagenets. The family were settled soon after the Conquest at Ruda or Routh, four miles

from Beverley, one, Amandis-de-Ruda, living there in 1119, and from him the Rouths are descended. Up-gate is a curious twisted street, and here is an old house bearing on the lintel the initials $\overline{\text{A}}$ E M and the date 1669. Bridge House is another specimen of an old-time dale dwelling, bearing the date 1665. It was formerly a possession of the Allens, yeomen. The last of the clan who held it, Leonard, died here at the age of 96; from his dark and swarthy visage he was known as Black Lenn. He was a giant in bulk, and a man of great strength. The inhabitants stood in awe of him, and to the younger generation he was quite a terror. Even to this day the Gayle mothers will 'hush' their children with the warning, "Wil't tha be quiet, or else Black Lenn'll hev' thee!" The people at Gayle—superstitious as the older generation of dalesfolk are—say Black Lenn revisits the stage of his 'earthly pilgrimage'; unaccountable knockings and other noises being often heard. Apart from Lenn's nocturnal movements, there is—or was—a barguest at Gayle, prone to make strange noises, too, to prowl grumbling and rumbling about on stormy nights some thirty years ago. It was an uncanny midnight disturber, and the howlings and screamings are alleged to have frozen the very blood of the hearer through fear! "It's all as true as t'Gospel," inquirers will be told. Modern science, however, with its knowledge of the pranks wind and water underground can play in a district like this of honeycombed limestone, has suggested practical explanations. The elder generation of inhabitants still tell of one of the mighty 'sensations' this night-loving sprite caused.

In times not long gone by (perhaps a-lingering yet), there was often great feud and local rivalry betwixt Hawes and Gayle. "Hey, for Gayle!" was for generations the slogan or battle cry of Gayle, whilst the youths of Hawes by way of retaliation would tauntingly cry, "Yo can shute (shout) but yo' can't buy owt i' Gale." The old brig was, and still is, the rendezvous of old and

young, and here the 'gay sparks' were wont to assemble on summer nights to make music, and sing, and dance backwards and forwards across the bridge until the early hours of the morning. Old Tom Mecca, alias Drummer Tom, was usually to the front with his fiddle; a "pearty lile" chap was Drummer, and his brother, Chris Metcalfe, Kit Mecca, was also a fiddler. There were others, and every man jack of them had his nickname or soubriquet, according to where he came from or what family name he bore. There were high jinks indeed on the brig on these nights. As the excitement and hilarity waxed, and lads and lasses whirled to and fro, "Hey, for Gayle!" was shouted from lusty lungs until the very walls of Hawes—half a mile off—echoed with the cry. One need not take this quite for gospel, but it is a fact that there are blank laith walls near Gayle in hemmed-in situations– one such was near where Mat o' Bands lived—that will give back distinct echoes to the human voice quite a field's length away, which may help to explain why underground noises in this district repeat themselves so startlingly by night. In these revels the Metcalfe's, Allen's, Iveson's and Dinsdale clans seem to have had the chief following; and judging from the tomb names in the little Sandemanian graveyard, that of Allen predominated.

A few hundred yards from Gayle along the old fell road leading to Bainbridge, is a "rath" or moated camp site, due possibly at first hand to Teutonic invaders—probably it is 8th century work. The purpose of this strongly-entrenched site has been one of both offence and defence as against the British people of Gale who (at that time) had not all been driven out of their mountain fastnesses. The site is near a little stream that by small labour could be made to surround the *home* with water as an additional defence against attack. The present road runs right over—or rather through—the central and highest part of the site.

A mile or so east from Gayle is the compact fell-side village

of Burtersett, set in a fine healthy position on a limestone terrace of the mountain slope. It commands fine views of the Upper dale, with Hawes in the foreground. The 'Knot' above it has an even wider prospect, since the Bain valley with Semerwater comes into view. The giants of the Pennines shew out majestically. It is an old settlement as its name reveals: in early Norman days a fortified spot, a forest abode in those of the Plantagenet Kings. It has a fair sprinkling of antique houses, the frames of the doors and windows very thick and well lime-washed. As has been said, Hillary Hall, now occupied by Mr. J. Mason, farmer, was formerly a seat of Sir Henry Hillary, who also owned Rigg Park House, west of Appersett. From Burtersett the fell road runs low down the declining slope of the Wether ridge to Bainbridge. Over the ridge lies bay-like Semerdale with its water of witching legend, Marsett and Stalling Busk, and Dr. Fothergill's Carr End, and firry Raydale.

CHAPTER X.

Semerdale and Semerwater.

From Burtersett we strike south up over Burtersett Knot, the last eastern prominence of the Wether Fell ridge; it is a stiff up-hill climb with a stony heathery slack to cross before we reach the southern rim of the fell that shelters Marset and Semerdale, but being mainly limestone rock at the surface it is gay in places with silver-star leadwort and milk white saxifrage and pink-eyed mealy primrose. We cross the 'green way,' an old Roman track which runs up the long ridge from Bainbridge, in a straight lonely line, walled on each side for the most part, and making a bee line for Cam where it dips again into Ribblesdale, and so on to Ingleton—"the mountain Cam, whose crown from snow is seldom free," said the poet, but he more probably meant the Dodd, a good deal higher and more exposed, of which Cam is a south-western rampart. A little while after going athwart this ancient green way, we rise a little between scars of crumbling stone on the ledges of which grow *Saxifrage granulata* and the alpestra cinquefoil (*Potentilla*), known here long ago to the famous Dr. Fothergill, whose home was Car End on the north-west border of Sea-mere-water. The maritime Plantain or Way-bred, grows here also, a relic of the time when such sea-side plants were at home on the shore of some long-ago receded lake. It must have been so, when the hills rose above it, long geological ages ago. But there remains the fact that seaside plants grow here and also about Woodhall lead mine above Nappa, where the Sea-Thrift, of cottage garden borders, is likewise abundant. From the lip of the basin in which

North Yorkshire's beautiful lake lies like a mirror, we descend by a steep zig-zag path to the trough-like depression (almost ringed round by hills) of Semer with its forked dells of Raydale and Mardale. Here, shut in, out of sound of railway whistle even, is a little domain of unique character, a green oasis in a highland plateau of purple and grey, wherein the sons of Odin or Fingal might still revisit the homeland of their adoption. Sunken in the lewth of guardian hills, a beryl crystal in a mosaic of green divided by grey lines (walls) Semerdale is like no other place in Yorkshire. Round the sloping shores of the lake are three villages, Marsett at the west angle, Countersett on a bluff at the north-east end, and lower down on the south border Stalling-Busk. These are strung together by the white 'harled' halls or farm-gaardies of Thwaite, Carr End, Raydale House and High Blean, where in the 'sixties abode a not-soon-to-be-forgotten character, George Robinson, Esquire, of brass-band fame. Of him more hereafter. At the upper end of the lake are the picturesquely wooded and waterfalled ravines of Bardale, Raydale and Cragdale, of almost Norwegian character, many successive 'fosses' over stair-like limestone and shale rocks, plumed with spruce fir plantations, the home to-day of Britain's tiniest bird—the golden-crested wren. It builds its nest, a compact hanging bag of cunningly woven moss and hair, underneath the outsweeping branches of the silver fir, and itself, picking the cones for the seeds, seems quite as much at home hanging head downwards as any acrobat of a blue-tit. These ravines are cut back into the hill-ridges in the direction of Oughtershaw and Langstrothdale, but of course not so deeply but that their streams flow down like silver fingers into Semerdale's lake.

It was from the district of Langstrothdale sprang the two Northern Scholars whom Chaucer made the subjects of his "Reeves' Tale";—

"Of a toun wher they were born, that highte Strother,
Fer in the North, I can not tellen where."

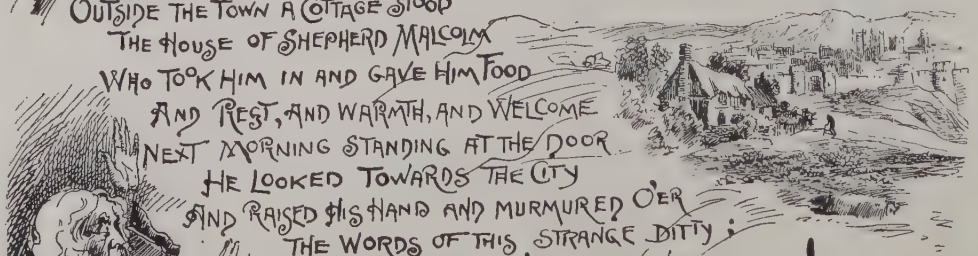
Near the source of the Raydale beck, across a dark stretch of Fleet moss with its tarn of inky water, is Oughtershaw, with its tarn too, lonesome and unwooded, but fringed with rush and flag-like vegetation on three of its sides, that to the north being barren and stony. The strata of the Semerdale becks in the higher part of their course is of gritstone and chert beds, and their first declining channels are strewn with ice-scratched grit boulders. Lower down the glen sides are well timbered. About Park Scar the limestone crops out boldly in stepped terraces over which the streams fall as at Aysgarth, but on a small scale, as a series of brightly sparkling cascades, dim with spray, emerald with water mosses of many sorts and gemmed with many wild flower jewels, woodruffe, pink-belled wintergreen, grass of Parnassus, golden rod, and many another. The streams of the three ravines join before reaching the lake, and form the little river Bain—the brightly-flashing (a name of Celtic origin)—and the shortest stream in England called a river, except perhaps the Crow at Aberford. The glens whose waters eternally feed and renew Semerlake are situated in the heart of the ancient 'forest' of Bainbridge, adjacent to, and in olden days indivisible from, that of Langstrothdale Chase, once (nay, even now, for Miss Crompton-Stansfield maintains a herd at Buckden) the haunt and fastness of red deer, and infested by wolves, wild boar, and other feral things—if one may judge by their frequent bone remains in the caves of the limestone. A weird charm pervades this remote dale: the wanderer here feels as though penetrating into some forbidden hidden-away gnome-land; the sanctuary and last refuge of an old-world people who have lived and died and lain long hidden away here from a bygone world, the very echoes awakened by one's voice or a detached stone plunging over a foss, sounding, in fancy's ear, as though long drawn and expiring in agony from the aisles of a far-away past!

'In Langstrothdale Chase. [*A. Haselgrave*

A LEGEND OF SEMERWATER.

ONE DAY A POOR AND AGED MAN
PASSED THROUGH THE THRIVING CITY
AND MEEKLY ASK'D OF THOSE HE SAW
FOR FOOD AND REST IN PITY:
BUT ALL SO COLD THEIR HEARTS HAD GROWN
WITH CARES AND FASHIONS SPLENDID
THE HOMELESS PASSED ON ALONE
FAINT, WORN, AND UNBEFRIENDED.

* * * * * * *



OUTSIDE THE TOWN A COTTAGE STOOD
THE HOUSE OF SHEPHERD MALCOLM
WHO TOOK HIM IN AND GAVE HIM FOOD
AND REST, AND WARMTH, AND WELCOME
NEXT MORNING STANDING AT THE DOOR
HE LOOKED TOWARDS THE CITY
AND RAISED HIS HAND AND MURMURED O'ER
THE WORDS OF THIS STRANGE DITTY:
SEMERWATER RISE! SEMERWATER SINK!
AND BURY THE TOWN ALL SAVE THE HOUSE
WHERE THEY GAVE ME MEAT AND DRINK.

* * * * * * * * *

And still when boating on the lake
When sunset clouds are glowing
The roofs and spires may yet be seen
Beneath the blue waves showing
And as the calm of evening falls
No sound from landward bringing
Soft music's heard from hidden bells
Deep 'neath the waters ringing
* * * * *
Gilbert Foster

Stranded where dropped from some melting glacier before it dipped down Baindale to Bainbridge, at the very foot of the lake of Semerwater, is a large boulder known as the "Carlow" Stone (*Caer*, Celtic, a place, some say a rock; and *lou* or *lough*, a lake), on which are strange marks, "runes of Nature" due to scratching from contact with harder surfaces in the ice period; but, of course, the country folk, who are freit superstitious and fearsome, ascribe these marks to the nails of his Satanic Majesty. This monstrous stone, they tell one—or did, for with a new generation grown up to middle age there is some reluctance to say so boldly—that it was hurled upon a "City" which formerly stood where the lake now lies, and which through the proud selfish wickedness of the dwellers therein—a sort of Gomorrah—wrought out their own destruction. This tale doesn't seem to hold together—if the place was bad it was the Devil's own, why should he destroy what was after his own image?

Another version, whose moral has at least the virtue of inculcating Charity, tells that—"Near the beginning of the Christian era there stood a fair city on the site of the present lake. One cold winter's day there wandered through its streets an angel in the guise of a poor venerable man, scant of clothing, hungry, and with no money in his purse wherewith to buy food and raiment. In vain he begged for food and shelter, but no one gave relief. Passing along the east side of the vale, just without the bounds of the city, stood a small hut, the dwelling-place of an aged couple, too lowly, the legend says, to be allowed to dwell within the precincts of the city. To this humble dwelling came the beggar, but even before he told of his hunger the good dame placed milk, cheese, and bread before him. After satisfying his appetite he bestowed on the kind couple a blessing. Beneath their roof he found shelter for the night, and next morning, after again thanking them, he spread his hands to the proud city and pronounced the following

malediction:—'Semmerwater rise! Semmerwater sink!' &c. Then the earth made a hissing noise, the stream grew into a large lake, and the city was no more." Yet unto this day the natives tell us that the roofs of the buried city are ofttimes seen deep down in the limpid waters. They also point to a hut on the south side of the lake as the dwelling-place of the aged couple who so generously relieved the stranger.

Other lakes have similar legends, Gormire for instance, and Lough Treagh in Ireland.

"On Lough's banks as the fisherman strays,
When the calm clear eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
On the waves beneath him shining."

The name Semerwater, *three* syllables is merely a triplication of one and the same thing, fluid—sea—mere—water. In its normal capacity it covers about 100 acres of basin bed, and it then plumbs about 45 feet, but when the spates are on in the rainy time of Spring and Fall, its depth is increased and its spread much greater. It contains abundance of cray-fish, has also trout and roach, but its bream are most plentiful. Its shores are visited at seasons of migration by many rare wading birds, swans and wild geese, whose clanging "honk! honk!" overhead, as they string their way to the Pole Star lands where they breed, heard in the dark nights of early spring are counted a portent by the superstitious who hear the strangely mystic moving sound. The common tern, the sea swallow, and several kinds of gulls frequent it, although the black-headed gull has ceased to breed here. At Locker Tarn, on the fell above Carperby, the little grebe breeds, as also on Semerwater occasionally. In 1869 Mr. Pierce Baresford shot a red-throated diver and a black scoter on the lake, and the abundance of great knife-edge swan shells (on which the larger birds are fond of feeding) is a fact of which every bather in Semer-

water should beware. The dunlin shell duck, teal and widgeon, have at one time or another been found here, the pretty little teal duck especially breeding here and also Locker Tarn. In the gill below the lake both the creeper and the green woodpecker—with the garnet head—are, or were, resident breeding birds.

A few of these particulars are taken from a list of Wensleydale Birds published in the *Naturalist*, and compiled from the many year's observation of Mr. Ned Chapman, of Carperby, about 1887. Now dead, he was a kindly-hearted sportsman and—as he was proud to be styled—"freeholder" of that Wensleydale village which owns common rights in the great 'wood' by the Yore there. He will not soon be forgotten by lovers of "Wild Life."

Dr. Fothergill, of Carr End, was not only a botanist and famous physician, but one of the earliest observers of the feathered visitants to Semerdale. His first list appeared as far back as 1832 in *London's Magazine of Natural History.*

The northern shore is boggy and fringed by an ancient alder wood, with many other native water-loving trees and shrubs, yellow in parts with the stately and ornamental Fleur-de-Lis in early summer; a meadow on the rise borders this and above runs the 'high-side' road to Carr End and Marsett, its banks a Paradise to botanists from its richness in wild flowers.

Semerwater and its dale made up a perfect fairyland during the writer's last visit: framed in purple hills, gashed by deeply yawning clefts nigh filled with olive and silver shot green firwoods, whilst the hues of the variously bedight zones of land bordering the lake were delightful in their contrasts, whilst the water-mirror itself reflected the changing blues and silver-greys of the sky as cloudlets swept over it, the lights shimmering within its crystal depths. On the vale's north side, 'snugly set in a little terraced dell, is the hamlet of Countersett, i.e., cross or country side. This

old home of the fraternity of Quakers, with its quaint huddle of grey walls and mossed roofs, antique porch ways, doors and windows of ancient workmanship, and stone mullions, affords us a genuine glimpse at the domestic architecture of other days. Countersett Hall was the home of George Fox, founder of the "Friends" when journeying in these parts. The black oaken

Countersett [*Edmund Bogg.*

bedstead whereon Fox slept was kept here for generations, but it has now disappeared. The interior of the house bespeaks its age, with its black oak ceilings, and twisted stairway, cupboards, and partitions. The windows deeply mullioned are still girded with iron bars, and the antique porch is a charming picture, with its semi-circular doorway, and curious holes and nooks, adorned with brightly scoured pans and milk pails. The brethren

still make pilgrimages, even from over seas, to this and other springs of the Simple Faith in this out-of-the-world corner of Yorkshire; the district is full of veritable shrines hallowed by the recollection of well-lived lives, that put on no airs and aimed but at existences to be passed in peace and in good with men of all nations. On the wall of the ancient inn here is the date, 1667, B.H.J., and an inscription in Latin, which, translated, reads: "Once thine, now mine, but who's after I can't tell." The interior is redolent of age, and is homely with furniture made when a George was King of England.

At the west, north side of the lake, is Carr End, the old home of the Fothergills, quakers of note who came here out of Ravenstonedale in 1606, and settled. This was the birthplace of Dr. John Fothergill, notable both for medical and botanical attainments. His was one of the best collections of wild plants in the north of England. Jessie Fothergill, the authoress of "Kith and Kin," "The First Violin," and other novels, was a later highly-gifted member of the same family. Her descriptions, in the first-named work of the life and 'feeling' of Wensleydale, where the scene is laid, are able and graphic, and her book has been read "the wide, wide world" over. The blossoms of Spring like a bridal veil hung suspended from the trees around the house, bird cherry, crabtree and thorn, when last I passed that way, and seemed as it were, to symbolise the Friends' white and grey garb of peace and purity. The Fothergill 'gaardy' is now a farmhouse, with a suite of rooms facing south held in reserve for the yearly visit of the Pilkingtons, present owners. The old hall and its entourage are characteristic of a bygone age, when such a home had to have all things necessary for life within itself—to be "all sufficient," rooms, byres, stables, barns, etc., all the 'offices' of a mansion or castle in little. The surrounding vegetation is in keeping, various and of old time. Native bird-cherry or 'heck-berry' trees festoon

the scar to the back, with hazel and burtree, ancient yews cast funereal shadows on the moss-grown walks of the pleasance, with fine-grown but not wild sycamore trees (*acer platanoicles*)

Miss Jessie Fothergill. [*John Pratt.*

introduced from the north or central parts of Europe (later recommended by Linnæus as being very hardy) towards the end of the 16th century—it was a curiosity in Shakespeare's day—which overtop all the rest and are as thoroughly at home as if aboriginal, fed by a spring which issuing from the rocks behind trickles past the house; while yet another clear streamlet races alongside the garden wall. To eye and ear clear and cool—delightsome! This is one

of those ancient haunts of man over which an antiquary is never weary of descanting. Ivy-leaved snapdragon covers the walls with a vesture of green picked out with points of clear purple blossoms, and the native Alpine currant grows on the steep scar and among the ruins of a byre near by.

Both the pasture land head and sandy peaty foot of Semerwater nurture many a pleasing marsh plant of beautiful grace and hue. There is the Alpine bistort—and to quote Dr. Lees—the lovely veined ivory cups of grass of Parnassus, the orange globeflower and the purple wood geranium, the feathery meadowsweet and the glistening purple-plumed reed, with golden Asphodel, and turquoise-blue water forget-me-not, one and all, but the last especially, to keep in memory Semerwater's crown of wild flowers.

At the north-west corner of Semerdale, shut away from even that quiet vale, is Marsett—smallest of villages, surely. Like several other places in Wensleydale, this was a reputed haunt of the water kelpie. Past its few doors Bar or Mar-dale beck leaps from its prison grille of stone and trees into the more spacious air "of the dome of heaven." Like other spots in Wensleydale Marsett is sacred to the cult of the goose, bred largely here, white and grey-leg, for feather and table. Their incessant gabbling—when not a-nest or asleep, head in wing—with the trebles of quacking ducks, create quite an uproar here: one must suppose that like humans in some rough towns, the geese are too wise to trust strangers, they are very watch-dogs for notifying the approach of a foot they "dinna ken." The roughly-built housesteads with yellow harled walls and moss embossed roofs overhung by trees—the drip of which makes the moss grow whether it renders the bedrooms damp or no—have a rural character of their own, quite artistic and charming. Near by, at the north-west angle of the dale is a field known as Knight's Close, and the bases of walls and other inequalities of the ground

seem to point to a substantial hall of some sort having at one time graced this corner of an out-of-the-way region.

Raydale House at the head of Semerdale is picturesquely situated, where Raydale opens out, but it lacks the south aspect and so some of the sunny charm of Carr End. Here the ghost of some old ancestor is reputed to reappear at intervals, and wandering over the stage of his earthly exits and entrances to disturb folk by claiming admittance to his old home. He is locally known as "Oade 'Opper." My informant stated that she had not only heard "Oade 'Opper knock," but she had "seen him mony a taime." Raydale House was the scene of perhaps the last act of private and domestic warfare in England. It was in this wise: Sir Thomas Metcalf, known as the 'Black Knight of Nappa,' with an armed force attacked Raydale House, then occupied by a Mrs. Robinson, her husband being absent in London. This was on the evening of June the 4th, 1617. It was the climax to a dispute between the Robinsons of Worton and the Metcalfs of Nappa for "Right of Possession" to Raydale House and lands. The place was in siege from June 4th to June 7th. There were several assaults, each time repulsed by the small but undaunted garrison of three sons and seven serving men. On the first night of attack Mrs. Robinson left the house to confer with Sir Thomas on the meaning of his intrusion. He would not, however, gratify her wishes, saying only his Will was Law. She was not allowed to re-enter, and so was obliged to seek shelter elsewhere. She was untiring in her efforts to obtain assistance to raise the siege, but for some time without avail. On the evening of the 6th, about sunset, another attack was made, when James Hodgson (one of Metcalf's men) was shot and killed. On June 7th, the siege having lasted three days, assistance arrived from York in the person of the Sergeant at Mace and Pursuivant, along with a Justice of the Peace, with divers officers. They took Sir Thomas with several of his company

prisoners, the rest quickly dispersing, and the garrison was 'relieved.' It all sounds very strange to-day! Sir Thomas was fined a Thousand pounds, and further to be imprisoned in the Tower at his own cost during the King's pleasure. Thirty of his following of substance, were fined 500 marks (about £25) apiece. Neither did Lady Metcalf get off scot free. She too was fined for that during the affray she was present encouraging the men to attack, and even tried to persuade a woman to fire the house!

A View of Semerwater. [*Owen Bowen.*

An old-time Suffragette with a vengeance! At this distant date one may say, "Bravo, Mrs. Robinson and little garrison;" a heroine, whose progeny were no chicken-hearts, without holding the scales between the parties as to which the House by virtue

of right actually belonged. The present structure appears to date from the middle of the 17th century, or perhaps earlier. East of it, a little way, is Stalling Busk, a small village but having a church and burial ground. Here is an ancient house formerly an inn, with moulded doorway bearing date, and antique windows with stone mullions. From here the ancient pack-horse (some say Roman) way over-looking Cragdale wends up and along High Stake (the path was originally way-marked with stakes) pass and down to Cray and Buckden. The view from its summit over Langstrothdale Chase is wildly magnificent, with its fine array of looming hill crests.

The Bain river is (as said) the shortest-coursed in England. Camden says "it issues from the pool Semur with a strange murmur." Gradually its character changes, its bed rockier with many gritstone boulders, when nearing Bainbridge its gradient growing less, it sidles over broad and flat slabs of mountain limestone.—just as the Gayle beck does at Gayle. From the 'camp' town of Bainbridge it drops little by little over stairs and shelves of the same rock until it falls into Yore. To the south-east of the green at Bainbridge, on a sort of a bluff or brae overlooking the Bain, is Brough Hill, the site of the Roman winter camp of Bracchium. Its entrenchments are still plainly enough visible. In the Bain's lower reaches the yellow water-lily grows plentifully, and this district is particularly rich in varieties of the wild hedge rose, there are over a score kinds, nearly as many as in the extensive thicket 'Freeholders' Wood' at Carperby, lower down.

Between Semerdale Hall and Countersett the road runs along an avenue of curiously aged and stunted trees, copiously clad in a grey and green garb of moss and lichen; but indeed the air is so pure and keen here and in Upper Wensleydale generally, that this sign of it in lichen growth is not rare. In Cotterdale, Fossdale,

Grange Gill and Skellgill, and in a wood by the road east of Burtersett towards Borwins, one can hardly see bark for moss or stone wall for a curious wire-mat of lichen.

Semerdale Hall is not an ancient of days structure, but the outbuildings clearly belong to an edifice of earlier days. We have now reached the end of our "Richmondshire Borderland" chapters. For a description of Bainbridge the reader is referred to the chapters on "Wensleydale."

Horner, the late Horn-blower of Bainbridge. [*Owen Bowen*

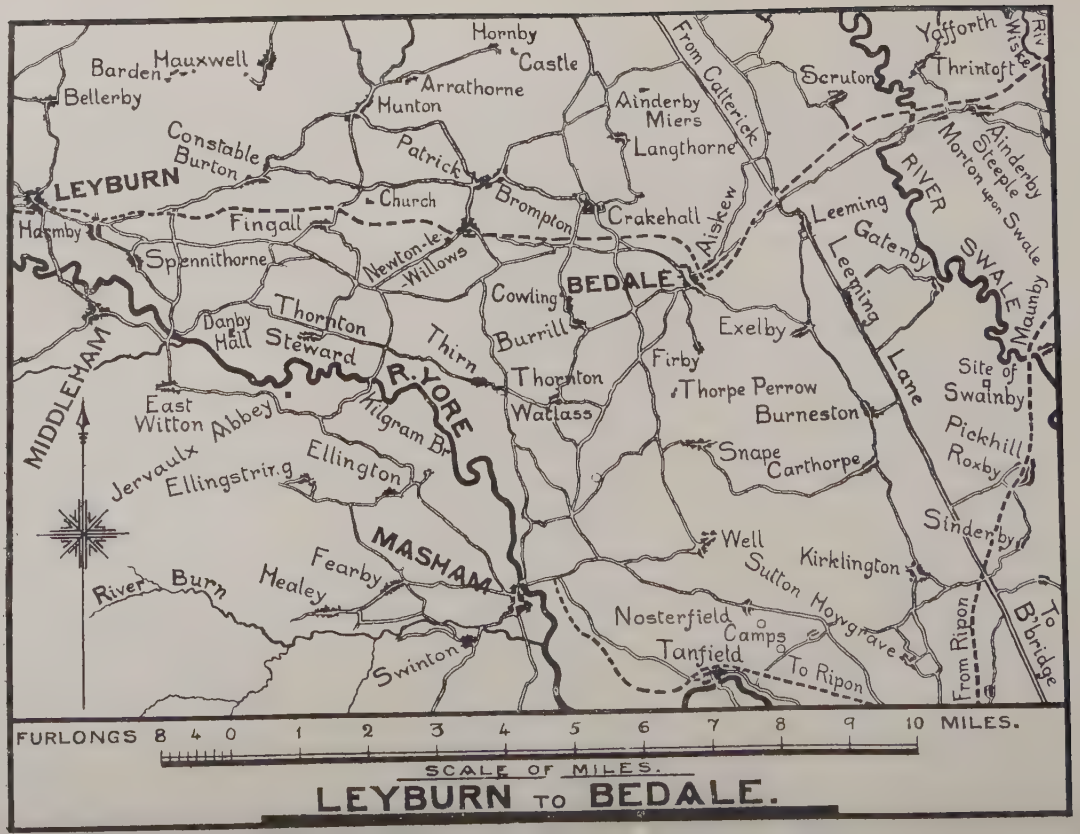
WENSLEYDALE.

Wensleydale.

CHAPTER I.

Bedale.

Until recent years the written history of Bedale—though a "faire market toune second only to Richmond," as old John Leland, the Antiquary of Henry the Eighth's time called it—was of a very meagre description. Yet all who have mentioned it describe the place as a tolerably well-built town, situated in a rich lowland vale which, with the surrounding country is exceedingly fertile, yielding abundant crops of both corn and grass. Centuries before the Normans came and 'annexed' the land of the Angles, the *dale*—which indeed gave its name to the town (as with Kendal and a few other places)—was renowned for its fertility in pasture and tilth. We cannot other than suppose that when the Anglians named the place they did so descriptively, the Betha-land or Begadale, the beauteous and bounteous dale or valley. The Rev. Charles Merchant says the name is from Bethe, *the old name of the stream* which flows down the slope of lower Wensleydale and past 'Bedal' to join the Swale beyond Leeming. The town is situated upon the south-west bank of this *small river*, just where it begins to make a curve east and north, turned aside by the gentle rise of land to the south-west which is all that hereabout demarks the basin of Swale from that of Yore. Strange to say this rather long-



LEYBURN TO BEDALE.

coursed streamlet, which rise on Barden Moor and Bellerby Rig, and joins, forming the little river just south of Patrick Brompton and running east for many miles by Crakehall and Bedale, etc., is without a commonly accepted name save that of Bedale beck. It falls into Swale a mile below Morton, four miles east-by-north of Bedale, having drained a considerable extent of the rich champaign before mentioned.

Of Bedale an old writer quaintly says, "its Fairs were formerly celebrated for the sale of horned cattle, sheep, horses, leather, pewter, brass, tin, and—milliners' goods!" The 'pewter' points to the near-hand source of lead, and the last item to the fact that the Bedale ladies were strongly to the fore and insisted on their rights to be 'bonny.' There is an obscure but witty-enough jingle which attests to this:

> "Bedale bonnets and Bedale faces,
> Find nowt to beat 'em in any places—
> For t'first are 'Fairings,' an' t'last are Graces."

As this Prologue bespeaks, the foundation of Bedale is shrouded in the dim light of long bygone days. As a settlement and centre, the beaming jewel in the heart of a fair land, accessible from north, south and east, it doubtless dates back to the earliest Celtic period, when exchange and barter of merchandise for the necessaries of life had its beginnings. It has, too, long been a great fox-hunting centre, and has a high character for producing saddle and draught horses of stout strain. The breeding of "the friend of man" is the proudest boast of the North York farmer, and the beautiful dale is the headquarters of the finest pedigree-horse district in England. On the suppression of Jervaulx Abbey, Sir Arthur Darcy recommended King Henry VIII. to use that establishment for the purpose of breeding horses. "Surely," he wrote, "the breed of Gervalx, for hors, was the try breed in the North. I think in no realm shold be found the lyke of them."

The Bedale Hunt was inaugurated in 1832—the year of Reform—by Mr. Mark Milbank, of Thorpe Perrow, and this Pack has gained a niche in the temple of the Chase second to none in reputation for good management and success. Old Leland calls the men of Lower Wensleydale and Bedale "Venmen," that is, huntsmen who love "Sport," so we may infer safely that Milbanke—famous name since Mark's time in peaceful politics—found a 'field' awaiting his first 'meet' between which the best of understandings, the outcome of sympathy, has existed ever since. Following the hounds is a popular sport even with those who have to go on foot; healthful and inspiring it is getting a hold even in the large smoke-hidden towns of Middlesborough and Leeds.

Bedale Market Place.

The old market town itself is so peaceful and slumbrous that on any day, except a market or a Fair, one may hear the clink and echo of our footsteps resounding as we cross the cobbled market place. Although Bedale has been somewhat renovated during the last half century, it still retains that charming 'air' of old-fashioned repose which is so hard to define in words, and yet is so peculiarly

discernible in old-world places. Even Edgar Allan Poe's "Raven," was here! standing solemnly and sedately on an Inn-sign hanging over the door of a hostel on the occasion of the writer's first visit: and quite as famous in his way as that "ebony bird" mentor, in speech made renowned for all time in the American poet's classic verse:

"Is there—is there balm in Gilead? tell me, tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore." . . . .
"Be that word our sign of parting, fowl or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest, and the night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken - quit that coign above my door!" . . .
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Poor old Eli! as he had been christened—the "ungainly fool," as Poe dubs its kind rather unfairly, for if slow of motion there is a solemn dignity in its antics, this Bedale raven, after having for years brought endless amusement both to Bedalians and visitors, came to a sad end. His glossy body, embalmed in the sanctity of a glass case, is still to be seen at the inn adjoining the Market Cross, falsifying the poet's prediction, or at least substituting for "Never" the more emblematic "Evermore."

At the Norman Conquest, Bedale and many another manor in this district, was in the hands of a jarl, one Tor or Torpin. After the settlement at Richmond of Alan Rufus, it was granted to Bodin—a name suggestive of Eastern Europe or Scanian origin—"the red right hand of Odin," as the poet has it. This Bodin, wishing to expiate the wilder deeds of his lusty youth by becoming a monk, divided his estates between Bardulf and Ribald. To the latter fell Bedale, at this time he being also Lord of Middleham and its adjacencies. In his old days he also became a monk of St. Mary's, York. Bardulf, who was seized of Ravensworth, was the progenitor of the knightly house of Fitzhugh. At the Domesday Survey Bedale compares favourably in point of actual cash-value

with surrounding places. It was put at Thirty Shillings, seemingly a small sum, but when contrasted with that most important capital, Catterick, at that time only £8, and with Scruton, 50*s.*, Burniston £6, and Well £2, whilst nearly every other 'vill' or 'ton' are set down at between 5*s.* and 20*s.*, Bedale comes out as being fairly prosperous. The manor passed from Ribald to one Scollandus, sewer or house-steward to Alan, third Earl of Richmond. This name, Scolland, is significant and the memory of it kept alive by the remains of the fine Hall of Scolland in the south-west part of Richmond Castle, the hall of these Lords of Bedale. This Scolland had a son, Brian Fitz (meaning son and heir) Scolland, also Lord of Bedale, who dying without issue the manor came into the possession of one Brian, a son of Alan the Black, third Earl as above said ; and Brian and Alan are the two names inseparably connected with the history and fortunes of Bedale for quite a century, until the time of Brian Fitz-Alan, or Brian the Third. He was the most notable man of his house, and died without male heirs. These Fitz-Alans of Bedale were of Norman extraction, and claimed descent from Alan Rufus of Brittany, who attended King William, and for his share in his Conquest and plunder of Angleland received the princely possessions of Earl Edwin, and many another manor and lordship. Thus we see the Fitz-Alans, scions of the highest dignitaries, were housed in Richmond Castle when Norman chivalry was paramount, and like the Fitz Hughs the utmost splendour marks their line. It was the Fitz-Alans who brought the town of Bedale into such prominence as a centre of pageantry and ostentatious revelry and hospitable ceremony.

In 1297 Brian Fitz-Alan was appointed Warden of Scotland in succession to John de Warrenne, Earl of Surrey. Such a post of command and responsibility, and mark of confidence under a keen judge of character like the first Edward indicates much—a man of signal ability and reputation as a competent leader of men, an

organizer and a warrior of firm and tried character. This period was a most unsettled one in the North, affairs were trembling in the balance, skirmishing and risings in Scotland were frequent, there was a want of security, and a demonstration by the Scots on Stanemore, they actually obtaining for a time 'free quarters' on English soil. The battle of Falkirk followed on the 22nd July, 1298, disastrous to the Scots, who lost ten thousand of their best soldiery inured to every hardship and pinch of war. Several historians have connected the Fitz-Alans of Bedale with the Fitz-Alan, Knights of Arundel, in Sussex, who were the progenitors of the Royal line of Stuart, but there was not the slightest or more than a common Norman relationship between them. Yet one can understand how the confusion came about: the ancestors of the Arundel Alans came over with the Conqueror too, and fought at Hastings. Both their names appear on the Roll, and their descendents fought side by side generations later with Brian Fitz-Alan in the Welsh wars. A Richard Fitz-Alan, of Arundel, held command and served in the English army at the Falkirk fray, and he also took part with Brian of Bedale in the siege of Caerlaverock, and in the ballad verse of the minstrel chronicler he is highly complimented on the valour he displayed.

"Richard le Conte de Aroundel,
Beau chivalier et bien aimé,
I vi je Richement armé;
En rouge au lyon rampart de or—"

Brian of Bedale is also described. The subject of a dispute between him and Hugh Pointz reminds one of the famous *cause celebre* between Scrope and Grosvenor, nearly a century later.

Brian Fitz-Alan of Bedale appears to have been a model knight, for it is on record that when Edward offered him the Wardenship of the North he endeavoured to escape the vast responsibility by declining at first the great honour. Mr. M'Call's

The Church. *Percy Robinson.*

"History" gives the text of a letter on the subject still preserved in the Record Office. In this document he puts forth his inability, his power, and his unwarlike temperament. Yet he was overruled—such was Edward's confidence in him, and most of Brian's remaining years were spent in warfare. He died in 1306, and, leaving no male issue, the Barony descended to his two daughters —Agnes, wife of Sir Gilbert Stapylton, and Katherine, spouse of John, Lord Grey of Rotherfield. This close of the direct line of Fitz-Alans appears to have to some extent clouded the militant character with which its great heads had invested Bedale and its 'castle'; it may be that Brian's stronghold here was only of wood, and consequently not so enduring as one of stone; and its having fallen early into decay was one reason why Brian built his castle at Killerby or Kilwarderby in 1291, which he obtained a licence to battlement from the King himself. This castle had a massive central tower, with courts around it, and its situation was naturally already a strong one, it being surrounded by a deep moat, outside of this a treacherous tract of marsh and bog land. But whatever the nature of the 'castle' of Bedale, nearly every vestige above ground has gone, centuries ago. Yet all historians, from Camden down, except the latest, Mr. M'Call (who does not once mention it in his book), tells us that a castle stood here, and we see no reason for doubting that so great a figure in history as Brian, who dates his letters from Bedale and so was in residence there, had a commanding holding in Bedale. Why! the house of Scolland and the after Alans were so strongly in evidence at Bedale for nigh 200 years, that for them *not* to have had a castle residence in keeping with their rank and dignity seems inconceivable as against all the custom of the period. The ground to the west and north-west of the church (the tower of which was built by Brian's widow), is still mutely eloquent of some such structure, razed to the ground at some remote period, this very

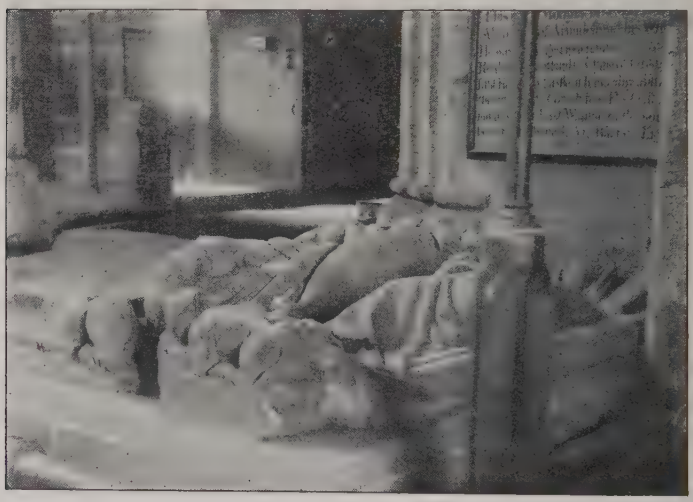
castle of Bedale. It may have been, as already observed, only of timber, and by the 13th century—possibly through fire—had had its day, and became untenantable; only conjecture founded on inequalities of the ground is possible now, but Whitaker says in his *Richmondshire*, "The Castle of Bedale, the residence and most probably the workmanship of Brian Fitz-Alan"—(here he may be wrong, for it was certainly constructed earlier)—"*stood, with no advantage of situation*, a little to the south-west of the church steeple. The foundations have been traced to a considerable extent into a field north-west of the church." With this account we do not agree. Brian Fitz-Alan is not likely to have himself built two castles. The builder was far more probably Ribald or Scollandus, its first lords after the Conquest.

Few knightly figures were more to the front at the Court of Edward the Third than that of Miles Stapylton of Bedale and Wighill. He was one of the contestants in the great Tournament at Windsor in 1344; and was also one of the Founders of the Knights of the "Round Table"—all equal before God and the King, none greater than another. Highly was Sir Miles esteemed for chivalry and valour by the redoubtable Black Prince, so highly that he presented him with a magnificent war horse. The burial-place of the Stapyltons is a vault on the north-east side of the church but the lustre of their name in arms is better shewn forth in memorials at Wighill. Space does not allow us to describe the other notabilities who made their home here through the 15th and 16th centuries—the Lovels, the Digbys, and the Marmions—but the well-known family of Pierse has for many generations provided the local magnate. The Pierces trace their descent from Peter Pierce of Bedale, who, says the Rev. Charles Merchant, descended through the female line from the Stapyltons, and so, remotely from the Fitz-Alans. This Peter Pierce was a gallant soldier—Standard-

bearer to Richard the Third ; and in the 17th century John Pierce was Gentleman Sewar or Steward of Household to Charles I.

We proceed to the church, the noble castle-like tower of which has every sign of having been purposely made defensible as a place of refuge for the townspeople to fly to on a sudden—and they were frequent enough—raid or incursion of Scots, the common foe and the bugbear of the timid or unarmed during the reign of the Second Edward. In these raids the Scots pillaged the country to the very gates of York. We should suppose that the castle of Alan had become either untenable or possibly an actual ruin at that period. So this 'citadel' tower was added on to the existing nave and aisle early in the 14th century, both as an ornament to the fane of Faith and as a bulwark of defence. It is said to be one of the stoutest built church towers in the North of England. Access to the upper stories is by a spiral stairway, which had the extra and unusual protection of a portcullis. This relic of the middle-ages fortification, appears to have been forgotton : it fell, from the corrosion of time, many years ago. The tower itself had four stories, the first one being the Priest's chamber. At the west end of the nave, are four effigies. The two on the north represent Brian Fitz-Alan and his Lady. A canopy or cope supported by angels (seraphs) cover his head, left bare, his body being encased in chain armour, girt with his sword and shield, upon which is emblazoned the armorial bearings of the knight. The sword-belt is decorated with leopard's heads. Over all his surcoat falls loosely, his hair is represented as long and flowing, hands clasped and legs crossed at the knees, while his feet rest on a lion. On each side sits a figure with an open book. By his side rests the effigy of a lady, hands outstretched as in act of making an offering to the church. A crown of oak leaves (entypifying strength and worth) encircles her brow. Her robe is arranged in graceful folds, falling to her very feet,

which rest against a huge hound, typifying fidelity, whilst her head lies upon a pillow. This figure is by some said to be Muriel, the first wife of Brian Fitz-Alan. The figures at the south abutment of the tower arch represent knights of a century later, shewing the gradual change of fashion from 'chain' to 'plate' armour. Their bodies are encased in the latter with a camail of chain. In the north wall of St. George's aisle, under a recessed arch, is the effigy of a priest, thought to be the tomb of Brian de Thornhill. The interior of the church is striking and peculiar.



Effigies of Brian Fitz-Alan and his Wife. [*A. Vivian.*

The arcade separating the north aisle from the nave is the most ornate and interesting portion, the arch mouldings being enriched with the dog tooth and ball flower. The vestry contains an ancient churchwarden's chest. Underneath the east end of the church is a crypt, formerly a sacristy or chapel, a recess supposed to contain the relics of Saints. In later centuries it was used as a bone-house

(like Ripon and many other monasteries), but now it is the vault or burial-place for the Lords of the Manor; here are two tombs of black and white marble.

On a clear day there is a magnificent prospect from the church tower over this fertile land of halls, granges, farming villages and hamlets, with its waters winding through rich cornland and luxuriant emerald pastures. Immediately below one views the cobble-paved street of the old town, and the hall with its beautiful grounds. We might linger for hours untired in the church and its quiet yard, impressive in its peaceful rest as though time mattered not, so full of charm and interest is everything connected with this 'holy ground.' This church of Saint Gregorius stands for a long, long page of history. A period of nigh twelve hundred years has seen it playing its part in human affairs! It had a Saxon founding, and the original structure may have been of 'wattle' or daubed interwoven laths and plaster. It became a ruin during the Danish invasion, and was replaced when the ravaging unbelieving stranger (by peaceful occupation) became one of the Anglian family, by a stone edifice, which there is evidence when at the Conquest the Norman came in his turn to take his share of 'the fat of the land.' The church since has undergone so many successive rebuildings and additions, that only the veriest fragments of Saxon work remain, these in the shape of rubble stones, scraps of sculpture, and interlaced carving of 8th century date. Little if any Norman work is observable, but the church is rich in examples of 13th, 14th and 15th century work, for a full and precise description of which we should refer the reader to the complete detailed account in Mr. McCall's "History" of the church.

Bedale of the seventeen and eighteen hundreds, and from time out of memory, has had its public affairs managed by a body known as the "Twenty-Four," at the head of which presided the Rector

as adviser and chairman of the council. This is a survival of a little commune when each parish was a "power unto itself," framing its bye-laws, and seeing them carried out. "Bedal," says an old gossip, "is a smart little town with a celebrated market" —but we cannot say it, in these days of rapid travel and intercourse that it still maintains its character alike for exchange and mart and smartness. Be that as it may, Bedale is still a place of beautiful vistas, a picture in the landscape with its hoary church tower, its uneven roof-lines, its alley-ways and nooks and corners for a foreground, cramful of quiet charm; all about it an atmosphere of peace and drowsy satisfaction; and on every side beyond its border a hazy view of growing crops and feeding herds. In the days of our grandfathers a quiet place indeed, it only wakes up now at appointed times and seasons for a space; Fairs over, on Tuesday nights, Bedale becomes again a veritable "sleepy hollow" Irving might have taken as his model; so unfamiliar with the feet of the multitude was it, that grass grew luxuriantly between the cobbles in its place of market, and a silence reigns until—as it seems—the air is startled out of its dream by the sound of a footfall or the distant rumbling creak of a hay-wain's wheels, the pit-a-pat canter of a horse, or the rattle over the stones of doctor's gig or the butcher's light cart. The one great social function of the year was formerly the Vale of Mowbray Archery Meeting, followed in the evening by the Ball. At these annual 'jousts' (one might almost say), Bedale was the scene of commotion and festivity—the whole countryside from farm, village and hamlet came pouring in to *see*, if not take a hand in, the revels of the elité, and for the time being Bedale was a bedlam. The brief hours soon sped away, and then the place empties as rapidly as it filled, the sounds of merry making were hushed, and the down-trodden grass of the cobble pavement upreared its many blades again to undisturbed existence. These picturesque and characteristic features of the old town

are admirably pourtrayed in a picture painted by Martin some sixty odd years back, although the scene he shews is altogether too busy for its everyday aspect. The old Tolbooth is seen on the left of the picture, and was the place where the 'populace' stood to watch the Racing for the White Satin Ribbon (the wedding prize) run for, from the church tower as starting place, to the Market Cross as a "goal"—fitly enough for men taking a wife. The Tolbooth, however, has long gone the way of all "flesh."

Pape, the bellman, was an institution and a curiosity of this period. He was a cripple, and went his round in a pony-cart, from which he sent forth the clangour of his bell, and the announcements in his own tongue. A band of noisy hobbledehoys generally posted after him, with little show of reverence for the 'sense' of his proclamations. The lower stories of the Tolbooth were used for shops, and as the lock-up of the local police. Bedale, too, could boast a Girls' School, which was also used for Plays, and other Assemblies. There was a butcher, a watchmaker (of renown for Grandfather's clocks), a bandmaker, a saddler, a druggist, and all the other not-to-be-done-without craftsmen, as in all small places that are centres for a large district. Joe Banks was the butcher in the Booth; he was a little man and invariably carried a long stick reaching a foot at least above his head—possibly its length being a relic of the ox-goad drovers and others connected with cattle used to use. He held it about the middle, and his habit was to strike the ground rather forcibly with it. Banks, it seems, had the repute of being a rather sharp trader, and was often accused, as my informant of fourscore years and ten put it, of "killing deead meat." Ananias Pearson, a very stout man, was the watchmaker in the Tolbooth. It was an Ananias who wrecked St. Peter's short trial of Socialism. Mark Linskill (with the dogs), who was keeper to Miss Pierse, of Bedale Hall, is seen on the right in the picture.

Bedale Sixty Years Ago. [*Martin*

The coming of the railroad has, of course, greatly altered the old aspect of things all round. The old mode of travel, eighty years since or less, was to board the smart stage-coach at Leeming Bar and journey south to York for London, or north to Newcastle or Edinburgh, the time taken up being nearly as many days as hours now. In the old days, before the era of the Spinning-Jenny, fine white linen damask was turned out by the looms at Bedale. And one octogenarian asserts that he has a tablecloth in his possession which was made in Bedale in 1777, and, "still as good as new!" Such lasting quality of the aforesaid cloth is hardly the character of linen woven to-day.

An item relating to Bedale in the Records of the North is worth repeating here, in conclusion of our account of the town:—

> "Richmond, Jan. 16th, 1663. Whereas, the Constable of Bedale did neglect to pursue with hue and cry, Robbers who came through the town of Bedale. Ordered that the inhabitants of Hallikeld and Hang East shall pay £124 equally betwixt them in full satisfaction of the moneys stolen."

CHAPTER II.

Round about Bedale.

The road from Bedale to Kilgram Bridge is a very pleasant one, the undulations in the landscape being very marked. Low rounded hills, and wave-like ridges, shallow depressions and little vales bring one to Birrill, a small rural village with no very distinctive feature save that of satisfied repose, and the Manor House with fine and large trees adjoining. A few hundred yards further to the north-west, on a commanding elevation, stands the hamlet of Cowling. The Hall here is evidently a foundation of some antiquity, judging from the evidences round about. It was built by the Ascough's in the 16th century. King James is reported to have stayed here. The Jacobean Hall possesses both architectural dignity and charm, doubtless resting on the site, or near it, of a much earlier structure. From the rigg of higher land north of it, a magnificent prospect is unfolded with its many 'sweet auburns,' and the whole smiling sun-gladdened district drained by the Bedale Beck, whilst eastwards the Hambleton's bold dark termination with the cone of Roseberry Topping beyond, and over the gap to the north even the glistening grey line that betokens the North Sea can be discerned when the air is clear. From here a short way west, Low and High Ponds mark the site of two old farmsteads, the origin of the names they bear being indicated by these cattle-watering holes on this upland where one would little look for such things. A mile south-east is the village of Thirn, possessing little worth more than a mention. In a cot garden we note some

Mortars, said to have been brought from Jervaulx. A mile south from here is Clifton Castle, though little of the original structure remains beyond a portion of the old court-yard wall.

Kilgram Bridge. [*A. Haselgrave.*

Kilgram Bridge—only a mile and a half away, the sole access to the south bank of Yore—perhaps deserves a word, if only that about it has gathered a variation of one of those 'tales of olden time,' the burden of which is that of out-witting his Sable Highness, which seems inconsistently to have run current with a very real and wide-spread belief in *His* longheadedness. But, perhaps "not so simple as he looks" is the rustic dalesman or shepherd. The story of Kilgram has been so many times told and in so many ways, that it may not be out of place to present it here through an unpublished spurious-antique medium—that of verse. With its parallel and its moral it is at least as veracious as any other.

The Legend of Kilgram Bridge.

"The Devil was—as devils are—
A thing with power Good Work to mar;
A Bridge was needed there at Kilgrim

For one and all, for priest and pilgrim ;
A Bridge o'er water—which He hates—
Might be allowed, to cheat the spates,
If only—Satan's won His game—
The first to cross it He might claim!
And so, the Parties all agreed,
The Brig was builded well indeed ;
When then the point arose : Who first
Should for the rest be Soul accurst ?
A shepherd took the risk, with "Grim,"
His dog, but not a dog to swim ;
Shep. to the briggate hied him swift—
Flung off his shoon, and swam the drift,
And on the bridge's farther gate
Whistled poor "Grim" to his sad fate.
The story runs "Grim" dry-pad cross'd
Three arches and—the rest is lost ;
For whether "Grim" the devil got,
Or Mad went, history sayeth not ;
But let who doubt this Kilgrim pact,
Go look—the Bridge is there, a fact!
And floods both 'neath it harmless roll,
And man walks over dry of sole!"

F. A. L.

From Thirn we double back to Thornton Watlass. South-west, on a high site, is the 'Hermitage,' and Thornton may justly claim to be 'one of the beauty spots' of Richmondshire. The village is rendered more attractive by its large green, studded with magnificent trees, by the old yellow-washed hostelry, its antique manor-house, and adjoining Park. The very interesting church has a castle-like tower, the body of the church has been re-built from its base, but evidence of its old origin remains in two ancient crosses built into the walls of the entrance porch. Thornton, with its curtilage of park, pasture and productive cornland, is indeed an ideal place.

Instead of following the highway to Snape and Well, it will be more convenient to take the footpath over the fields from Bedale to the pretty hamlet of Firby, past whose very doors a limpid brooklet trips merrily on to join the Swale. It is a Tennysonian Brook, singing constantly, by day and night, the refrain—

"For men may come and men may go,
But I flow on for ever."

The Church—Thornton Watlass [*J. Pratt*

Firby is of the olden, for it appears in Domesday under its at-that-date name *Fridebi*; *fride*, peace, and *bi*, the place or settlement—the Peaceful place, one quiet, remote. At that period, Earl Alan had three 'borders' with four 'ploughs' there, and its value was then 13*s*. Firby Hall in its setting of mead and woodland, forms a pleasant picture to the eye; and Firby Hospital—an old-age home for six inmates (men only)—stands pleasingly enough between Firby and Thorpe Perrow. The chapel with its ancient ancient

fittings is an example of 16th century work—in fact all things here but "the green growth of the field" are antique. Some eighty years ago "Owd Smart," a queer stick of a fellow, was a pensioner at this hopital, and it was his duty to read the Lessons to the rest of the inmates. But lads and lassies often made a practice of coming from Snape and playing at "getting married" in the old chapel. Not unnaturally they needed Book, and (of course) usually managed to play mischief with the book-marks set for the Lessons. Discovering this, old Smart would say to the other old men, "Which o' ye's bin at ma buke?" Of course the old men knew nothing about it; then Smart, in a towering rage would beal out, "Ne-a, damn ye! nean o' ye's deean it—ye allus say that!" which, of course again, invariably raised a titter among the Snape lot in the back rows. The writer was told of this and other long-forgotten 'larks' by one Thomas Crow, of Snape, at the age of 90 years, even at that age still fond of a joke, but he with the other "owd boys" has now gone the way of all flesh. May the reminiscence keep his memory green a decade longer.

Now we wander on by green nest-like nooks and corners, over stiles and park-like meadows, dotted with ash, elm, and dark fir trees—beauteous vignettes on every hand—by silvan shaws rich in olive or emeraldine foliage adjoining the demesne of Thorpe Perrow, the bowery retreat of the late Sir Frederick Milbank. It recalls a garden fete by Watteau—a place of stream and lake, grotto and pleached alleys and flowerful terraces, ever full whatever time of year with floral loveliness. It must be seen to understand its ordered beauty, especially when the rhododendrons are in bloom.

From Thorpe Perrow we pass under an avenue of magnificently lofty trees, and are soon at Snape—place of widely different type with its Castle ruins, grey and hoary. John Leland says—

"Snape, a goodly Castel in a valley, longing to Lord Latimer, has ii or iii parkes well woodid about it. It is his chefe house."

This castle was originally built by Ralph Fitz Randolph, Lord of Middleham, son of Ribald who had been granted lands by Alan the Red. From him it came to the Nevilles by the marriage of Robert de Neville to "Mary of Middleham." It long remained in Neville hands; afterwards in those of the Cecils, Earls of Exeter, down to the close of the 18th century. It then became the property of the

Snape Castle. [*A. Haselgrave.*

Milbanks of Thorpe Perrow. The front of the castle, re-built and restored by the Latimers, is now used as a farmhouse. Here is a chapel, which after generations of neglect, has been completely restored, and with its richly decorated ceiling and carved work, is a place not only of abounding but of historic interest. Local tradition avers that it was in this place of worship that Katherine Parr—afterwards Queen of England—was married to her fourth husband, Lord Latimer! The ruins of the castle and the domestic portion display every style of architecture from late Norman to early Jacobean.

Snape is a long straggling village but can boast many features out of the common; and half a century or more ago was a fairly prosperous place, wool-combing being the great industry. In those days it prided itself on six things: a Poorhouse, a Black Hole (lock-up), and four Inns. Now there is only one, and fifty dwelling-houses less! In those old days—'good' or 'bad'—Tommy Topham was tenant at the old castle farm, and he was in many ways a remarkable man. One of his little ways was to employ *all* who wished to work and could work—men or women, lads or lasses, from seven or eight upwards; in consequence, idle hands and idle days were to seek on his land. Most of his produce, vegetables, fruit, etc., was sold by Tommy in Ripon market, where he was respected as well kenned. His deafness was not seldom the cause of 'cross' answers to questions such as these:—"Good marnin', Tommy," Ripon wives would call out to him driving by with potatoes in a cart. "Taties," would be his invariable response. "Hoo's t'missus?" some one would ask. "Taties" would be still the reply. "Na, na! I askt hoo's t'missus?"—"Eighteenpence a bushel!"—his mind as full of his 'taties' as his cart—would still be the strain. Topham, however, was a rare chip of the 'old school' block, and his memory is still kept green at Snape.

The beautiful road, arcaded with trees like an avenue, at the 'west end' of the castle is a delightsome feature of Snape's village face. One might dally here and muse for hours—rural peace being so contagious—so pregnant apart from which this district is with suggestions and memories of knightly families and military parade. The long gone-by jingle of horse trappings, and the impatient pawing of war steeds, to the fancy seems still to persist in the low recitative of the wind among the trees in the scant light of gloaming when one cannot see whence sound comes.

From Snape we have a choice of roads. We can either follow the highway through the avenue (planted in 1701), or take the field-path to Well, a two miles ramble. Choosing this last, we wend our way across pasture and by hedgerow; wherefrom, likely as not, a covey of partridges whirrs up from our very feet, or the chuckling call of a pheasant issues from a belt of woodland on our right; until, through a wheatfield wherein the ears reach up to our waist, we descry the grey church tower of aptly-named Well, with its holt of wide-armed gaunt Scot's fir appearing as if they were plumes placed for living memorials over the unforgotten dead in its God's acres.

Well,

Two miles north of Tanfield and four south of Bedale, stands on the eastern slope of a loamy limestone wold, on the very southern verge of Richmondshire. It finds mention in Domesday book, there being at that time a Church and a Priest. Like as at Snape, after the Conquest the Anglian owner was dispossessed, and it fell into the fee of Ribald, through the generosity of Alan, the Norman Lord of Richmond; he and his successors, the Nevilles, holding sway here hence-on for many a century. This is patent to everyone who visits the place, can read the inscriptions, and see the various mementos in stone of that famous warrior race.

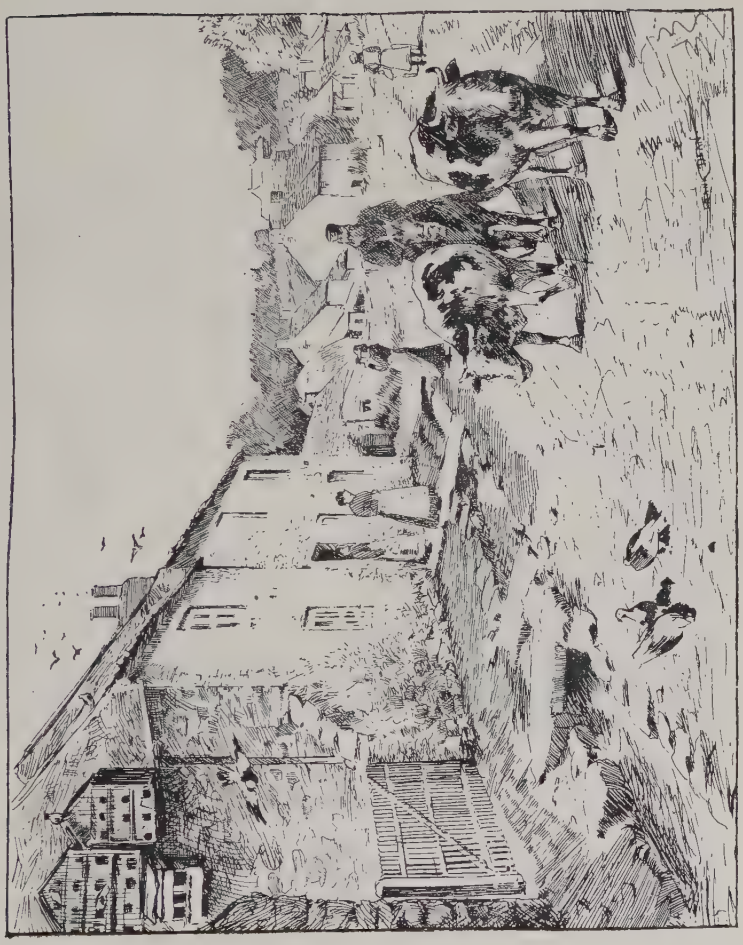
Well is replete with such a subtle charm that, strange as it may sound to say it, once seen one *has* to return to this shrine of peace again and yet again. Approaching from the west, having passed the curtain of trees that screen it from view, the scene which bursts upon the eye presents in combination one of the most richly diversified landscapes, the eye of a Nature-lover could wish to see. From the brow of the hill where we pause to view, the land slopes gently down and away into the plain; while at our

very feet, in a frame of garden closes, crofts and orchards reaching away for half a mile, lies one of the most picturesque villages in Yorkshire. The lines and natural composition of the picture, its harmonies of colour and tone, make as perfect a scene as Nature's brush could paint, the inanimate stone enamelled with living growth, with leaf and twig and flower for the details—a subject only a Ruskin could adequately describe, or a Claude and a Turner portray in paint. Looking down on the scene one almost feels the very heart of Nature to be throbbing and vibrating with love, and the expression of Life, from the tiniest insect that hums to "the loquent voice" of the little beck (giving not only its song but its very name of Well to the place) which sings along the whole length of the village street with its fifty elfin bridges, whilst the magnificent elms which bower the foreground add a further expression of nobility and grace to the enchanting scene.

The view extends over the sombre red roofs, and the yellow or white cottage walls, with the bridal veils of summer bloom or their reddening fruit globes of autumn, into the arras-like haze of distance. Should it be nigh sunset, it is worth a journey of many miles to watch the long shadows from the trees extending down the slope, and see the glories of colour in natural phenomena fully and startlingly revealed before the curtain of night droops over village and the golden vale.

Well Hall, now a farmhouse, has a vaulted ceiling and was, little doubt of it, built by Ralph Neville, 1342, at the same time as the hospital here (now totally gone), although the Endowment was not only continued but still remains, re-endowed by the Earl of Exeter, who acquired the estates of Snape and Well 'by marriage' —as lords more than ladies used to grow rich formerly—and there are sixteen almonees, eight males and eight females.

Some Guide Books and Directories say there is a north porch; it is an unpardonable error, as it faces due south as in most



Abner Smith Driving the Cows to Pasture. [*Frank Dean*

churches; there was formerly a north or Devil's doorway, but it is now walled up. There are both Saxon and Norman remains about the church, and lately some beautiful crosses have been uncovered and part of an 8th century carved interlaced Saxon Cross is to be seen built into the walls of the Hospital. The choir seats and Roman pavement are now in the chancel; there is a vesper

Interior of Well Hall. [*A. Haselgrave.*

window, Pilgrim cross, etc The old stone altar is still to be seen let into the old oak altar of 1530. The vestry has upper chamber and windows, and traces of the outside steps and entrance to it. Beneath the altar steps is a large slab about thirteen feet long which once had a large brass figure on it, the fastenings still remain. An old tomb with sword, cross and incense-holder cut thereon (a rude attempt has been made to cut this into a hammer and horseshoe, but when photographed it is clear that it was an

incense-holder) is the tomb of Margery de Neville, 1331. Registers date back to 1530, containing marriages before Magistrates "when that arch traitor Cromwell was in the land."

Note of Wedding.—"Thomas Day and Elline Braithwhait was married according to the Act by Justice Sampson Staveley, Esquire, at his house in North Stainley, the XXIXth day of November, 1653; Witness, John Bains, Marmaduke Burns, John Crowe, John Braithwaites, and others there present. John Sickling and Marjorie Mudd was married by the aforesaid Justice, at North Stainley, the Nineteenth day of December, 1653." Several families bearing the above names are still resident in this district.

The church was restored by the Chaplin and Milbank families, and the ancient Vesper or Sanctus bell gable still remains over the east end of the nave roof. The old shaft of Pilgrim Cross is thirteen feet two inches from base to top; two feet beneath it an old Saxon altar-tomb has been found. The list of Vicars is complete from 1603.

Leaving Well, we follow the lane eastwards through the 'town pasture' (common land) to Carthorpe or Kirklington. There is little in the walk to call for special note. The soil hereabout is of variable quality—that to the north of the stream barely worth the cost of ploughing; that to the south a stiff loam and yielding rich crops. Away, some two miles on our right, the strong and massive tower of Kirklington Church stands up noticeably. Kirklington is about seven miles south of Bedale, at the very south-east angle of Richmondshire limits. It is a place holding not a few things of interest. The village groups itself around a spacious green, ornamented with fine sycamore trees, and the ancient Hall, home of the Wandesfords (approached on the east by a beautiful avenue of lime trees), is made picturesque by its mantle of ivy, evergreen and so emblematic of enduring vigour. It has no doubt

lost much of its old-time charm and character, but the remains of the old moat which environed it can still be traced. The church, also partly wreathed in ivy, is of commanding quality; its magnificent tower, flanked by a fine array of trees forms, however, a noble picture; there are at least three distinct styles of architecture. The interior consists of a nave, with four bays, two side aisles, a large chancel and a beautiful rood-screen. At the east end of the south aisle is the chapel and

Fanny Peacock, a Native of Well, in her 93rd Year.

burial place of the Wandesfordes. The Musters were Lords of Kirklington from the 11th until the 14th century, when the heiress of this house married John de Wandesforde, of Westwick, Ripon, who gained a bride and a goodly manor. There are two recumbent effigies of a knight and lady, the first in armour of the 13th century. An altar-tomb is to the memory of Christopher Wandesforde, on it reclines a figure: on the face of the tomb are shields with family quarterings. This is not the only memorial of this notable family, for hanging from the wall of the nave is a helmet, with visor and gauntlets, which with the richly sculpt tomb, the blazoned shields, and the knight accoutred as if for the fray,alike strike the mind as a forcible testimony to erewhile valour, and take one back in thought to the pageantry and pomp of the middle ages. There are numerous signs betokening the early occupation of this district. A Funeral Howe was opened near here a few years ago by Mr. McCall, which, like the sealed tombs of the Pharaohs, was made to yield up its dead for the living to gaze upon. Not far away is Camp field from which runs a ridge of land artificial in semblance, and locally said to be a British fortification, but it is more likely to be of natural formation—a glacial drift 'moraine' left by deposit from melting ice.

But during our gossip we have reached Carthorpe. Its name bespeaks its Anglian founding—the thorpe in the car or marsh. Much of the land here lies low and is composed of clay with overlying sand. The ridge of land mentioned above can be traced past the village towards Burniston. The soil about Intake House —to intake meant to reclaim from moorland—is of a peaty character: a shallow lake or pool formerly lay here. It is said that if the mounds known as the Boghills are delved, they in a short time rise again; if so, it means expansion and upthrust from underlying confined waters. To the east is Howe hill, and here, awhile back several skeletons were discovered just below the surface, and in

the district stone and flint weapons of ancient warfare have been upturned. The village presents some unusually old features. Hall Garth, now an up-to-date farm, was formerly an ancient chapel; now nothing save the veriest fragments remain, and like the ghost that is said to have once haunted its precincts, its history is shrouded in mystery. A mile further and we reach Burniston, a fair-sized village shewing many signs of antiquity in its buildings. It has a lengthy record as a settlement made after Anglian 'invasion' of the 7th century. Its township value in King Edward the Confessor's time was £6, a large sum in those days and second only to the Royal ville of Catterick. It was the property of that wealthy and noble jarl Merlesweyn, a Dane, who owned much land prior to the Conquest from Lincolnshire northwards. He had a hall in York, but his principal holding was at Kirk Deighton. He actively opposed the Conqueror, and took part in the siege and capture of York, what time the Norman garrison fell almost to a man. Merlesweyn had here three manors which took twenty ploughs to work them! Clearly it was a rich spot, and one kept in a fair state of cultivation even 900 years ago. But mark the change that ensued in the short space of ten years: the men of York stoutly resisted the inroad of the harrying Normans for some half dozen years, there were 'risings' and sieges and skirmishes, until the wrath of the king grew terrible, and when resistance was at length overborne his vengeance fell heavily on this district especially. The name of Merlesweyn passes into shadowland, and the blight and desolation of war left its broad acres untilled and wellnigh a wilderness, with "Deserted!" for its epitaph. The Domesday record states that the three manors were at that time in the hands of one Robert, a vassal of Alan the Earl, "and the whole is *waste*" —mark the word!—"except what one plough can till."

The church (St. Lambert) was founded early, and rebuilt in the early 15th century. It has since been thoroughly restored. Its

lofty proportions and roof have a fine effect. The almost black oaken pews made in 1627, and the churchwarden's pew like a dais standing higher than the rest, are notable. The chancel is roomy, and the entrance screen beautiful, and, with the three stalled sedilia, add effectively to the feeling and grave dignity of the interior. The tower is surmounted by a tall handsome spire. A gravestone near the porch keeps in memory the name of John Kirkby of Theakstone Grange, who died aged 105 years. One Jossy Thomas, a native of this place, is also buried here. He

Burniston Church. [*J. Paratt.*

was a singular character, and of his hallucinations people still tell. One was the strange delusion that he was the promised Messiah. He was usually attired in a white smock, to which was attached a scarf and ribbons ; on his breast was a piece of looking-glass, on which was pasted a green paper star, "The Star of the East," on his left breast was a tin star, "The Star of Bethlehem."

By way of change of costume he would have wings attached to his garments, and, thus dressed and carrying a bulrush in one hand, he would visit all the markets, fairs, and village feasts for miles around Bedale. He would walk sharply through the villages, with the ribbons floating in the breeze in grand style. At such times he could not be tempted to gossip by the way, usually saying he had got to go to this, or the other village, and hurrying past with the ribbons gaily fluttering around him. On one occasion the clergyman at Burniston was preaching from the text, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, before the cock crows thou shalt deny Me thrice." Thomas, who was present, imitating that bird, crowed thrice, to the amusement and wonder of the congregation.

Midway between Burniston and Exelby is another village, Theakston. Some etymologists say the place-name derives from thak or thatch, *i.e.*, the thatched dwellings town—a rather doubtful supposition; though certainly to theak means to thack in several dialects, and thatched roofs were greatly in evidence in country districts up to less than fifty years ago. The name in Domesday is spelled Eston and Astune, which put quite a different meaning (either *esh*, water, or *aesc*, ash) upon the name. Theakston Hall is an old-time structure, surrounded by fine well-wooded ground, and formerly there existed a moat, that great means of isolation and defence in a level country. Theakston Grange, and one or two ancient cots, with the well-grown timber shading in summer days the uphill road, confer an air of quietude and cosiness on the place.

Two and a half miles east is the out-of-the-way village of Pickhill, just within the Richmondshire border line. This place too finds mention in the great Survey. It then belonged to two well-known Northmen, Tor and Sprot or Sprat, but at the dread coming of Alan the Red it, as many another 'plum,' fell to

his share of the spoils of Conquest. The church here, too, is a time-honoured edifice, perched on a very commanding site. It is a goodly pile, containing Norman work. In the wall of the side chapel there is a hagioscope, or squint, through which, slantwise, a sight of the officiating priest at the high altar could be had from the outside. The interior has been thoroughly and judiciously restored, the reredos in three panels with gabled canopies is a good example of carved work. There is an effigy of a knight in chain-armour, supposed to be John de Neville.

Pickhill. [*Edmund Bogg.*

At Pickhill a brooklet slowly winds its way through the centre of an uneven village green, and most of the dwellings at the north end are of quaint olden type and curious, their contrast with the surroundings setting an artistic seal upon the whole. Pickhill is the

supposititious scene of a great battle in Roman-British times, fought out here between the Latins and the Picts—whence the name Pic(t)-hill. Another tradition has it that a great money-treasure lies hidden in the mound; but when cut into for the railway line, nothing of enlightening nature was found.

Under two miles north-west lies Swainby, where a farm marks the site of the original home of the Coverham monks.* From Swainby we cross to the 'Street' (Leeming Lane) and soon reach Londonderry, a small 'ham' situated on the Great North Road. At Newtown, or Scabbled Newton, a mile south of Leeming, there is a handsome stone mansion girt by beautifully laid-out grounds. A mile more and we are at Leeming Bar, about two and a half miles east by north of Bedale, the region lying around which place we have now almost circled. The district is famed for its roses, the pre-eminently successful cultivation of which is due without doubt to the rich stiff quality of the soil, and the climate favourable to the briar's well-being. Another such spot is Boston Spa. The place is not at all picturesque in the scenic sense; it stands on the Roman 'Street,' and according to Dr. Stukeley the name Leeming is traceable through corruption of speech to two British words, *Lhe* and *Maen*, the stone-paved boundary way.

Scruton.

Scruton, though not far away, between Leeming and the Swale, is one of the pleasantest and most interesting villages in the district. The street is bordered on one side by the hall, church, and

* Swainby Priory in Pickhill-cum-Roxby parish (South Richmondshire), founded prior to July, 1189. The "white Canons of Swainby quarrelled with the new Lord of Middleham; and were in 1214 removed to a deep hollow in Coverdale," and the bodies deposited at Swainby were removed too, including that of Helewisia. Little remains of the old Swainby foundation, a "scant two miles from Middleham by west" as Leland describes it. (*Wensleydale Advertiser*, Dec. 8th, 1846.)

vicarage with its bowery grounds, and on the other by cottages ranged charmingly in their garden closes and orchards. The church is dedicated to the Thuringian Princess, St. Radegonda, is very ancient, and has been lovingly restored. Scruton gave its Anglian name to the Norman family of Scruton settling there, but it was as well the ancestral dwelling-ground of the Gales. Here old Roger Gale, the Antiquary, was born, and here below the chancel window was he laid to rest, in a grave of great depth without even a stone or mound to mark the spot. This was done "obscurely, by his own desire." This famous prober into the story of the Past is styled by Whitaker, "The Incomparable." The Domesday Survey marks this as a most valuable manor, previous to which time it was the property of the Danes Cnut and Torpin, but just about then Red Alan put his mailed fist upon it, and later gave it to one of his minions, Picot by name, and the descendants of this man still reside in this district.

In the park of the Leases Hall are mounds and trenches (in Spring luxuriant with primroses) and in which quantities of human bones, spurs, and other relics of strife have been found. Old Roger Gale says that these mounds and trenches were known in his day as "Scots' Pit"; and one cannot doubt that here some portion of the Scots' army were surrounded and slain during flight from the battle of the Standard. Or it may be the grave of the Scots who fled north from the engagement fought some centuries earlier at Pick Hill or Cloven Hill. But it is certain some engagement has taken place here, known as the Battle of Scruton Moor.

Near hand Scruton is Kirkby Fleetham, a homely, clean and rural village—the place of the church at the 'ham' by the 'fleet' (dike or stream)—with an open spacious green and another ancient church, though little of the original structure is left. Inside it is the figure of a knight in link mail, which, it is asserted, represents

a Stapylton. Strange to say at this place the Anglian owner at the Conquest, one Eldred by name, was left in undisturbed possession of his manor by Earl Alan.

Church and Lych Gate, Scruton. [*A. Vivian.*

CHAPTER III.

Crake-hall and Hornby District.

The Crake-halls, Great and Little, are separated by a babbling brook, and lie some two miles from Bedale. Great Crakehall has many items of interest to spread before both Antiquary and Nature-lover. It has a spacious green, with an immense sycamore, and other trees to set off its emerald expanse; and the yellow and white walls and sombre red-brown roofs of ancient cots surrounding it add both character and picturesqueness to the place. The pretty church (dedicated to St. Gregory), its walls nearly hidden in ivy, is also on the green. The Hall is a large stone erection, on the eastern side. In its very name Crakehall, is revealed a Teutonic or ancient Saxon origin: *Craken* or *Krahen*, to crake or crow; and it gave its name to an equally ancient family of note. An ancient church, gossip declares to have stood here on the high bank of the stream to the north of the green, known as Buck's-garth, from one Parson Buck. Its ancient font is still in existence in the village, and gravestones from its yard are in use as pavements of floors in Greengate! Old people, too, speak in whispers, 'with bated breath,' of strange groanings and creaking noises issuing from these floors. Green-gate-lane, a wide turfed accommodation way on the north of the village, has locally conferred upon it the character of a fearsome, haunted byway! Indeed, craking and quaking seems the keynote of the place. Near the site of the former church is St. Edmund's Well, said to be possessed of curative qualities. Crakehall, with Bedale and other vills of the district,

have conjointly a reputation for producing good Cricketers. The Rev. Thomas Melville Raven, the Antiquary, was vicar here for nigh thirty years. Apart from its green, much of the charm of rural beauty lies along the banks of the stream. To the west of Crakehall the water courses along down a miniature glen, full of pleasant pastoral diversity; seen from the crofts to the south, the grouped roof-lines and gable-ends of primitive cottages each set in its bowery garden-plot or orchard along the winding street, and the brook flashing like a stream of diamonds in the foreground, make a picture that is pleasant to look upon.

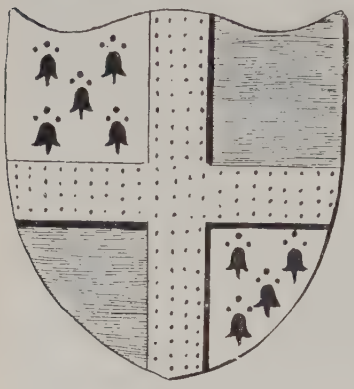
At little Crakehall, in pre-Reformation times, there was a three-acre field which paid the yearly sum of 3*s*. for the providing of a light to be kept burning on the altar of the Chapel of St. Edmund, Hunton. The builder of Catterick Church in the 15th century, was one Richard Cracall, of this place.

Crakehall. [*Edmund Bogg.*

Three and a half miles west of Bedale is the village of Patrick Brompton. Its chief point of interest is its church (of St. Patrick —whence the name), and it is indeed a most commanding pile, and enshrines many palpable evidences of its antiquity. Viewed from the bridge (under which a brown babbling rivulet runs merrily along) with its accompanying and companioning houses on its right, the Irish Saint's monument makes an impressive tableau. The ancient fabric was judiciously 'restored' in 1864, and its architecture embraces examples of Norman, Early English, and Decorated work. It is a fane for an archæologist to lovingly linger over. To the north are abundant signs of some ancient foundations—castle or manor hall it is not possible to say, but the Knights' Templars had an estate here. The prevailing character of all this district is park-like or pastoral, but well worth the time spent, for a leisured man to turn aside from the broader highway and view.

Still going north, another two miles or so, through charming pasture and arable land along winding lanes, and we reach Hornby Castle—the chief seat of His Grace, the Duke of Leeds. This huge pile, many walls ivy-mantled, stands upon an eminence which overlooks a magnificent imparked demesne and the country for twenty to thirty miles beyond. Immediately beneath its towered bulk on the west, the Parish Church shelters and reposes amidst tall 'ancestral' trees: a picture for eye and mind to dwell upon long, so full is it of subtle harmony, the Spirit of the Past and the Present, a union and combination seldom seen. The Domesday scribe says, "In Hornebi, there are 8 carucates, and there may be 4 ploughs." Archil, an Anglian, had a manor there, but Earl Alan ousted him when he came on the scene, and Gosfric, a Norman, obtained the lands which were "waste." In King Edward's time these were worth 40*s*. Such is the scant record of its early owners. Sometime in the 12th century, Hornby came to the St. Quentins, whose first forbear came into the country with the

Conqueror. The Norman parts of the castle are due to this family. It went to the Conyers ultimately, through the marriage of the heiress Margaret St. Quentin to John Conyers. Leland says—"Richard, Lord Scrope, that builted Bolton Castle boute [bought] the heire generall of St. Quentin that was owner of Horneby Castel. This Richard was content that one Coniers, a servant of his shoulde houlte [hold] preferment of this warde, and so he hath Horneby Castel. Gul. [Wm.] Coniers, the first Lord of that name, grandfather to him that is now, dyd greate coste to Horneby Castel– it was before but a meane thing."



Arms of Osborne, Duke of Leeds.

The remark of Leland anent Coniers being a servant of the Scrope of Bolton, and his being "content that this servant shoulde hold preferment of this Warde," is very curious. The House of the Conyers in Yorkshire and Durham is far older than that of Scrope; although the name Conyers is Norman, they are said to have held lands in North Yorkshire long prior to the Conquest. Surtees says they descended from John, son of Galfred, in long lineal succession of gallant Knights and Esquires who held Sockburn in Durham until Charles the First's reign, "whilst the younger branches of this stately cedar shadowed both Durham and Yorkshire." The main entrance to Hornby Castle looks due south, and is of date 1230. Parts of the walls are ivy-clothed and add Nature's mantle of age to its antiquity. Its plan is that of a large rectangle with several wings and a spacious courtyard. Of the three towers the centre one is known as St. Quentin's, and is said to have been the Norman Keep. The interior of Hornby, with

its maze of corridors and many apartments, is very rich in valuable Works of Art. As remarked, the castle overlooks the shallow rich vale of the Bethe or Bedale beck, with Wensleydale's hill ridges, declining in elevation as they trend east, to the south-east and north by west. South and east stretch the wide Vales of Mowbray and York with its thousand fields and hundred villages, while east the background is the dark buttressed slopes of the Cleveland and Hambleton hills: making a landscape without peer for mysterious charm and extent. The Park alone encloses 800 acres of land, richly timbered, and is one of the finest in Yorkshire. Standing before this princely abode of our "old Nobility," still retentive of the seignorial prestige of olden days, dim figures of a long line of possessors pass before our mental eyes. One can hardly help conjuring up in fancy a scene of old: mailed warriors (of St. Quentin and Conyers) riding to joust and tourney, their banners waving bravely from the towers; or one can almost hear, methinks, the tinkle and clash of toast and revelry within its banqueting hall; or see my Lord and Lady, on Arab steeds, arch necked and richly caparisoned with squires in attendance, pass buoyantly over the velvet turf of the park, this way or that, on Chase or Function bent. Hornby's is indeed an ideal situation for a great *Castellum*, and here generation after generation of Quentins and Coniers have dwelt, and at length been laid to rest in the chancel of St. Mary's Church. Everything the eye looks upon is both romantic and restful, in keeping, fitted for its purpose and yet picturesque, be it church, castle, cottage; stream or lake, stately cedar of Lebanon with tiered horizontal boughs, or weeping willow or ash with pensile ones; solid clipped yews "of eld in girth and hue"; or the far-reaching landscape under the tent of the sky, flecked by passing fleeces of silver cloud; or the castle gardens, highly cultivated in flowery parterres here, or there left to wanton in a wilderness rife with wild untended variety of beauty; one can hardly paint the

picture in too many words, although perhaps, *Art improved by Nature and Nature improved by Art* might justly sum up the combination of what both satiates the eye and satisfies the mind, here.

The church, a venerable fabric, wherein so many have knelt in joy or sorrow of heart, at baptismal dedication, nuptial rite or burial service, in the course of the procession of years—is pregnant of history and one of the most perfect and beautiful of its class in Yorkshire. Although the King William Record has no mention of a church at Hornby, there are witnesses in the masonry of the tower which point to a Saxon building rebuilt in early Norman days, as its fine arches testify. Its memorial brasses are good; there are five effigies, a beautiful 16th century carven screen extending right across the church; these features with the Conyer's, the Darcy's, and the Mountford's arms, crests and memorials, make of this godly fane a goodly treasure-house to the archæologist and genealogical student of bygone times. Within the south aisle was the Chantry of St. Cuthbert (this was the St. Quentin and the Conyers chapel), while that of the Mountfords of Hackforth was in the north aisle. The west facade and tower shew at least three distinct styles in architecture. There are numerous mason's marks on the walls of both church and castle—also many deep grooves worn in the stones of the buttresses of the tower, such as we have noticed in many other churches. These furrowings are ascribed to many causes—by some to the sharpening of arrow points or spear heads, by scoring them against the stone—by others to the similar manœuvre necessary to point the weaver's shuttle. The churchyard is delightfully bowered in foliage and every other accessory which might go to make a place memorable and beautiful. History "repeats itself" here; in far-back times it was the homeland of the Celt, driven west and north by the Anglian; but some 130 odd years ago, John Mackenzie, a Celt from North Britain, found his

way here and became head-gardener to the Duke of Leeds. A tombstone records that he died in 1804, aged 75, leaving behind him a numerous family. During the 'eighties of last century another Celt, one James Nicol from Rosshire came here, and he also is the head-gardener, and like Mackenzie, father of a numerous clan which in the near future will set the seal of the Celt on this district once again.

Just on the verge of the park is the small village of Hackforth. Here Dr. Cuthbert Tunstall, Bishop of London, was born in 1474, brother of a notable soldier, Sir Brian Tunstall, slain at Flodden Field, 1513. The Mountfords, a noteworthy race, had their manor hall here, and the site of their moated house can be traced on the farm known as Gaskins. Leland, writing of this family, says, "This Montefort lay much at Hackforth in Richmondshire."

There are three Ainderbys in Swale valley, each several miles distant from the other: Ainderby Quernhow, Ainderby Steeple, and Ainderby Myres,* the latter denoting swamp, and the first syllable 'ain' or 'beau,' poor land. The suffix 'by' reveals the Danish origin of all three. The Ainderby Myres of which we are writing is about two and a half miles north of Bedale, two miles north-east of Crakehall, and a like distance from Hornby Castle. The house is an ancient Manor Hall, built 1615, and was once the residence of the D'Arcy family. Fragments of the chapel and doorway leading into the courtyard, with the arms (I think) of the D'Arcy's and Conyers above it, are yet remaining.

From the many foundation walls which have been cut into whilst ploughing, it is surmised that, at sometime, a small village stood here.

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*A "Myre" or "Mire" was also the old French Touranian word for a master-man or steward, major-domo, bailiff or butler; and both it and the office it represented came over with the Norman Conqueror.

But our errand to Ainderby was not one of exploration: it was rather to interview the living and hold converse with John Smith, of this place, who had seen 93 summers and winters. A most interesting personality is his, and it was our good fortune

John Smith. [*Ernest Forbes.*

to take tea with him, for he had held speech with a man who fought at Culloden, over 168 years ago! Probably no other person living in 1907 ever held speech with one who took part in that most momentous of Battles, when the hopes of the Pretender were for ever shattered. That fight took place in 1745, and it was in 1827, eighty years after the battle, that Smith met the veteran George

Chapman, and from whose lips he heard the story of Culloden at first hand, as eye witness! George Chapman was a tenant and retainer of Squire Crathorne of Craythorne, near Yarm. George joined the troop of Horse which Squire Crathorne led in pursuit of the Rebels in their retreat from Derby, whither they had penetrated. Of this march, the after conflict, and the disgust aroused by the cruelties perpetrated by the orders of the Duke of Cumberland; and of the return of the local contingent to Crathorne, we have not space to tell. But the interest of the tale centres in the romantic meeting of a lad of some 13 to 14 years of age with the veteran who was (then) in his 105th year, eighty years after the actual fight. This meeting in 1827 came about thus: John Smith, the lad, was in service at the Queen Catherine Hotel, Osmotherly, and upon one occasion it was his duty to drive the housekeeper to a wedding at Crathorne, the bride being the grand-daughter of John Chapman. Smith, a stranger to all the guests, kept himself apart until attracted by the sight of another seeming equally out of place, by reason of his many years. Youth and Age got into conversation, and the boy one wonders not listened breathlessly to the aged man's quavering tones reciting how he marched and fought at Culloden—a name and event that loomed as large as any in History until Waterloo came—eighty years previous to the telling of the tale; "and," concluded John Smith, "I have always looked back with a kind of strange joy to the experience, to me wonderful, and, I think, but for the wedding it would never have come to pass. . . . The world, or the people have changed vastly since that day. George Chapman died some few months after he talked to me, aged 105 years; and my time," concluded Smith, "is not for long." He spoke truly—a few months later he was borne to his last resting place, too, aged 93 years. As a boy of some twelve summers, Smith took part in carting stone for the construction of the first Stockton and Darlington Railway; this would be about 1825 or 1826, I think.

CHAPTER IV.

The Valley of the Bethe.

Leaving Hornby and Ainderby reluctantly, so full of charm and lore are they, we note the ancient Columbary—or dove cote—and as we journey on towards Hunton and Hauxwell the fine undulating rich green mead and the crops on the arable of this lovely lowland on every hand draws attention. Langlands, a picturesque structure, is a striking feature in our walk to Arrathorne, a small hamlet now but formerly much larger. This opinion is strengthened by the many evidences of old foundations in the fields, and also by the site of a manor-house. A great horse-fair was formerly held here. The next village we pass through, west, is Hunton, a long straggling, sombre looking place near the confluence of two streams. The place does not seem as if it were so prosperous as at one time. Low Hall, the home of Atkinsons for three or four generations, is at the east end; at the west end, just south of the street, is the forlorn and tenantless venerable old hall of the Wyvills. Whilst sauntering through its deserted court and garden, with its unkempt box borders, gay enough once "in days of old Romance," with the frills and furbelows, hoop skirts and beflowered spencers of fair ladies and the elité of Country Society, we cannot check sad thoughts of the change which has come over 'the spirit of its dream.' Why has the old order so utterly lapsed? Is it no longer fit or capable of being a Home—of harbouring High Hopes and Tender Hearts as of old? Why cannot the present owners live here, be happy here as of old, one wonders? The

only sounds now are the sounds of cattle, the cackling of fowls, maybe the grunt of a sow in a fold, or the mournful lowing of kine in the lone fields, since this ancient manor-house and its curtilage is now used as a farmstead only. Adjoining are distinct evidences of an earlier hall surrounded by moat and bank—doubtless that of the De-Huntons, notabilities in the Plantagenet period. In King John's day, one Roger de Hunton was a witness to a grant of land to the Nuns of Marrick.

Mrs. Lanchester, who died at the great age of 107, a Native of Hunton.

Hauxwell

Will be found an interesting field for artist and antiquary alike, and its beauty of situation cannot but impress the most casual observer. The lover of fine scenery, "Nature's canvas on the grand scale," will discover new delights in the contemplation of the landscape to be seen from here in nearly every direction. The approach to Hauxwell by the uphill tree-shaded road is instinct with suggestion and expectation of something out of the common. The arms of a guidepost point to three towns, all equally distant from the spot—Bedale, Richmond, and Leyburn—*six* miles. Hauxwell is one of those good old-fashioned withal quiet places; its very wayside cots perfumed with those Old English garden plants: lavender and southernwood, stocks, gilly flowers, tansy, clove-pinks and bergamots which drowse the senses in a sweet langour; where one could muse away a long summer's day in this lay of rurality, so sweet, so restful and pleasant is everything around! From the height above the village a remarkable landscape unfolds. Colsterdale, Coverdale, Wensleydale to the south, their widening green open vales converging towards us. North and east the lower valleys of Swale and Tees, and the glimmering distant line of the North Sea, and the west end of the Cleveland hills; while south-east the whole Vale of Mowbray "swims into ken," and on clear days even brings into view the three towers of York's Minster.

A little way from the village. Hauxwell Church occupies a fine position. The entrance arch is Norman, also that of the chancel. There are two effigies, one of a Knight and one of a Lady; and in the chancel floor a fragment of a Saxon tombstone on which is sculpt a serpentine figure symbolic of some Scandinavian myth. There are other carven stones, here; and as at Brompton in pre-Reformation days, a meadow at East Hauxwell, called Lampings,

yielded an annual rent of 3*s.* for the provision of a light to be kept burning on the altar of Hauxwell Church—which, however, the Domesday Book does not mention, albeit bits of Saxon walling and fragments of Runic ornament point to a church having stood here before Survey days; whilst the beautiful Anglian cross of the 8th century in the churchyard is a most exquisite example of its period, and full of Christian significance. This God's-acre is bowered in trees from whose myriad branches birds carol of the life everlasting in beating hearts, to those that throb no longer, but rest at peace beneath the velvety turf, in which a thousand wild flowers bud, blow and fulfil their mission in what for a thousand years at least has been their "cradle of earth" as well. The birds are dumb only for a season, the wild flowers bloom again with each recurring Spring—nothing wholly, or for ever dies; and that is the Nature-song of Hope and Instinct, the feathered choristers of Nature's choir chant at Hauxwell (as elsewhere) to those who can hear.

In our walk on to Barden we pass the Hall, the seat of the Lord of the Manor. Placed on elevated ground it too, like most of the homesteads on this south slope, enjoys a magnificent view. Barden old Manor Hall, now a farmhouse, is a rare relic of Tudor days, full of features characteristic of that period. A mile and a half west of Barden and we reach the open moorland, at last, with its madder-brown peat soil, and purple and dark green heather and grey-green whinbush vestments; trimmed, like a fringe at its lower edge where the ling has given place to it with the brighter maize-buff or orange-russet bracken, the plumy fronds of which, now late autumn is here, droop a mass of criss-crossed stems, beneath the thorns and rowans whose chief points of colour are the purple and scarlet of their ripening pips and haws. The air is keen up here, at this season, and the scattered clumps of Scots' firs stand threateningly with their longest outstretched arms pointing south, witch-like, as if in malediction of the Wind, that

whines and skirls through their foliage of 'green needles' as if keening a dirge over the Celtic chieftains sleeping soundly in the funeral howes, above which the firs stand as sentinels. It may seem a stretch of fancy, but there are *tumuli* on this high moor.

Hauxwell Church. [*Edmund Bogg.*

A little further west, near the track leading from Leyburn to Richmond, Bellerby Moor, is Hart-Leap Well! This marks a scene of local tradition that might have been gradually forgotten had it not been embalmed by Wordsworth in his non-inspired ballad rhyme of "Hartleap Well."

"A rout this morning left Sir Walter's hall,
That as they galloped made the echoes roar;
But horse and man are vanished one and all;
Such race I think was never seen before."

Legend says: Once upon a time, a beautiful hart of unusual strength and speed, after a long chase left hounds and huntsmen far behind, a solitary horseman excepted. On reaching the Spring the animal, exhausted by its great effort, gave three extraordinary leaps, and fell dead beside the Well. A small circular basin marks the place, but the water supply is a trickle only now. A warped and wind-swept thorn (the only tree in sight) stands by—a landmark, as it were, to the Well. To many, I fear, the sight of the verse-famed Well and Tree will be disillusioning, but to all who love to muse over the musty pages of Tradition—which generally has some foundation of fact at the back of it—this little moorland basin, too often clothed by accumulations of wind-brought debris, and its lone and lorn tree, will appear like the welcome oasis of the desert to who goes here.

Near to Barden are the Levergill Quarries, out of which immense blocks of "grindstone" are split. Their use is principally in foundaries, I am told, for grinding down forged goods.

Among the varieties of wild life, the kestrel is still fairly common on this moor, and at rare intervals a raven or two may be spied, hunting stragglers from Wild Boar Fell to the west, where alone they build their nests now. Black game congregate in

numbers on these lower moors, stoats are numerous, and the otter fishes in the streams between Barden and Fingall. Adders, the common green snake, and slow-worms, lizards with undeveloped feet, may be observed basking in the sun in summer.

From Barden we follow the path south to the old Kirk of Fingall, on our right passing the Hall (in its park) of Constable Burton. In Anglian days a *tun* or *ton* was a place surrounded by a hedge or fortified palisade, guarding a dwelling or two within and the 'bearings' of the land thereunto belonging, the bear-crop. From this we get Barton, Bearton, Burton. After the Conquest conferred this old Saxon manor on the Constable of the Castle of Richmond, the place became known as the Bear-ton of the office, or Constable's-burton. In 13th century it fell to the Scropes of Masham and Upsal; from them by marriage to Fitz-Randolphs of Spennithorne. It then passed to the Wyvills by the union of one of them with the youngest daughter of the above. These Wyvills came over with the Conqueror, and their name is said to be on the Scroll of Battle Abbey.

The Hall, with beautiful Grecian portico, is handsome, and is situate between two small ravines or dells, well wooded, and almost hiding the house from view. The village of Constable Burton is on the plateau where the two streams making the Bethe-dale beck unite. Geoffrey le Scrope obtained from Edward II. a Charter for a weekly market and fairs here. But we must hurry on to Fingall, just glancing as we pass at Studdah, of great antiquity, once a village with chapel and burial ground; on the roadside midway to Fingall from Patrick Brompton, there is a memorial stone, and on it the date, May 19th, 1826, and the words, "Do no Murder." 'Twas here that Leonard Wilkinson, of Fingall, did to death Nicol Raper, of Crakehall, at that date. The murderer was executed, and the stone put up on the exact spot by the people hereabout to

mark their abhorrence of the deed. 'Tis a lone spot, the roadway shadowed by trees, and gossip say the place is haunted.

Fingall.

Twining now from the main road we take a green lane for about a mile, with the Bethe babbling its infant lullaby in our ears all the while until we reach Fingall Church, venerable with age, and withal seemingly so lone and deserted, for there are no houses near, the village being on the hill rig half a mile away! Its steeply sloping roof nearly touches the ground on the north side. It has been restored of late years and contains both Norman and early English work. The belfry has two bells. The west and south walls are picturesque in their mantle of ivy. In the churchyard is a stone in Memoriam of Nancy Weighel, who died 1885, aged 103 years. The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle states that A.D. 788, a Synod assembled at Fingall in the 4th before the Nones of September: by this we learn the place has a history of 1200 years. Its name of course is Gaelic, Fionn-Gall, Fair (haired) Stranger, and is evidence of an early race here—before the Saxon. Fingal was a famous chieftain of the 6th century, and is *said* to have led his clan of Celts out of Ireland into the Scottish Lowlands. In the beautiful Poems, translated from the Erse by Miss Brooke, the son of Fingal is represented as having held a long conversation with St. Patrick, one of the first Irish Missionaries. But the young chieftain appears to have preferred the faith of his fathers to the Saint's. The old Kirk of Fingall is in the 'township' of Akebar, which now consists of three farms only, but in Saxon days was a town of some size and consequence. Here, as at Hauxwell, we have irrefutable signs that the seeds sown by the labour of Christian disciples sent out by St. Columba from Iona bore good fruit in faith.

A path up the hill by the stream which trickles through a sort of fairy dell, leads us on to the rise where we dally to mark the sunset sending forth wondrous hues over Constable Burton, and after a seeming pause sink slowly into the mellow grey hazy lap of night. Fingall village, sombrous and peaceful, is built of a grey stone with flagged roofs of a deeper tone. The street is wide, and is lined with fine trees, and the old Jacobean Rectory wears an aspect of sleepy satisfied repose and content

Two miles east of Fingall is Newton-le-Willows, charmingly placed, and overlooking the vale of the Bethe. The North-Eastern railway station here is called Jervaulx (which is 4½ miles away) and serves for both places. The title 'of the willows' prevents confusion with other Newtons; the 'new' College here is a prominent range of buildings, and was raised by the Rev. Clement T. Hailes, for the education of gentlemen's sons, and from its lofty tower a magnificent prospect, taking in the greater part of Richmondshire, can be had. The chapel of the College contains a carven oak Pulpit from Easby Abbey. The organ is exceptionally fine, built by Abbot & Smith, of Leeds.

From Fingall we take the field path, and under two miles have reached Thornton Steward, so named from having been presented by the Earl of Richmond to his chief steward. The village is finely pitched, high up on the hillside overseeing all Lower Wensleydale, the winding Yore and the trim ruins of Jervaulx in their landscape garden beyond. The ancient hall retains much of its old-world character, with huge chimney-shafts carried on corbels, its stout oaken timber-frame and thick walls: it would seem to have been a semi-castellated structure. A coat-of-arms on what remains of the entrance gate avows this. The village has a long green where the old folk exchange their budgets of local news, and the geese pace proudly and gabble and hiss threateningly at the stranger with necks outstretched like the witches' warning

forearm and finger! In a word, the aspect of the place is 'truly rural,' all the while the lovely landscape lies outspread and silent, in mute example to the noisier things of life. At the manor house, now a farmhouse, are several relics from the ruined establishment of Jervaulx—other times, other monuments; the Catholic day has gone, alack and alas! as the author of the "Three Days of Wensleydale" might have put it; for everywhere hereabouts there is striking witness still of the Bygones.

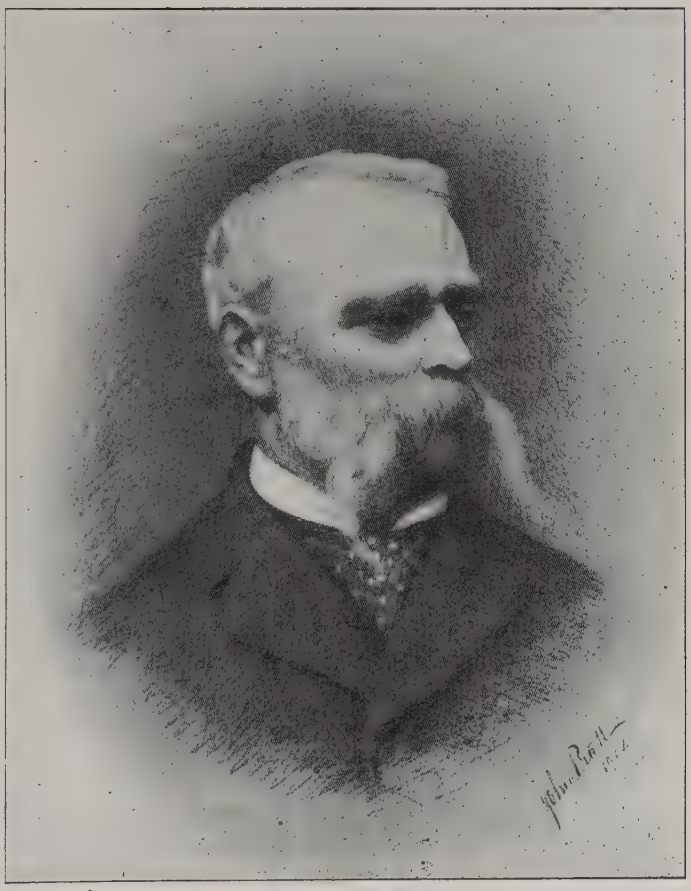
The church, half a mile west of the village, is plain and simply constructed, though of unquestionable ancientness. It stands on the site of a whilom Anglian fane (like that of Fingall) dating from the 7th century, and due to the Ionan or Celtic cult of Christianity. The architecture and internal arrangement are of most primitive order. It stands, venerable by years "in lonely meekness," for a sign of early Catholic piety and convictions. A mile west is Danby Hall, built on an elevation with green swarded terrace in front, sloping down to the river here running placidly through gentle scenery, with the wilder heights of Witton Fell for a background. It is the seat of Simon Conyers Scrope, the eldest and now sole representative of that great and noble family—the Scropes of Bolton, of Masham and of Upsal. Among the great families of the middle ages, not one wielded vaster power, or stood forth more pre-eminently than they; not in the whole roll of the British peerage is a family whose annals shew so many and such startling ups-and-downs of romance, joyous success, tragic and changeful destiny; yet ever of the highest honour. A cruel fate seems to have singled out the heads of this House for its buffets at the points of "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."

The district we are now about to enter is filled with the greatest figures associated with the greatest events of any that have moved across the stage of English History. Our allusion here is to the Nevilles and the Scropes, of Bolton and Middleham.

Metcalf (J. Hy.) says, "The well-known coat of Scrope, 'Azure, a Bend or,' is still the predominant heraldic bearing in Yorkshire, with, perhaps, one exception, that of the arms of the great House of Neville—that stately branching Cedar whose boughs shadowed the land 'Gules, a Saltire Argent.'" Although much of the Scrope heraldry has been wantonly despoiled and lost, it is still to be seen on the walls and windows of many a church, and, carved in stone, on many of our ruined abbeys up and down the great county.

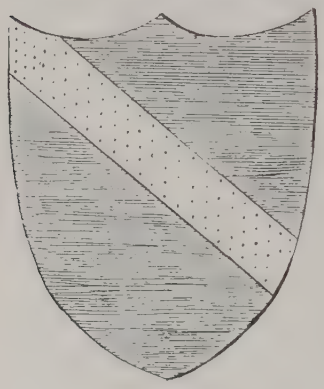
"The house of Scrope," says Burke, "was ennobled in two branches, Scrope of Bolton, and Scrope of Masham and Upsall; and its members shared the glory of all the great victories of the Middle Ages. The family had an unbroken male descent from the Conquest, if not from the time of Edward the Confessor. The enunciation of the dignities to which the family attained, between the reigns of Edward II., and Charles I., proves the high rank they enjoyed. In this period of 300 years the house of Scrope produced two Earls and twenty Barons, one Chancellor, four Treasurers, and two Chief Justices of England; one Archbishop, two Bishops, five Knights of the Garter, and numerous Bannerets—the highest Military order in the days of Chivalry."

In the celebrated dispute, A.D., 1386, between Sir Richard le Scrope and Sir Robert Grosvenor, respecting the Rights of their Bearings, "Azure, a Bend, or"—possibly the most remarkable controversy in Heraldic history—nearly all the great Nobles of the land were summoned by Scrope to witness his right to bear those arms. It was during a Scottish Expedition (Richard Second's time) when he appeared in the old insignia of the family, when to his mortification he noticed a Cheshire Knight, Sir Robert Grosvenor, assuming the identical coat he and his forbears time out of mind had borne in the press of every battle. Grosvenor's right was instantly challenged and Proclamation made through the Army, and a day was appointed for investigating the infringement of his heraldic sign. (Trade-mark we should call it, nowadays, and if it meant no money loss, and the licence-fee were paid, no pother would be



Simon Thomas Scrope.

made.) The testimony of all the greatest men of church, state and camp was overwhelmingly in Scrope's favour. Among these were old John of Gaunt, Harry Hotspur (the famous), poet Chaucer, and that notable warrior, hero of many a tough struggle—Sir John Gully, whose age was more than a century. Churchmen from half a hundred churches and monasteries, etc., added their witness in Scrope's support, from whom, indeed, they had received untold favours, and in their gratitude embodied their arms in glass or stone in all their fanes. Grosvenor, like his antagonist Scrope, only claimed from the Norman Conquest, but refused to obey the Court sentence, that he was to add a silver border to the arms. He appealed to the King (Richard II.), who decided that he was not entitled to the bend at all, and ultimately the affair terminated in his begging Scrope to forgive him the heavy costs of the cause, which he did. Grosvenor adopted in lieu, "Azure, a Garb, or"; being arms of affection taken from those of the Earls of Chester, and which ever since have been borne by his descendants. This device the family of Westminster yet bear, while the line of Scrope (an ancestor who was Earl of Wilts. and King of Man) "has nearly perished off the earth."



The Arms of the Scropes, Danby super Yore.

Danby Hall is *said* to have been raised early 14th century, restored in 1658, yet again thoroughly remodelled and the south front added in 1885. The grand staircase is of black oak, and the windows richly dight with heraldic arms and designs. About fifty years back a secret chamber was discovered, its existence having

been completely lost sight of by the family. It was formed during the persecution of Papists, and in it were "swords, pistols, and harness enough for the equipping of a troop of horse": for the Scropes were ever firm adherents of the old Romish Faith. They were suspected of having taken oath of allegiance to the exiled Stuarts. During the Rising of 1715, Danby was searched by soldiers of the King, some of whom tried to force their way into

Thornton Steward Church. [*Whiteley Brook.*

the bed-chamber of Mrs. Scrope, but just recently become a mother. The family tradition has it that the cook armed herself with a spit and took her stand by the bedroom door, swearing she would stab the first man who attempted to go by her. In the Jacobean Rising of 1745 all Papists in this Danby and other townships of the dale, were ordered to give up their arms. This seems to have been evaded, and the collection found in the secret room was probably brought hither by night for concealment by the Scropes, of like faith and beloved by his tenantry.

Down the Park slope to Yoreside, then we keep the bank, west, through delightful river scenery, a vignette calling for camera at every bend, the water-loving alders branching sturdily from gnarled stools, the various kinds of olive-leaf willows and Scotch sallow-palms—as Motherwell sang—

> "The siller saughs wi' downy buds
> That light the shaws in Lent."

Drooping over the ripple with catkin-offerings of gold-dust as though for a tribute to the Spirit of Yore; and in due course reach Yore Bridge. On our way we note Danby 'Old' Mill, a spot charming in its ancient aspect, close by where Cover Beck pours its tribute into the chief water. The yellow-sanded river there receives into her bosom the silver-brown liquid that was distilled on the mountain moors towards the Whernsides, a thousand clouds over a thousand bogs, and has in its later sinuous course been clarified by passage over river bed tables of veined limestone 'marble' between sweet thymy banks under arches of grey hazel and pearly boled ash. This unique stretch of Yore is the Mecca of Yorkshire Angling pilgrims. Here is Ulshaw Bridge spanning the Yore, and in the central buttress is fixed a sun-dial, with the date 1674. The Romans had a small Castrum here, probably to guard the ford at that date the only spot where the river could be safely crossed. The prefix *Ul* or *Ulf* connotes a proper Scandinavian name, 'Ulpha' or 'Ulfa.' There is Ulfasgill in Coverdale, *i.e.*, his gill, just as Ulsham was his dwelling-place or home.

CHAPTER V.

Round about Spennithorne.

The delightful country village of Spennithorne is upon a slight elevation a few hundred yards above the north bank of the Yore. Dr. Whitaker evidently had an eye for beauty, and in his gossipy way calls it the pleasantest village in the Piedmont of Richmondshire, and in this the topographer did not overstate its charm. It certainly is the most prettily situated and most rural of the many interesting and inviting scattered communities of Wensleydale. It is, to begin with, peculiarly sheltered, and framed in beauty, marked apart to north and east by well-wooded rises, bosky hills, full of shady nooks, and eminently picturesque. The panorama to be viewed from its environment is exceptionally charming, even magnificent. The writer will not soon forget the glory of the scene as he viewed it from the bank of the river, what time the westering sun was lavishing ever changing lights and reflections over the vale, in every tint from purple to amber and gold—the Yore here broadly flowing and glowing "like an opal with its hidden fires," or there in the deeper pools dark and sullen. As he lingered, the music of Sabbath bells floated mellowly upon the moving air, adding the harmony of sound to that of colour. To the south-east the river winds through park-like tree shaded pastoral, on and on past the spare ivy-clad fragments of Jervaulx Priory. Opposite, south, are the buildings of East Witton, with their church tower lifted above the line of tree tops,—a striking feature that seems to appeal to the mind

through the eye. The winding fell road guides the eye into the centre of this fine picture. To the west one looks over a fine sweeping curve of the Yore and lush-green swarthland, to where between the Yore and Cover rests the ancient dreamy town of Middleham, with the crumbling walls and corner towers of the one-time right royal Castle jutting out above the broken line of roofs in a jagged sort of way, which nevertheless springs the note—what agonies of upheaval and downthrow this jumbled pile of masonry must have endured ere ever it came to this! It is, however, a grey as grim memorial of Feudality, of Domination, of Stubborn Resistance, now only frowning in its sleep on the more peaceful because less eventful sceneland of mead and river flowing onward and markedly a little way removed from the actual stage of such a turbulent history. That is the story of ambition—of change—of destiny the crumbling remains seem to tell; by the light of record, of course of that notable race, the Neville, who in their hey-day of fame and power dwelt here in all but kingly splendour. Their 'star' has been long eclipsed, and only the darksome ruins remain, shorn of any living thing's embrace, to sigh out its story and that of its princely owners—high hopes shattered, well-won spurs rusted, glory become gloom; all due (if we *may* apportion causes) to Ambition's too lofty climb, an adverse fate in the change of faiths and standards, neglect due to disagreement, and lastly, the corroding tooth of Time: although this is by the way—we have to write of Middleham later.

It was here in the meadows by the Yore, when the ghost-grey mists of evening rise like a vapour from the river, that the water-kelpie had its lair: in folk-lore this was a demon haunting the river banks in the form and guise of a horse, ramping and neighing for very malignity of temper; and woe! to the unwary traveller who was lured from the path to find a winding sheet and a coffin in the river's stony bed. Then, the demon-sprite with an "unearthly shriek of impish laughter" vanished!

The Domesday Scribe spells the name of this place Speningtorp, but soon after Spenithorn, speny or spiny describing well enough the white and prickly blackthorn formerly abundant and even now by no means uncommon here. But *torp* or *horp* is a place of assembly (Taylor), whilst *speen* or *spen* meant a thorn simply (through the Latin *spina*), so this village might be either the Thorp

Spennithorne Church. [*A. Vivian.*

by the thorns, or the spiny-thorn location of itself, the former probably; for it is worth noting that when Domesday Survey was made there were *only two* churches in this part of what we now call Wensleydale (Lower), viz., Speningtorp and Torneton (Thornton Steward); this last is said to be the most ancient church in the whole dale. In the bell-turret (according to Leland) hangs a bell formerly belonging to the Cistercian Abbey of St. Mary of

Yorevale (Jervaulx), removed thence after the dissolution of that monastery in 1537.

Here at Spennithorn and at Middleham, in the Confessor's reign, dwelt Guilpatrick, a powerful Dane, ousted by the Red Alan, and all his manors estreated and given to one Ribald already mentioned, who is said to have been the brother of Alan. Be that so or not, he became lord of Middleham, Scrafton, Spennithorne, Hauxwell and Thornton Watlass, later also of Bedale itself. It is said, too, that the church was built by Robert, son of Ribald, surnamed Fitz Randolph, about 1166. Since that date the church has undergone many alterations and restorations. Three Norman arches remain to witness Fitz Randolph's work, and there are relics of the pre-Norman church built into the chancel wall. There is a very ancient Credence Table. It presents, viewed to-day, a variety of styles: Norman, Transitional, Late Decorated, and Tudor work. The south aisle was for long the burial-place of the Scropes of Danby, and the north aisle that of Fitz Randolph. In the Chapel of St. Mary in this aisle is a freestone tomb on which are armorial bearings done in heraldic colour, telling eloquently of the "alliances" (as if Kings) of the great Lords of the North, the Nevilles, Fitz Randolphs, the Fitz-Hughs, the Scropes of Masham and Bolton, the Hyltons, etc. There are other memorials to the Wyvills, Claytons, and the Straubenzees. There are two distemper paintings, the one inside the south entrance figuring Father Time as an aged winged pilgrim, with grim visage, in his left hand an hour-glass, and in his right the emblematic scythe, on the blade of which rest his toes—so placed as a reminder to all who entering leave this church that the sands of time are dropping through one by one.

Yea, indeed! as said, Spennithorne, tree-sheltered and holding on to its hill-side, is a most charming retreat, a bowery shrine.

Few places can shew such a variety of interesting phases—historically ancient and rurally ever-green ; to enumerate all would fill a volume—fallen greatness, faded grandeur, historic deeds that ring yet down the vale of time, with romantic ideas and superstitious

Fragment of the Fitz-Randolph Castle.

traditions growing dimmer and dimmer as centuries roll on ; while Nature's part of it endures as verile and green as ever. The beautiful Hall, with its fine grounds west of the village street, is the home of Major Stobart ; an old yellow-walled mansion to the south of the church being the residence of Mrs. Chaytor.

The Chaytors are an ancient and honourable family, originally of Clervaux of Croft. Thorney Hall is the dower-house of the Hon. Mrs. Poulett. The Old Horn Inn in its sign bespeaks the time when (probably) the Forest Horn was blown in the village. Of the castle built by Ralph Fitz Randolph, 1194, little remains intact, the few fragments of 13th and 14th century date, with several rooms (used as farm outhouses) pointing to the early Tudor period. We have here the usual and vague legendary tradition of an underground passage, said to run from here to Danby; nor is the tale without some show of evidence, for the land has subsided for some distance on the line which such a subway would run. The Fitz Randolphs held this castle and manor for nearly four centuries. When it came to the Wyvills by marriage of Marmaduke Wyvill to Agnes, daughter and one of the heiresses of Ralph Fitz Randolph, early in the 16th century.

CHAPTER VI.

Harmby and Neighbourhood.

Harmby is in the parochial bounds of Spennithorne, about midway between that place and Leyburn. Standing on the north hill slope over Yore, directly facing Middleham, it has a charming outlook over the valley where it widens into the plain. Near by is a finely-wooded gill, possessing a pretty waterfall. Barker says there was formerly a heronry here, from which circumstance the village got its name, first Hernby, now corrupted to Harmby. Here, too, is a beautiful spring known as Fairies' Well, to the basin of which, in former days, was attached an iron cup, similar to those mentioned in the Chronicles of King Edwin, so that all thirsty passers might moisten their parched throats—a commoner want in old days than in these when at least a cup of water can be got at every cot for the asking.

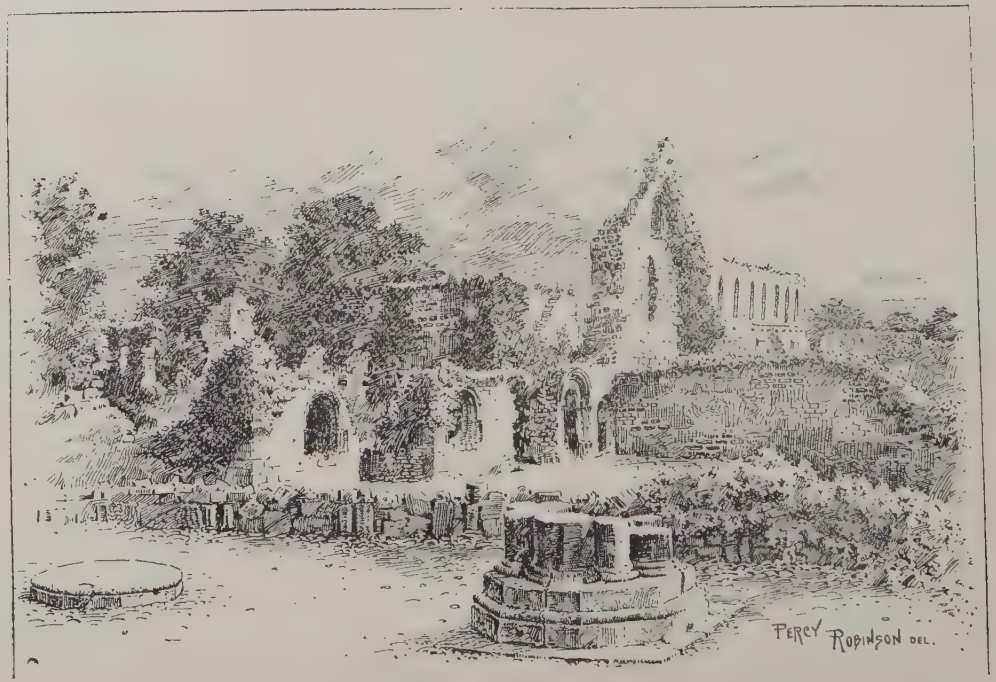
The old Manor House now does duty as a farmstead, its thick walls still retaining some of its ancient features, a chapel having been attached, dedicated to All Saints. Here once again rumour's busy tongue says that great treasure lies hidden in the vicinity, based upon slight but probable enough grounds, for in the time of the Second Edward this manor of Hernibi was in the hands of Sir Andrew de Hercla, suspected of secretly abetting the Scottish side, which adhesion made it possible for the Scots to swoop down on English forces encamped at Byland. For this imaginary (or real) offence he was deprived of his estates and executed as a traitor.

'Walk'-mill beck here was at one time reputed to be a haunted site, and few of the habitants of Harmby had nerve enough to defy the nameless terror and go by it in 'the witching hour' of night. It is a pretty spot; foliage overshadows it and wild flowers, 'born to blush unseen,' bud and bloom and fulfil their destiny of being beautiful unregarded by the eyes they might gladden. Tradition hands down with bated breath the tale of an unnameable crime committed by one of the De Harclas, and of his sudden death on the spot while in the act of stalking a white phantom Roe which the Spirit of Ayesha, the Lady of Hernebi (murdered by him) had incarnated; but at other times it was a woman attired all in white that met the terror-struck wanderer within the bounds of its earthly peregrinations; or, again, a huge black shadowy hound was seen chasing the great white deer, and the uncanny sound as of baying dogs and horsemen crashing through the underwood accompanied the spectral sight. These noises the rustics attributed to the ghost of Jordayne de Harcla baiting the fleeing wraith of the gentle lady his victim, upon the very site of her grave! A terrible tale wanting none of the fearsome garnishings that appealed so deeply to the superstitious minds of old, but it is consoling to reflect that Education has 'laid' most of these ghosts low for ever in kindly mother-earth. Let them rest.

Retracing our steps to Ulshaw Bridge, we reach the little river Cover. Here by the foot of Cover Bridge stands a once-famous hostelry, the gathering place of horse-dealers and others visiting Middleham in pre-railway days. In this twentieth century it has still its devotees of 'the gentle art' when angling in the Yore and Cover. It is, indeed, one of those now-too-rare spots pregnant with the subtle charm of old association lingering about it—veritably a fisherman's "Rest" after a good day and a good meal of the spoil of the rod and creel—the reward of the patient.

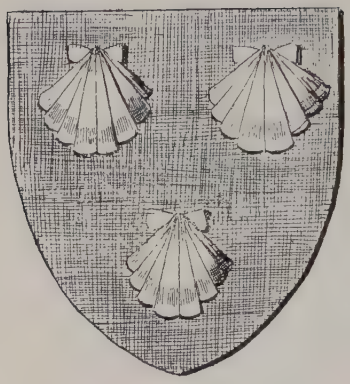
Half an hour's walk from Cover Bridge brings us by mead and spinney to Jervaulx Abbey, situated on the south bank of Yore at the eastern embouchure of Wensleydale. The monastic fragments of Yorevaux, beautiful even in decimated decay, lie in the centre of a charming vale, for 'the moving finger' of Time, and the indifferent regard of centuries have fallen even more heavily upon the establishment than they have at Fountains. Old mural tombs and altar tombs rest like the dead and as warmly clothed in moss and lichen, and mantled in comforting ivy; broken columns, round headed and pointed arches all framed in refreshing and now well-kept greensward, tracery of arms of trees, with blue sky or grey for their everlasting canopy. An inexpressible beauty of calm and resignation, with a mild mystery as of far-away long-hidden enactments pervading the scene. Perfect stillness reigns supreme, even the Yore, flowing by, breathing out only a sleepy lullaby, or a low sad refrain (one may imagine) to the Kyrie, Eleison! of the monks and army of warriors for the Faith, laid at rest beneath the daisied turf at our feet. This place is lovely, even in this its day of fallen dignity and sacrosanct solemn grandeur, for the grounds in which the ruins lie are trimly kept as any cloister garden of old.

The original foundation of the abbey, about 1144, was laid at the other end of the dale, hard by Grange Beck formerly Dale Grange, on the north side of the Yore nearly opposite to Bainbridge. There Aker Fitz Randolph, son of him of Ravensworth, granted to one Peter (from Savigny in Normandy) and twelve monks, land for a settlement here, but in that bleak hinterland of Fors the monks encountered many difficulties even in building themselves a rude shelter. No sooner was it roofed over than the half wild suspicious moor-men dwelling round about Abbotside demolished the building. It is quite possible that the monks were both squatters and trespassers on land held not by deed but by



Jervaulx Abbey. (*Percy Robinson.*

right of occupation for centuries of time unchallenged; but, anyhow, the rough dalesmen eyed the mild but scholarly Ascetics with disfavour, and practically made their tenure one of acute privation and constant fear. The monks are said to have sought assistance from the Abbot of Savigny (from whose rule they had come), but instead of aid they met with rebuff, and a censure for their headstrong folly in venturing into such a remote district as the head of the dale then was. So Peter, in this his first hour of trial, led his community (of twelve) down dale and over the Vale of York to old Byland, where the brethren made them welcome—for a while. But Peter, the chronicle says, had set his heart on Fors; in due time he and his dozen wandered back, up dale to Fors again, and commenced to build a monastery! What they actually accomplished is known or to be guessed at only from the fragments of architecture in evidence at Fors now: a lancet window, a Norman doorway at the Hall adjoining, and the foundations of walls, the whole being surrounded by a high earthen bank and ditch. The monks cannot have been idle during their second and brief sojourn here, but they were not yet enamoured exactly by the site Peter would have retained. Wild beasts howled around the spot, and wild 'cattes' were often seen lurking in their very folds. The forest spread about them on every hand; Yore in spate roared and swept into their enclosure washing away both cattle and chattel; whilst the Anglo-Scanian people by no means took kindly to these brave foreigners setting them such a fine example of fighting against Nature's odds. Three years of adversity, backsets and sorrow, rolled by, as unrulily as Yore water itself, the Winter was dark and long, the Springs backward and stormy, and the Summer all too short, when a turn in the tide came to the long lane of trouble this community trod: One day Conan, the Earl of Richmond, came hunting in the forest hard by, and being weary and hungered craved the hospitality of the abbey-house. The monks



Arms of the Abbots of Jervaulx.

responded with willingness, and Peter—with an eye open to the main chance, we may without irreverence suppose—eloquently related to the Earl the tale of their sore trials and severe struggles. Not without effect, for Conan thereupon presented to the monks that delightful stretch of land lower down the dale, less wild, more sheltered, on which was raised the Abbey pile of Jervaulx to whose monkish taste and industry the ruins now bear such eloquent evidence.

The translation from Fors began in 1156,

> "Barons and Earls in gold array,
> And warrior Knights in harness grey,"

being their successive benefactors, until at length there uprose an establishment magnificent indeed, to which now, in its day of decay, many a pilgrim comes to view full of reverential wonder with the story of obstacles overcome by industry and patience in his mind. When the "day of the Abbey's doom,"—the dissolution of the monasteries—dawned, one Adam Sedbergh was Abbot here. Robert Aske had called a 'Rising' to protest against the order of King Harry for suppression of religious houses, and bands of angered and unruly persons began to wander up and down the country in a most threatening and unlawful way. At length some three or four hundred, led by Captains Middleton and Staveley, reached Jervaulx. Poor Adam in his heart no doubt sympathised with the people in their vain attempt to save the outward and visible signs of the old faith, but Adam was timorously aware of the consequences that might follow armed resistance, or

he may have thought if he held aloof from joining with the appellants for clemency he might thereby win the King's favour, and so by a strategic movement to the rear come to the front again undespoiled; anyway, when the insurgent crowd poured into the courtyard of the abbey he fled by a back way, and climbed up to the summit of Witton Fell. Here he remained hidden for four

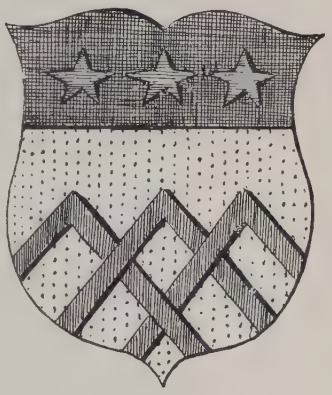
Doorway, Jervaulx

days, until the insurgent force wandered further afield. Informed of this, the abbot returned and told his tenants and adherents that he was opposed to the Rising. Hearing of this, the insurgent crowd were so incensed that they came back to Jervaulx a second time, bent on finding him and compelling him to answer for his words. They were again told that the abbot was not there.

"Then," said the leader, "we charge you, the Brethren, to elect a new abbot." The Chapter-bell was rung, and preparations for a synod were commenced. Certain of the monks, however, were determined not to take part in the farce—one might almost call it. Half an hour's grace was granted, only, and the mob-leader swore that if by then a new abbot was not chosen, the abbey should be burnt over their heads. Affrighted at the threatening turn affairs were taking, the monks sent out messengers in all directions to seek the abbot, and one, William Nelson, found him seated on a crag on the very summit of Witton Fell. Poor Adam listened to his sad story, hesitated, and was lost. In the very moment of considering, smoke was seen curling up above the abbey he loved so well, and this deciding him, he once again came to the gate, on which he was incontinently seized and dragged hither and thither, and reviled in the foulest terms, until the populace were hoarse with shouting "Here is the Traitor—Slay him! Slay him!" and it would have gone hard indeed with him had he been dismembered there and then. By a great effort his brethren managed to drag him into the great hall, into which the insurgents still managed to flock, drawing daggers and threatening him in other ways. Well would it have been for the poor man—Abbot no longer in dignity or dress—had he suffered a quick death by the knife: then, like Becket, he would have been a Martyr. Worse was in store, however. Some cried out on him, "Traitor, where hast been hiding?" Others, more grimly incensed, cried "Get a block and strike off his head!" He was between the Devil and the Deep Sea. He was given the choice of joining the malcontents or being beheaded on the spot. He chose the former horn of the dilemma, and history tells us the sequel. The great Lords of the North joined arms, and marched under the Holy Banner—The Five Wounds of Christ; disaster and demolition fell swiftly upon them, and poor old Adam, last Abbot of Jervaulx, was executed at

Tyburn Tree, that "Never-green," whose fruits are dead, still, hanging pears. Few will dissent from the epitaph, "Worthy of a better fate than participation in a Pilgrimage of Grace." "A tragic example," says one writer, "of the fate awaiting those not strong enough to swim against the stream."

Within its walls lie buried many a lordly scion of that pious race, the Fitz-Hughs. They were great ones of the land, and desired that their bodies should be laid to rest within the Sanctuary they had helped to raise. The founder, Akar Fitz-Bardolph, was brought hither for burial in 1161, his son in 1182; here, too, sleeps Henry Fitz-Bardolph, and here also Henry Fitz-Henry, at the foot of the high altar. Henry Lord Fitz-Hugh, too, "beau ideal" of a brave knight, rests here among his forbears. He was in attendance on Henry V. in the French Wars, with 66 men-at-arms and 209 archers. For his time he was a great diplomat and traveller. He had fought against the Saracens, visiting Egypt, the Holy Land, and Turkey. His corse was borne here for interment amidst all the pomp and pageantry of Romish Ritual, and a part of his mutilated effigy was *seen* here by Dr. Whittaker. Not a few other branches of the stem of Ravensworth find here a resting place, their life's battle fought, their colours won, never recking even in dream (let us hope) of the defilement and barbarism of the centuries that were to roll on after them. And for many a day the monks sang "Messe, placebo and dirge, and Messe of requiem" for the welfare of their souls. And now,



Arms of Lord Fitz-Hugh.

"Legend and shield and effigy impart
The accumulated fame of ages flown.

. . . . . .

But now no mass is said, no requiem sung—
The priest is mute, the choristers are gone."

Yet surely may we be pardoned for contradicting—surely *not* all. There comes to us on the zephyr wind of heaven an unceasing

Deep Gill Force.

melody of God's own choristers of the wilds, whose bird-voices trill and pipe and echo in music, surely not any less naturally inspired than that which used to surge upwards and outwards through every window of those monastery aisles.

Within the Chapter-house are memorial slabs to the Abbots. In "Ivanhoe," Sir Walter Scott introduces a humourous scene

between the Outlaws and two captives—Isaac, a rich Jew of York, and the Abbot of Jervaulx. No monastic house has its grounds so well preserved and its foundations made so traceable as this, by the present Ailesbury owners, albeit of late years much in the same direction has been accomplished for Furness in the Vale of Nightshade.

We must, however, push on; in less than two miles, through charming pastoral country, we reach East Witton, which is a place of some importance built along the parallel sides of a long wide green. Its village fountain is formed out of a large boulder stone, brought from the Fells above; it is about three tons in weight. There is little for the antiquary to pause for and muse upon here. Early in the last century the vill was demolished and reconstructed upon a 'model' plan by the Earl of Ailesbury. One spot here will be held sacred by all who have any regard for time-honoured spots. Adjoining in the ancient hamlet of Lowthorp formerly stood the church of St. Martin in pre-Reformation times, belonging to the abbey of Jervaulx. Long after its demolition the graveyard was used for interment. The new church is a beautiful structure, and stands in a commanding position at the east end of the village. East Witton was in olden time a market town, and received its first charter from Edward I., in 1306. But after the fearful plague which visited the district (1563), it never again recovered its former prosperity. High up on Witton Fell, to the south, are two beautiful springs of water, namely, Cast-away Well, and Diana's Well. From the summit of the Fell is a most surprising and far-reaching view, over the Vale of Wensley to the far-away Cleveland and Hambleton Hills.

The village stands high, in a healthy situation, and is much frequented by summer visitors for its fine air and bracing surroundings. Not to omit anything noteworthy in the past, one of the 'characters' of the dale hereabouts was George Horn of Thornton

Steward, who quietly and regularly made a practice of giving away, *weekly*, all the year round, *a guinea* for private disbursement among the needy of his birthplace. Those, too, were the days of "alarums and excursions," of fears of invasion, of the hasty raising of troops of Fencibles and Loyal Dales' Volunteers, of which Horn was captain. He was known as 'Captain Absolute,' we read, from his habitual use of a swear-phrase, "odd dabbish it, *absolutely*." However, he both feared God and kept his powder dry, for on the occasion (about 1814) of the mischievous firing of the Beacon, then erected on Pen Hill (to give warning of the landing of the French), he and his faithful sergeant (Batty) turned out promptly, and with his troop was in Middleham all ready to take the road, whilst the troops of the king-makers town were "so seized with sickness they could not be raised from their beds."

The Lower Cover. [*Owen Bowen*

CHAPTER VII.

Coverdale.

High up yonder, between Great Whernside and Buckden Pike, on the south and west, and Pen Hill on the north, the little river Cover has its birth, oozing out of the dark waste of moorland, which, even to-day, is a vast solitude of unreclaimed land. Running along the high ridge, which here divides Coverdale from Kettlewelldale, is a trench, in many places still over 12 feet deep, and, when in its original form, capable of sheltering an army of thousands; whoever held this position, Celt, Saxon, Dane, or Norman, held the key of this district north and south. Here during the thousand years of changeful destiny, from the incoming of the Roman to the conquest by the Norman, this neck of land would be the scene of many fierce and sanguinary struggles. Other more picturesque scenes have, no doubt, been often witnessed along this mountain road, cavalcades of knights, princes and prelates, and their numerous attendants; the Nevilles, of Middleham and Raby; that celebrated figure of Warwick, the king-maker; Ralph Neville, the Peacock of the North; and Edward the IV., and the fiery Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., and a host of others, who have left their names on the historic scroll, have passed and repassed over this wild mountain track to Middleham, Richmond, Raby, Brancepeth, &c.

Here up among the gloomy purple moors, like mighty billows rolling on the ocean, ever and anon the mists creep and hide the mountain crest, and curl around the lonely traveller, like an ap-

parition of night, or a funeral shroud of death. At other times the scene is strangely enchanting, when waves of sunlight tinge the heathery hills with gold and purple. It was even such a night when the writer and a friend crossed this way from West Witton to Kettlewell. Down with the little river we wander, past Woodall, to Horse House, so named from being the spot where the horses stopped to rest and bait, in pack-horse and coaching times. Here is a chapel-of-ease, dedicated to St. Botolph. Previous to 1867, it was in a most primitive structure, but has since been partly rebuilt, and thoroughly restored.

Lowthorpe. [*Owen Bowen*

On the opposite and north side of the dale is Carlton and Melmerby. At the first-named there is nothing of great interest, the parsonage is very pretty, and one or two of the old houses are rather quaint. A track from here runs over the east end of Pen Hill to West Witton and Wensleydale. Around Bird's Ridding

'tis very picturesque; here is a little glen, and an old mill with its moss-green wheel, and the beck babbling over boulders and flashing through dense undergrowth. It was here we noticed the Royal fern (*Osmunda regalis*), once much commoner in wet haggland of the lower dale than now, when its truly regal growth, like Prince of Wales' Feathers, has led to its uprooting to beautify gardens of all kinds. Nearing Coverham the scene grows more

Old Mill, Coverdale. (*E. Kenderdine*

beautiful, with wood, stream, and meadow. At the above place the river is spanned by a bridge of one arch; a little beyond, the river flows through a narrow channel of rocks, and can here be stridden. Lower still is a disused lead mine, the lead from this mine, being very soft, was used chiefly for glazing purposes. A hundred paces from the narrow lane, fragrant with perfume of wild roses, leading to East Witton is Braithwaite Hall, the path to this house is under a row of huge sycamores. It is an early 17th century structure, now a farmhouse. The large rooms and wide

staircase look rather desolate; one room is pannelled from floor to ceiling, and hides a secret door and passage. The chimney-piece is of finely carved oak. In olden days fuel for the Lords of Middleham was supplied from woods in this district.

The Gateway, Coverham. [*Whiteley Brook.*

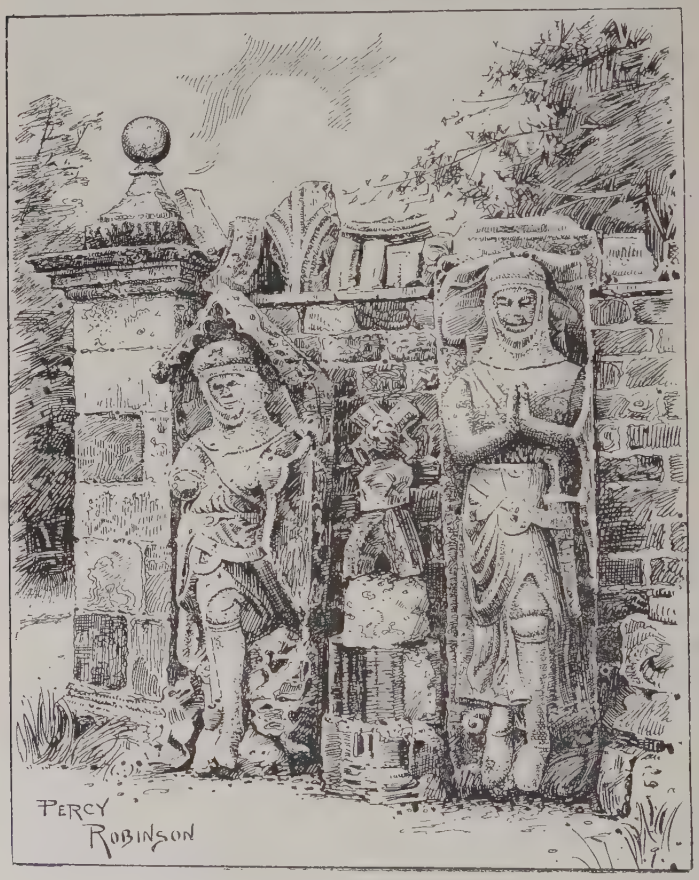
A short distance from the bridge, on the north side of the Cover, built in a wide grassy curve of the vale, hidden by trees and hills, and safe, as it were, from intrusion, beautiful in its quietude, formerly stood the Abbey of Coverham, founded in the early years of the 13th century by Ranulphus Fitz-Robert, son of Helewise, daughter and heiress of Ranulph de Glanville. Helewisia, the mother of the founder, sleeps beneath the ruins of the old abbey. The approach is through a Norman gateway, still perfect, although the remains of the abbey are in a sad state of neglect, and now used as farm buildings. It seems strangely incongruous,

amounting to almost desecration, stabling of cattle, manure heaps and rubbish on the spot where the monks worshipped and knelt in prayer, and where the foundress and others great and noble lie buried. The original foundation of Coverham Abbey was at Swainby, at Swale, and in the parish of Pickhill-cum-Roxby. This was in 1189-90. The village was once of some size; two houses only now remain. The foundress of Swainby was Helewisia, daughter of Ranulph de Glanville (the celebrated Lord Chief Justice of England), and later wife to the Lord of Middleham.

The church was dedicated to the honour of the Blessed Virgin, and owing to some misunderstanding with the monks, Ranulph Fitz-Robert (son of the foundress) transferred the house from Swainby to Coverham. In disgrace, the monks (it is said) submissively but sorrowfully departed from their "old home," looking backward with sad white faces, each clad in white coat and cap of like hue. Not one stone remains at Swainby to mark the establishment. All this came about in the uneasy years of King John, when the interdict was pronounced by the Bishops against the King. The churches of the land were shut up, the bells ceased to ring or toll, while the dead were consigned in silence to their urn of earth. So said Hume. Under such conditions the monks made their advent into Coverdale, where they observed the same ritual and garb as at Swainby by the Swale, and when their chapter-house was complete they reverently bore from Swainby the body of Helewisia and buried her within its walls. The dedication and the altars, both in the church and the abbey, were to the same Holy Virgin.

So it came to pass that in 1251 Ranulph Fitz-Robert, their benefactor, departed this life full of years, and his body was laid to rest under the same roof as that of his mother. According to the custom of the day, the removal of the body from Middleham

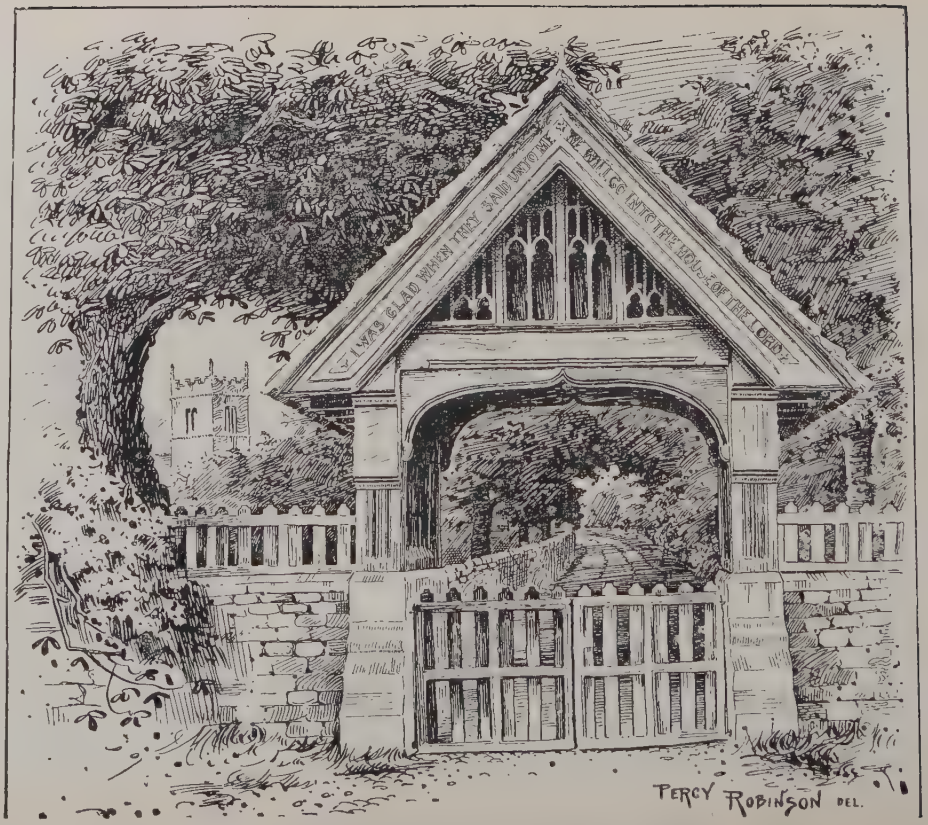
to Coverham was by night: what a dramatic picture does these obsequies call up in the mind's eye! One sees the body of the old warrior, wrapped in funeral trappings, borne 'solemn and slow' across the moor in the deepening gloom for the last time on earth; the long queue of silent mourners pace slowly along, faces bent on



Effigies, Coverham Abbey.

the ground, between sputtering flaring lines of torches held aloft by the serfs of the dead man ; at the abbey gateway the abbot and his brethren would meet the cortege, and the Catholic Service for the Dead of High Station, in all its solemnity, a ceremonial muffled as to sound alone, would be religiously observed. An effigy was carved in stone and set over his tomb to mark the place where the Founder found his last home, and there it lay, serenely unmindful of all convulsion above-ground until the dissolution of what gave it a rightful spot of earth there. Dr. Whitaker says the effigy had a peculiarity not to be overlooked, though the symbolism in it is not clear—"the form was cumbent, the body inclining to the *left*, on which side were to be seen three dogs, one playfully biting at the scabbard of its master's sword, while the two others were keenly chasing a stag into the recesses of the forest." Has this in it any allusion to the Saint Herbert hog-back tomb at Heysham? We cannot answer the question, merely suggest inquiry.

The approach is through a Norman arched barway, beyond which is (now) a farmhouse, with its byres and barns; jumbled up as these are with truncated arches and fractured shafts of stone, the sense of incongruity amounts to a feeling of desecration were it not that Shakespeare seems to have been aware of it in his day by his "To what base uses must we come?"—even to the stabling of cattle within the precincts of a church. "If that ground," says A. H. Norway, "which is not only consecrated, but is also rich in the dust of saints and nobles, appears to any man a fitting place to stable cows and rattle milk pails, one can but shrug one's shoulders, and go one's way." "Other times—other manners," we might add ; the way of the world to-day is not along the track of keeping up old time procedure, when Saint Valentine has died, and Guy Fawkes is by way of being alike honoured in the breach rather than in the observance.



Coverham Church and Lych Gate.

Two arches of the nave remain, and there are many inscribed stones, on one of which are the words, "Mercy, Mercy." Other parts of the building are now converted into dwellings, in one there is a curious window of nine low lights with transoms and trefoil heads. To an antiquary the place is well worthy of a visit, for many a finely carved stone lies mouldering under rank weeds and rubbish. The effigies (*see sketch*) were found during some building operations, and they are supposed to represent two warrior Lords of Middleham. Though centuries have passed since the abbey was despoiled, the spirits of the monks seem still to hover around the ruined walls.

Coverham Church is on the rising ground west of the ruins. The approach to the churchyard is through a lych gate lately erected in memory of John Topham, Esq. The church is said to date from the 13th century, but has undergone judicious restoration. In the churchyard (every Coverham inhabitant will tell one) a person may stand whilst the bells are ringing, and neither see the church nor hear the bells. The cause of this is an abrupt declivity in one corner of the outer wall, and the sound of the bells is overborne and 'drowned' (as we say) by the noise of the falling water turning the mill-wheel nigh at hand.

It is worth note that a James Metcalfe, Coverham born, made the coffin for the body of Emperor Napoleon Buonaparte, who was, for a quarter of a century, the bogy and the scourge of Europe. Miles Coverdale, Bishop of Exeter, the translator of the Bible into English, was a native of this valley.

But away! North-east now, between hedges and over the open moor, and we soon look down into Wensleydale, with the grim fortress-mounds of Middleham, one-time Royal Castle, and huddle of town house roofs in the foreground. We pause a moment to look on the scene and gather our memories, for, in no exaggerated term we approach Classic ground, the Acropolis as it were, not of Athens, but of Yorkshire.

CHAPTER VIII.

Kings' and King Maker's Middleham.

On the by-way to a remote and once wellnigh inaccessible valley, out of the track of the ages which shot straight from York to Edinburgh, the now shrunken little 'town' of Middleham has nevertheless gathered within its curtilages Historic associations and memories of deeds representing principles, of regal if not always legal domination, which make it one of the world-famous "Show-places," not of Yorkshire alone, but of the whole kingdom, nay world, to those cognizant of its fascinating story. Its history is the Romance of England in the making, and grips the mind as strongly as the closing doors of its great gateways once gripped the bodies of those entering them with no "pass-out." It is the great Feudal stronghold, second in York to Richmond only as to situation, and the pomp and prance of Royal Pageantry seem still to invisibly haunt its mounds of ruin, majestic even in their day of ruin and ashes! Shrine, as it was, of those Breton Lords, the Fitz-Randolphs, and of the equally doughty Nevilles, Middleham is deeply dyed in the splendour and amazing glamour of old Romance, and the tradition of it must remain evergreen through the centuries that are yet to come. Here were hatched many of the plots and intrigues of that great 'cabal period' of England. The vales of Wensley, Swale and Tees, were the nursery of the leading actors in the Wars of the Roses, and the later Religious Risings; the district was strongly imbrued in the blood of the Faith that nursed its real or fancied wrongs, and fomented insurgencies through

which indirectly if not openly it might come by 'its own.' The fight was a losing one, for the forces of Light brought a freer Dawn, but not inconsiderably because of this halo of fanaticism and fancy this period when heroes had their chance and princes rioted in sport and fete has always attraction for us who live in 'the larger day.' Around this gigantic, and from the mediæval standpoint, glorious 'fabric of a vision'—one that has suffered more by the hand of violence and pillage than the ravaging of the years—glows the radiance of an enchanting and expiring Feudalism, alike lighting up the shining armour of the Knight of the Cross and the cowl of the monk dedicating his devoirs to prayer and meditation. In a succeeding period too, Middleham is steeped in the chivalrous traditions of the horse and its rider in racing 'tourney,' both as a breeding ground, riding school, and racing stage, ever dear to the heart of the Tyke, whose judgment and spirit must have some outlet. It is more than locally celebrated, as well, for its Feasts and Fairs, for its old Upper and Swine market, and its lower or general mart.

As a settlement Middleham is of hoar antiquity, proof of this being found in the vestiges of British occupation and of a subsidiary Roman way, with 'camps' in the vicinity. A bow-shot south of the castle are the mounds known for ages as William's Hill, circled by moat and vallum. Here stood the pre-Norman fortress of Middleham, a structure constructed of timber and poles, and an earthen rampart. It was the stronghold, 'castle' in a sense, of Ghilpatric the Dane, owner of several valuable manors in the district at the Conquest. When Alan the Breton had become firmly seated in Richmondshire the estates of the Dane were 'bestowed' on one Ribald (a presumptive brother of the Earl), and here he and his successor had their hall or peel until the present castle pile was built, towards the close of the 12th century. It is more than likely that William the Conqueror himself visited

Middleham when on his northern tour of inspection of his newly annexed kingdom. Some hold that William Hill is so called from this circumstance. Tradition has it that whoever shall *run three times without stopping* around it, will find a door open in the mound that will admit him to wondrous 'Treasure.'

Middleham Castle.

Ribald after adding to his dominion the manor of Bedale and others the gift of Bodin, a relative, and becoming rich in the things of this world, "betook himself to a devout course of life, was shorn a monk in the abbey of St. Mary at York." He was followed by a son, Rafe, whose son Robert was surnamed Fitz-Randolph. To him, Conan, Earl of Richmond, gave all the Forest of Wensleydale, with the common pasture thereunto pertaining. He it was who built the inner keep of the castle (1190), and it was his widow, Helewisia, who, with the consent of her son, another Robert, founded the monastery at Swainby, only to be transferred some years subsequently to Coverham by him. These Breton Lords appear to have been actuated in this by a truly devout spirit.

Ralph Fitz-Randolph succeeded to the lordships, and the notable event in his life was the founding of the Grey Friars at Richmond. About 1270 his body found a grave at Coverham—his heart, however, rests under the high altar of the Grey Friars, Richmond. He left "the faire and gentil daughter," known to history as Mary of Middleham. She espoused Robert de Neville, Lord of Raby (that stateliest of castles), and it was she who founded the chapel of All Saints at Thoralby. So here we arrive at the advent of the Neville into Middleham's story, for they acquired the lordshipry, as we find in the chronicle, not by arms but by marriage with the Fitz-Randolph heiress, descended doubtless from Ribald, a brother of Alan, the first earl. Robert and Mary left Ralph de Neville—a noble baron, whose eldest son died in his father's lifetime—he was the celebrated "Peacock of the North," that soubriquet allusive to his vanity. The stone figure of a Peacock on a helmet, reminiscent of this Neville, was lately to be seen in the ruins of Middleham. He slew the Bishop's seneschal at Durham, on Elvet Bridge, in open day, and was in his turn slain by James, Earl of Douglas, during a Border fight. Son succeeded father, until in due course the greatest of all the Nevilles, Richard the 'King-maker,' saw the light.

All who have looked on the mediæval castles of Middleham, Raby, and Brancepeth, which in the days of the King-maker were a vast camp, bristling with armed men, the one before which we are ruminating, now a huge pile of ruins, the two others still standing so stately and magnificent, will easily understand the power and glory of the Nevilles in the days of old. The very sound of such names as Middleham and Raby convey to the imagination memories of a remarkable race, notable warriors, and memorable deeds performed, ever from the time of Gilbert de Neville, Admiral of the Norman Fleet

Whence sprang this race of mighty name and fame, these Nevilles,* some may ask ?

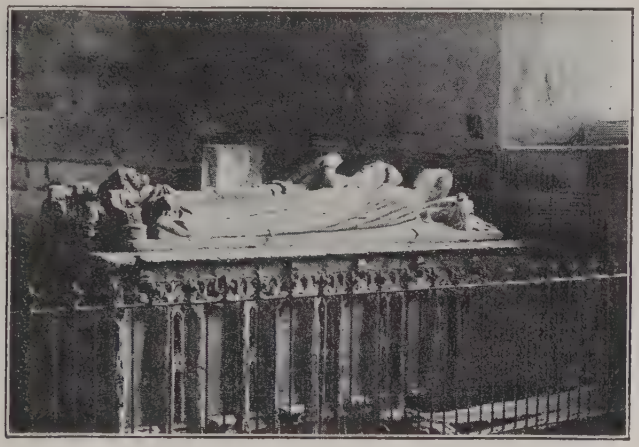
Hume, the historian, says, "The family of Neville was perhaps the most potent, both from their opulent possessions, and for the character of the men themselves, that ever appeared in England." Yes, a long line of heroes and statesmen did they furnish, oft-times suffering persecution and forfeiture, exile, and even death by the executioner's axe; yet they ever maintained a dignity of demeanour and a proud stoicism proclaiming their nobility and clear grit. One of them, Aymer de Neville, performed prodigies of valour on the battlefields of Palestine in the days of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and a Robert Neville, who died in 1282 and is lamented so pathetically in one of the oldest Border rhymes existing—

"Which alludes to the custom of the Lord of Raby offering a stag at the High Altar of Durham Abbey on Holyrood Day, accompanied by the winding of horns."

* The Nevilles are descended from a Norman noble, Gilbert de Nevill, who accompanied Duke William for the conquest of England: and on the distaff side from Ethelred, the Saxon King of England. The latter descent is thus traced—Uchtred, viceroy Earl of Northumbria, espoused Algiva, daughter of King Ethelred, whose daughter and heiress, Algitha, married Maldred, son of Crinan, one of the greatest and noblest families in the North of England. Cospatric, their son and heir, was Earl of Northumbria, and had issue three sons, of whom Dolphinus, the eldest, was father of Maldred, Lord of Raby, whose son, Robert Fitz-Maldred, married Isabel de Nevill, and had issue. Geoffrey, who, on succeeding to his great inheritance assumed the maiden name of his mother—de Nevill.

"Wal-l-wa, sal the hornes blaw,
Holy-rode this day;
Now es he dede, and lies law,
Was wont to blaw them ay."

And so we might tell of Ralph, Lord Neville, and his son John, who gained the glorious victory of Neville's Cross, and who added fame and glory to the name in the wars with Scotland and on the Continental battlefields, and were the first laymen to be buried in



Tomb of Ralph Neville and his Two Wives. [*Edmund Bogg*

Durham Cathedral. Ralph Neville, son of John, was made Earl Marshal of England by Henry the Fourth, and fought in the famous fight of Agincourt, and lies buried in Staindrop Church, between his two wives *(see picture)*. He had twenty-three children, but the most illustrious of this progeny was Richard, son of Joan Plantagent. He married the daughter and heiress of the Earl of Salisbury, and was father of one, who, in their highest, stood head and shoulders above all, the last of the grand old Norman chivalry, more kingly in pride, in state, in possession, and renown than the King him-

self, "The King-maker," Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury and Warwick.

The Seal of Coverham.

It was at this time that Middleham attained its pinnacle of glory. Here, now and again, assembled all the beauty and chivalry of the North; gorgeous scene succeeded gorgeous scene; tilt followed tilt, day by day, to the accompaniment of feasting and fete; while kings and princes, nobles and counsellors, were either prisoners or unwilling guests of the great Earl. These were the lurid days when the House of Lancaster and that of York were deluging the land for Kingship—the time when Middleham of the white Rose, "not Windsor, nor Shene, nor the Tower of London itself, seemed the Court of England."

Here at Middleham the Nevilles were Kings in all but name, and probably of all their castles there was not one—not even Raby—where they constantly dwelt in such open and magnificent state.

It has been said that Warwick feasted daily 30,000 persons in his halls, and could bring the same number of men to fight under his standard when and where he listed. Stow mentions his coming to London in the famous Convention of 1458, with "600 men all in red jackets, embroidered with ragged staves before and behind, and lodged in Warwick-lane, in this house there was often six oxen eaten at a breakfast, and every taverne was full of his meate, for he that had any acquaintance in that house might have there so much of sodden and rost meat as he could prick and carry upon a long dagger."

Here Edward IV. was a guest of the great earl—Shakespeare, and later Bulwer-Lytton, make him a prisoner, but such was almost certainly not the case; although strained relations, presage of disaster to the House of the Nevill, had sprung up between the King and the Nevilles. And we muse, as we stand before the dark heaps of ruin to-day, on siege, battle, banquet, and tourney during the fateful acts of open war between the rival Roses! We see the King-maker ride forth to battle in the 'Cause' of the White Rose of York, and we view, in retrospect of fancy, that terrible figure dealing dismay and disaster in his course, to be at last overborne and trampled in the dust with ten thousand of his army on that Easter Sunday, at eventide at Barnet, in 1471. Fateful day for him, since it was on an Easter-day that he won the victory over the Lancastrians at Towton, and so it only seems part of the whirligig of fate that another Easter Sabbath at Barnet should end the tragic drama of his eventful life. The Fitz-Randolphs, the descendants of the old Breton Lords, have been long forgotten, and the day of the King-maker over, the Neville, too, knew Middleham no more. Yet there still lives here, in the hearts and minds of inhabitants, tradition handed down as well as in mural relics, an echo as it were, faint but speaking of that most potent family, linked by blood to half the nobility of the land; even little children in the castle ways are eager to show off their knowledge, and will tell you, "This, sir, was the castle of the King-maker."

The Seal of Middleham.

Here to Middleham, on the lighter errand of love, came that terrible, awkward, and swart figure, Richard, Duke of Gloster, which lours so luridly over the scenes of the Plantagenet history—a courting Annie Neville. He was a man compounded of strange contrasts in character: a good general on the battlefield, strong and brave, yet crafty and subtle withal, and on the other side of

Middleham Castle. [*Smithson.*

his warped nature a human fiend, utterly devoid of pity or mercy for those who stood in his path to the throne he ultimately attained. Ill-starred indeed was Richard's life, the blood of royalty in his own veins, and yet the blood of a king and three princes dyed his hands. It is averred that he stabbed Prince Edward at Tewkesbury, and King Henry met his death at his hands at midnight in the Tower, and the two gentle, guileless boy princes, his nephews, who stood in his way to the throne. Placed

in the Tower *for safety* (so averred the Protector, under the pretence of awaiting the coronation of the elder), Sir James Tyrrel (Richard's confederate in villiany) received an order to get hold of *all* the keys of the Tower for *one* night only. Everyone knows the sequel; oblivion swallowed the boys, although the details of the murder are not definitely known, or likely ever now to be. A fearful crime was enacted, and the pitiful wail of the Queen mother, who was destined never again to look upon her sons, can be heard across the gulf of time. But to hark back, Richard came to Middleham to woo the fair Annie after having disposed of her former lover—though that mattered little in those days. He wooed, won, and wedded her, and thereby gained half the possessions of the great Warwick. These included Middleham, Barnard and Raby Castles, and when his brother Clarence died, he got many another great Lordship. Here, too, Richard's only son was born; it was a happy fate, perhaps, that eleven years later the child of his hope sickened and died. A burst of anguish comes from the lips of the stern hard man, who cannot hide his sorrow, and a piercing agonized wail from the Queen mother, who could not be comforted, is borne to the ear as the young prince is carried to the tomb. And here again fell upon the darkly brooding King many other sorrows, the harvest of bloody oats formerly sown! Says Sir Thomas More, "When he went abroad his eyes whirled about, his body privily fenced, his hand ever on his dagger, his countenance and manner like to one always ready to strike again. He took ill rest at night, lay long musing, soon wearied with care and watch, he rather slumbered than slept soundly, troubled with fearful dreams, sometimes suddenly started up he would leap out of bed and run about his chamber; so was his restless heart continually tossed and tumbled about with the tedious impress and stormy remembrance of his most abominable deeds." An ugly picture, that! and nevertheless his memory is 'kept green' at Middleham.

Whatever he may have been in the south, in the north he was surely a favourite. Bacon says, "The memory of King Richard was so strong in the North, that it lay, like lies, in the bottom of men's hearts, and if the vessel was but stirred it would come up.

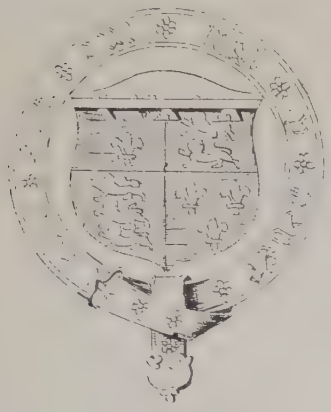
With the fall of the Neville, and the death of Richard III. at the Bosworth fight, the greatness and glory of Middleham was at an end. The 'Windsor' of the North is to-day but a blackened shell of the original pile, upreared before us in the illusory shades of evening as a huge mass of grey ruins, forbidding and desolate, save for the shaggy fleece of ivy mantling this tower or that shoulder of masonry, the Norman Keep of the Fitz-Randolphs a little more picturesque in its silhouette than the outer walls built by Rafe Neville nearly two centuries later, and in which all the display of the Northern Court took place,

> "Time, Time, his withering hand hath laid
> On battlement and tower."

Now a mass of roofless walls, with few sculptured stones visible, for generations the castle was used as a quarry for all in need of stone, as shewn by the great gaps and breaches in the outer facings of the walls that here and there, with the two towers of the keep, hang perilously over with little visible support. Now that works of restoration are in progress, these parts will doubtless be underpinned and made safe—interest in connexion with the castle is on the increase rather than wane. To our mind's eye the walls and battlements are alive again with the spirits of the Past, and insubstantial as such backward glimpses are, we feel the soul-stirring pleasure without its pain, of the romantic historic scenes once enacted here; albeit that now

> "Mute is the warder's challenge, mute
> The warriors' hasty tread;
> And tuneless is the lady's lute,
> For she is with the dead.
> And but a flower now mourns the doom
> Of prostrate strength and faded bloom."

Clustering under the shadow of the huge fortress, as if for protection, are the yellow-washed and grey walls of this large village, much of it built from the ruins: at one period of its history it was a famous market town and capital of Wensleydale.



Seal of Richard III., Lord of Middleham.

Two market crosses still remaining attest this fact; on one is carved a rude representation of a boar the cognizance of Richard III., hence known as the Boar Cross; near to, is the bull ring, where, in bygone times, the bull was baited, and our forefathers feasted their eyes on this cruel sport. A stone on the north side of the castle bears the crudely sculptured figure of a peacock, representing the badge of Robert Neville.

The town's second Market Charter was granted by Richard the Third for a mart to be held all the year round. It was also to have two fairs, one in March, the other on the 5th, 6th, and 7th of November. This last was formerly one of the largest for beasts in the County. Although there are now only some three or four inns, formerly there were as many as twenty-seven—where *beer* might be obtained. Even as late as the early part of the 19th century, immense droves of horned cattle and sheep were brought here, and it was no uncommon thing for kilted Highlanders to be seen herding beasts at these fairs. The first Charter was from Richard II., to Ralph-de-Neville and his heirs for a weekly market and a fair every year, at the feast-tide of Saint Alkelda, October 25th, now November 5th.

The church is on a commanding site overlooking the wide valley of the Yore. Its dedication goes back to the first Danish invasion of these parts, and is conjointly to the Blessed Virgin and St. Alkelda. The latter was a noble Saxon lady who suffered martyrdom at the hands of the heathen invaders: traditions tells she was *strangled*, as fragments of ancient glass in the window of the north

Middleham Church. [*John Pratt.*

aisle shew, and the place of her burial is supposed to be marked by a brass tablet affixed to one pillar of the nave. Near this pillar, on the spot indicated by tradition as her resting place, her remains are said to have been found. Also, during the latest restoration of this church, an ancient stone coffin was discovered on the same spot, and this certainly contained the bones of a female, which goes far to prove that tradition has handed down

the truth. The dedication, too, again points to the probability of a Saxon church having existed here, succeeded by the early English one of late 12th century. It consisted of a nave with high-pitched roof, and bell tower, the nave and the clerestory windows being both of that date.

Middleham from the West. [*Edmund Bogg*

The character of the edifice as a whole was changed in 1330 to 1350, by the addition of a clerestory and the widening of the aisles, a chancel being finally added, and a tower in the perpendicular style. The doorway, sheltered by the porch, is the most ancient, and shows interesting early English architecture. Cer-Fief farm-rents were paid upon St. Alkelda's tomb, being laid upon a stone table midway between the pillars of the nave, as were likewise some annual doles of bread for the poor. It was the intention of Richard III. to found a college here, and handsomely endow it, but his defeat and death at Bosworth disposed of this 'good intention.' The parochial priest here retained the name of

Dean, and enjoyed many privileges of ecclesiastic jurisdiction. But Leland, who visited Middleham in the early 16th century, says of the church, "It hath beene as some ween a Collegiate Chirche, the Parson is yet caulled the Dean of Middleham." This peculiar Court has now ceased, and with it the name of Dean and Canon. It is worth noting, however, that one famous name, that of Charles Kingsley, Eversley's rector, was added to the list.

The lych gate, recently erected of stone, now forms a charming approach to the churchyard from the narrow way or lane, once on a time trodden by the feet of Royal Princes and 'dames of high degree.'

As said, Canon Kingsley was once Dean of Middleham. In a letter to his wife, May 1845, he writes, "What a delight it would be to take you up Coverdale just half a mile off at the back of the town. You know these lovely river scenes of Creswick's, they are an exact likeness of little Cover in his wooded glen, with yellow rocks, bright white stones, and brown water clearer than crystal." "Clearer *than* crystal," may we remark, *no* water *can* be.

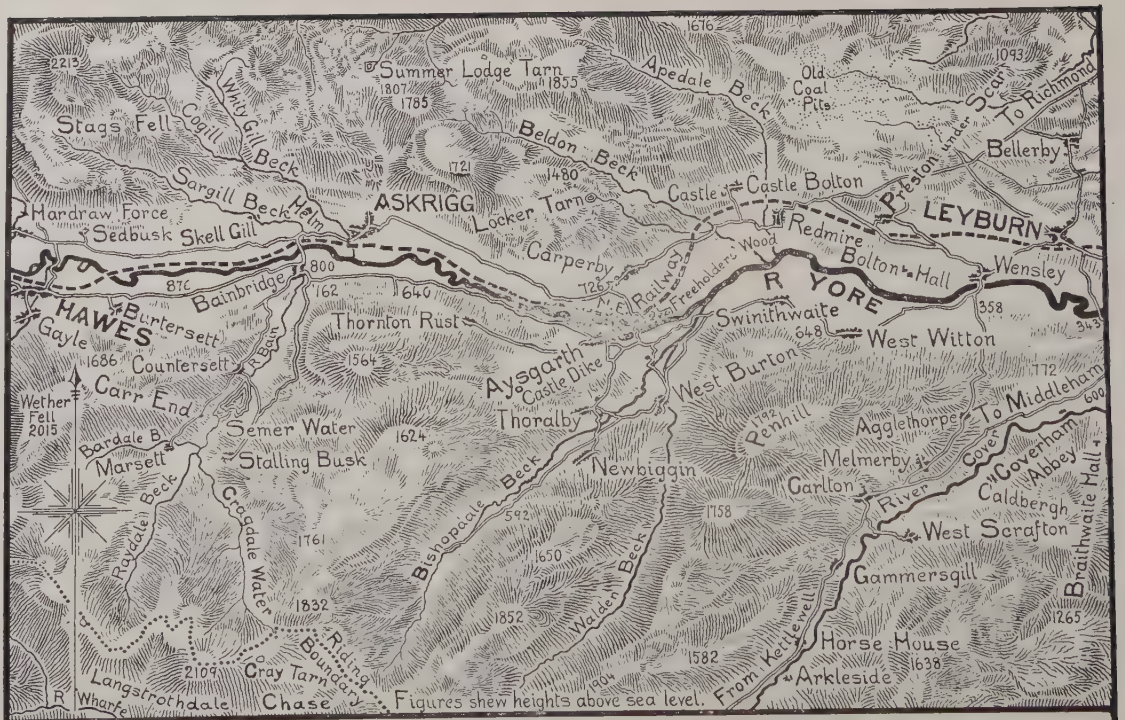
Both poets and novelists have taken full licence with Middleham in their works on the place. But surely Bulwer-Lytton was *never there*, or, when describing it in "Last of the Barons," he could never have written such a sentence as—". . . where now roars the din of trade through a thousand factories!" We ask, where are the factories? Like many more Southerners, Bulwer-Lytton had rather vague ideas about Yorkshire.

The old burgh has not a few interesting features still left to its face. In its old gabled houses, its 'upper' and 'lower' market places, and its bull ring (significant of a long forgotten excitement) it breathes of the bygone. And some 300 yards west of the church is the Holy Well of St. Alkelda, to which a path from the market place led. These waters were long supposed to have

miraculous healing property, and the well was held sacred.*

Middleham, it need hardly be added, is notable England over for its breeding and training ground of racehorses. The long emerald turf of the high Moor is both as eminently suitable as it has been long used for the purpose. Our own knowledge of turf matters, we allow, is full scanty, so perhaps it were better to say no more lest we "put our foot" in it, but any 'Tyke' would make good our deficiency in this matter. The 'Peacock' of the North appeals more strongly to our taste than the 'Flying Dutchman,' wherefore, now on to Leyburn!

* Leland's description of the town is very circumstantial—"From Richmond to Middleham, first a mile by ill rocky ground, and then seven miles all by moory ground, and little wood in sight. A little or ever I came to Middleham, I passed over Ure by a ford. Middleham is a pretty market town and standeth on a rocky hill, in the top whereof is the castle, meetly well dyked"—traces of the moat are yet discernible. "All the other part of the castle was of the very new setting of the Lord Neville called Darabi"—De Raby; Ralph Neville—"the inner part was of an ancient building of the Fitz-Ranulphs. Middleham itself is small, and hath but one parish church. The great hill above the town, more than a mile off, is called Penhill, and is counted the highest hill in Richmondshire."



FURLONGS 8 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 MILES.

SCALE.

HAWES TO LEYBURN.

CHAPTER IX.

Round about Leyburn.

Leyburn is only some two and a quarter miles from Middleham, and can be clearly seen from that place, set high up on a shelf of the Yore bank to the north. The way to it is across the valley pastureland, rich in mead beyond words to tell. The Yore (a derivative of *ure*, Celt, *ura*, Basque—water), winds sinuously onward, often forming the letter 'S' in the course of its meanderings It was one time thought to be the lair of the water-kelpie, a wraith often said to be seen rising shadowily in the form of a white steed from the Yore in times of flood, but a being too mythical for us to say any more about it; but we may turn and take a look back from here at a fine picture of Middleham set up like a stage scene against a background of blue sky and green brae: its roofs, tiered and clustered under the uneven jags of its shattered castle walls—a striking picture of the ancient and the middle-age, the baronial and the bucolic, mourning together their common downfall. We cross Yore by an iron bridge, and breast the rise of a lane diversified by tree-shade and luxuriant hedgerow, and soon, we are in another and more modern world, a smiling broadwayed townlet, easy of access from its railway station—Leyburn.

Long, long ago, in 1459, there was feud if not vendetta, between one Christopher Brown and Thomas Carter of this place. "One day," the chronicle goes," on a certain road near by, Brown met Carter riding with his little son before him on horseback.

The men began to gibe at each other until Carter, greatly exasperated, leapt from his horse to 'close' with Brown, in his anger forgetting the child who, reft of his support toppled to the ground, so startling the horse that it reared and plunged and came down on the child with its hoofs so heavily, that he was killed." It was all the work of a moment; the two men were horror struck at the piteous outcome of their quarrel. One can quite understand how the wrath of the men should be changed to sorrow and contrition by the tragedy—both to blame, although Brown we should think least guilty—but what makes the incident noteworthy (says Arthur Norway) "is the singular fact that eighteen years passed before Brown's fears or his awakened conscience drove him to flee across the moors to the 'Sanctuary' of Durham." Of a surety 'the avenger of blood' shed—and only very indirectly by him—could hardly have been on his track like a sleuth-hound all those years? Be that as it may, however, the boy was killed on the 12th of October, 1459, and it was on Saturday, the 26th of July, 1477, that Brown rang the Sanctuary bell and craved protection and absolution by exile at the cliff-based church on the Wear. "And in the nave of the great cathedral, in presence of a notary and witnesses," he told the reason of his terror, and the monks "took it down in Latin," recording the spot where the accident happened as "Apud Laburn, juxto Midilham in Coverdale." The citation would be just the reverse on a postal address of to-day, and it is well to note such a turning of the tables of one town on another.

But Brown was not the only one who "took Darnton trod," and craved protection of St. Cuthbert's Sanctuary. From nearly every village in the dale some terror-stricken culprit fled from the scene of his baleful work—and sounded the knocker with that grim visage still to be seen on the door—and craved protection from those in hot pursuit.

Leyburn, with its clean and spacious parallelogram of a market place, rests—reclines rather—well up on the shelving land of dale-side. The outlook from its street even commands a spacious panoramic view over the Vale land and the rising moors beyond. It stands 652 feet above sea-level, and being naturally in a dry situation, upon a limerock terrace below and with a sandy flagstone flat above, all rainfall 'siping' away rapidly, it is one of the healthiest towns in England. It does not possess anything of prime interest or importance to the tourist, yet it is so beautifully clean and healthy, with its wide market-place and streets, which allow free play for the exhilarating air wafted from hill and moor, that anyone in search of health and delightful surroundings will be benefited by a sojourn in this vicinity. Within a radius of two or three miles are several of the most beautiful and interesting places in Yoredale.

Leyburn consists of a street leading from the station into the large Market Square, with a block of buildings standing at the east end. On the west the Square is broken by the Town Hall. Further back, facing down the Square, stands the Bolton Arms, a large and comfortable hotel, in a prominent position, overlooking the town and the Vale country towards Middleham. Other hotels are the Golden Lion, Black Swan, and the Wensleydale Hotel. Passing the Town Hall, another street leads into an open space, around which clusters, perhaps, the oldest part of the town. Here stands a quaint cottage some 100 years old. The King's Arms marks a prominent feature where the wayfarer can be refreshed with homelike cheer and good substantial fare.

Anyone requiring more than a casual acquaintance with this district, would do well to call on Wm. Horne, F.G.S., one of the best authorities, scientific and otherwise, in the district. This gentleman possesses a small, but most interesting museum, chiefly

Leyburn [*Percy Robinson.*

composed of local antiquities, but he will be able to direct visitor botanist or geologist to the very best spots for specimens of either nature, well versed as he is in both the flora and fossil-fauna of the 'Shawl' and Wensley Lead Mine area.

Among the prominent soldiers Edward the First's campaigns brought into notice, few were more conspicuous than Robert-de-

William Horne, F.G.S. *Ernest Forbes.*

Leyburn. At the outbreak of the Scots under Bruce, in 1309, Leyburn was in command of Ayr, and so well did he defend his post, that on the 16th of June, Edward II. "gave thanks" to Robert-de-Leyburn, constable of Ayr, and to the troops engaged in its defence, for their valorous resistance. The first to be mentioned of this family was one Michael, who held land of the Earl of Richmond, in Leyburn, Downholm, Horneby and Walburn. A Sir Roger-de-Leyburn, who had lands here, followed the banner of Richard Cœur-de-Lion in the Crusade to the Holy Land, 1191. The line terminated in heiresses during the 14th century. The Leyburns bore arms, "Or, six lions rampant, Shield Sable."

Leyburn, like larger places, although itself small and not so ancient as Middleham, had its 'Bull Ring,' and the spot whereunto the baited bull was chained is still pointed out. The sport died a natural death, or a legal one, through a growing sensitiveness to cruelty to dumb animals, only a little earlier than cock-fighting; and it is not quite a century yet since the demolition of the two magnificent elm trees which waved their leafy boughs above the green in the market-place. One gives little thought to it, perhaps, but things moved rapidly in the early years of the 19th century, and a public sense of Progress in Civilisation did away about this time with imprisonment in the 'Stocks,' which were placed between these elms, along with the Market Cross, which also stood between the elms, and the Old Town Hall, which also gave way to the present structure. But in pre-Reformation times, Leyburn had a church, dedicated to Saints Peter and Paul. This stood near the natural terraced way entrance to the 'Shawl'—the parked promenade of Leyburn people, and its lovers'-walk and belvedere still. A few stones of this old-time kirk are yet in existence.

There are several places of real interest within a three mile radius of Leyburn—"Exalted Leyburn," as Maude, the local versifier styled it, from whence

"We view a lower world where beauties spring,
Tempting and fair as classic poets sing:
Woods, streams and flocks the vale's sweet bosom grace,
And happy culture smoothes her cheerful face."

A two miles walk from here we reach Bellerby, antiquated, and situate within the water-basin of the Bedale beck, which flows along the entire length of its street, and the numerous little bridges crossing which have given it the name of 'the Village of Bridges.' Bellerby is indeed a picturesque place, linked through its isolation with an older world, left to-day slumberously resting, forgotten in the rush of the last two generations by all but the local fraternity. Here it still remains grey and cobwebbed, with its limpid brooks, and manor house of the Stuart period, around which old associations and traditions linger, a dream picture of the past. Apart from the above, its sparkling burns when in spate churn through the village, a veritable torrent, and its rustic bridges, its ancient hostels (Pig and Whistle, and Cross Keys), its charming green, its picturesque cots, bordered by orchard and hedgerow, its old mill with splashing wheel, and jungle of wild flowers, all combine to render Bellerby one of the most charming retreats of artistic rurality and picturesque confusion.

The ancient ivy-clad Hall, with its huge oaken beams, gables and mullioned windows, is a dominant feature; and here, during the Civil War of the 17th century, a family of Scotts dwelt, staunch Royalists. The head of the house was dead at the time of our tale, the household comprising only mother, daughter and two sons—the objects of maternal hope and pride, both for their looks and character. One summer's day the twain rode forth full of lusty pride and ambition to do or die for their King Charles. Alas! the old home saw them no more—both were slain at Naseby Fight, and later when the 'Roundheads' came into the district, mother and daughter fled from Bellerby to another small estate of theirs

in remote Kirkdale, and never returned to their homestead. Their estates were sequestrated, but it is said the daughter (Agnes) afterwards espoused a Royalist officer; let us hope her life was more tranquil, less utterly tragic than her mother's. Tradition also has it that arrangements had been ma le for Mary Queen of Scots

James Kendray, of Bellerby. [*Ernest Forbes.*

to rest (and *hide*) in this hall upon that occasion of her flight from Bolton, when she was overtaken on the 'Shawl' and re-captured, so the old hall is not devoid of an added spice of royal romance.

Quiet must conduce to health, for the inhabitants are long lived here. James Kendray, a cartwright by trade, on our last visit here in 1907, was in his 90th year. He naively told us—to use his own vernacular—that "tooeth grew into ma heade efter a' was eighty-foive. A' think it cam just ta hod me lip up a bit. A've hed ta goa varry near t'mark at toimes, bud a've allus hed a good bed ta lig on. A' can tell yo foakes lives ta a canny oade age i' this toon." There was a second adult fast nearing a century at the time of our visit. The church of St. John, at the end of the street, was erected in 1873 on the site of a former ancient edifice.

Returning to Leyburn, we again pass out of the Market Place on to the Shawl—a natural shelf or terrace, running for upwards of two miles along the summit of an overhanging scar or wall of rock, very thickly wooded. Here are seats and shelters provided by a local Committee. The name Shawl is derived from Shaw or Shaw-el, meaning a wood combined with a hill, or shady hill place. At the east end of the wood is the spot known as the "Queen's Gap." Here Mary Stuart was overtaken in her attempt to escape from Bolton Castle. Poor, ill-fated Queen! The full measure of bitterness and sorrow which fell on that fair head will *never* be known. Nevermore to regain her liberty, until her spirit was to be set free from its mental throne on the block at Fotheringay.

Any attempt to describe in words the panorama visible from this beautiful rock balcony would fall short of the reality. Below the verge whereon we stand and look south, is a sea of woodland, swaying in waves, their crest-like sprays dipt in golden sunlight, of a thousand fantastic shapes, receding gradually as ebb-tide

waves might do from the cliff to the green bed of the vale, away where the river Yore winds among its fringing verdure. Huge rock blocks, disparted and thrown down from the cliff in ages past, lie stranded as it were here and there among the green. A far-reaching view lies unfolded, map-like, before one: valley and winding river, glistening in the sunlight Nearly all the villages in the middle vale are seen from this point of vantage, with church towers and hoary ruins of castles looming on the vision, mementoes, as it were, of a departed age.

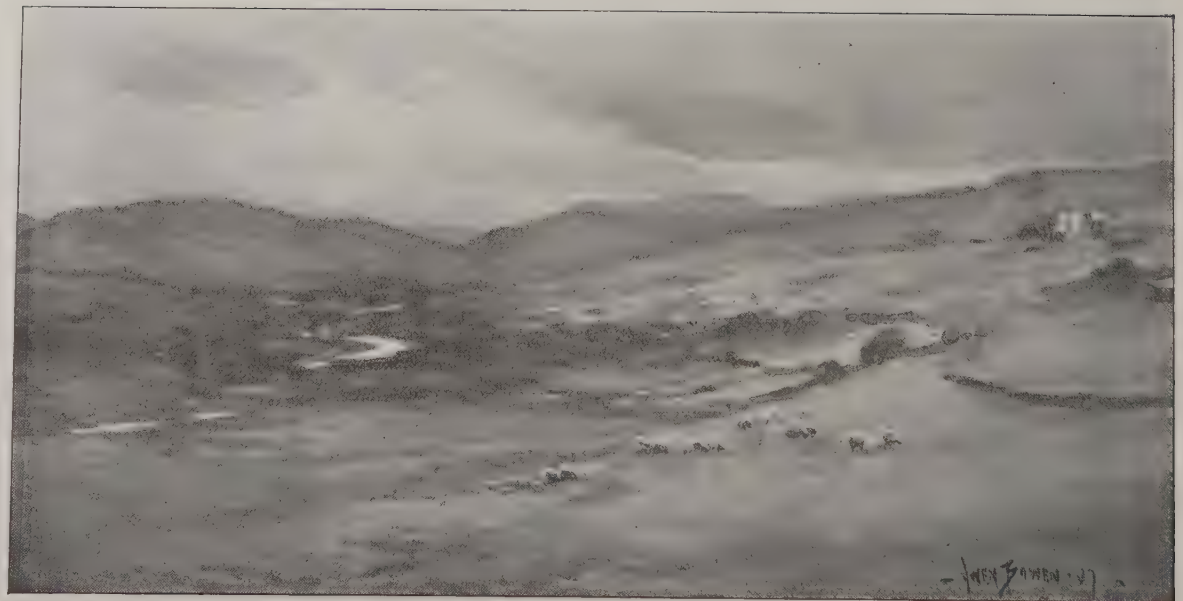
The Shawl is indeed a delightful spot. Here eye and mind in concert can wander over delightful vistas, and ruminate on scenes and recollections connected therewith. Evidences of ancient men and their reindeer, British dwellings, human remains, and also bones of extinct animals, have been unearthed in this vicinity, proving the Shawl to have been inhabited in far-off ages by man. Not only in the neighbourhood of the Shawl do vestiges of the Celts, or even earlier man, exist, for here and there, all along the stretch of the upper vale, on both sides of the river, are evidences of primitive dwellings and enclosures: camps and vallum, circular or otherwise, with traces of British and Roman roads, etc. Between the west end of the Shawl and Preston-under-Scar, foundations of such dwellings are particularly noticeable. Preston, *i.e.*, the priest town, belies its name, for it does not possess a church, although tradition reports a church did once upon a time exist there. The village possesses no special interest architecturally, but has the advantage of a healthy and commanding situation, facing the south. It was formerly a home of miners, but owing to costly 'getting' of the lead, and its low market price, almost all the mines are now abandoned.*

* Here the variety of geological alterations reaches its maximum; in the upper beds are one or two thin seams of coal. Beneath the shelter of the escarpment nearer Leyburn are the remains of an ancient burial ground and a remarkable tumulus com-

Preston-under-Scar, as its name bespeaks, is situated at the base of a lofty ridge or stair-like steep, whilst vegetation, arboreal and floral and ferny, may truly be said to run riot. From every conceivable roothold, dwarf hazels, and ash, and vase-like clusters of ferns, and horns-of-plenty in the form of wild flowers spring and shoot and spurt in a spray of green, or white, or blue, or pink, or blown orange, or yellow gold: the green (in all shades) of fern-frond and foliage predominating of course, framing and setting-off the sheaves and trusses of stitchwort and bird-cherry, mayblossom beadstraw, hyacinth, honeywort, woodbine, rose campion, meadow geranium, wood groundwell, forget-me-not, rosy saw-wort, golden rod, water-Avens, ivory toothwort, sun-cistus, and last but not least curious, the fragrant wild thyme, whose purple blood is sucked by a parasitic wild flower, the brick-red coloured "Thyme-Rape." This last chiefly grows on the arid thymy ledges of Preston Scar, but is quite the most conspicuous feature of this flowerland, and which once seen can never be forgotten. Even in this long list we have omitted the swinging wood-vetch, the hairy-throated great wild Canterbury bell, the autumn crocus of the meads by the river, and the lilac gentians of the autumn-tide, when to look up from the turf to the tree is to see the glowing crimson berries of the rowan and the wayfarer's-tree which, whilst in blossom, we called the gueldre-rose. It is a most delightfully almost wild expanse, sheltered from the north, with breezy upland or moor accessible enough.

'Scarth-Nick,—a name that is a part of history—is now approached, and none ever deemed it unworthy the notice it exacts.

posed of masses of limestone. The objects found in the investigation of these remains have been deposited in a room at Bolton Castle, with the kind permission of Lord Bolton. From the quarry of red limestone near to Leyburn station, have been obtained many fish remains, consisting mostly of fossil teeth with occasional spines. —W. Horne.



Looking over Wensleydale from Scarth Nick. [*Owen Bowen*

A wayfarer from Richmond, after a wearying tramp over sombre moorland reaching the 'Pass' so named, is arrested by a scene of such startling spacious beauty and grandeur combined, that he may be forgiven should he cry "El Dorado! the Land of Promise" is at last discovered. The prospect is embracing: the gracefulness and contour of beautiful Wensley's-dale, with the rugged framework of purple moor and grey hill lines rising (in Penhill and Addleborough) tier above tier behind the superb and varied loveliness of the middle distance, colour form, and everything that could be desired to make up a perfect picture.

The view is finer than the one from the Shawl. The Yore can be traced for many a mile, a dream in silvery-grey, flowing through rich green pasture and woods, while here, nearer at hand, fretting and feathering in silver where it meets with stony opposition to its forward course. And there, to the right, the grim four-towered Castle of Bolton arrests the eye and holds it with its forlorn dignity of other days: full of records and mementoes of *the* Scrope, and the hapless Queen. A deep gorge, filled to the brim as it seems with firwood, forms the extreme right of the picture. In front, over the decks of the dale two beautiful narrowing valleys, Bishopdale and Waldendale, help the eye to pierce bulk of the high ridge of mountain that runs east from Wether Fell to Penhill's promontory. These dales cleave their way between Addleborough and Penhill. Up dale the eye can follow the down course of Yore (in many a winding bout), reminding one what unimaginable toil through uncountable ages Yore has carven out the trough of the dale, never resting to be baulked of its spoil of earth and its ambition—the Sea, until the low-lying grey mounds on the horizon, Shunner, Widdale and Baugh Fells, the backbone of the Pennines, tell us that Yore springs from them; and that beyond, the stream's course to the Western Sea. Near hand, the details are clear as a map. Just below is Redmire, a

peaceful hamlet, with a quaint church, and over the river, again, is West Witton, facing north, in the lewth of Penhill, with Thoralby and Burton localised through their white or yellow-washed cottage walls, nestling among trees on the blue hazy distance. Below again, east by south, are the groves of Bolton Hall and the charming village of Wensley, smilingly proud of the esteem in which it is held: a sort of model English village, unique in the dales if not in the broad shire of York.

A River Scene.

CHAPTER X.

Wensley.

Starting again from Leyburn, a mile and a half brings us to Wensley, lying beautifully embosomed in a shallow depression by the river Yore. The little place which gives its name to Wensleydale, as an emerald or a ruby does to a ring, has been the theme of laudation for many who have written about it. Without any wish to detract from its distinctive charm or to alter the opinion of others, the valley contains more picturesque villages. But of its kind it is unlike any other, for it is a Watteau village, and one mentally pictures it as with a maypole on its green and groups of young men and maidens dancing round it with upkilted flowery skirts; but alas! in reality there is no pole, but the hub of its green is a fine tree, beneath the wide spreading shade of which bairnies romp and the older generation placidly gossip of the past or present day's work. It may be that Wensley holds its head high by reason of its former princely associations with the Scropes, who gave to England *one* Queen, *one* Prince of Wales, a cardinal, three archbishops, several bishops and chancellors, chief justices, and quite a dozen of abbots, earls and knights—more than one cares to enumerate. But even on that count it must give precedence to 'King's' Middleham. Yet Wensley Church is (if we except Spennithorne) the finest and most interesting antiquarianly and historically in the dale. It is peculiarly rich in mediæval brasses, rare carved work and heraldic symbolry, signifying the many alliances of the Scrope family. The 'brasses' in the

choir are considered the finest in North Britain, and are Lombardic in design and character. The north aisle contain parts of the *parclose* of the Scrope chantry, brought here at the Reformation from St. Agatha's Abbey of Easby, and it was, at one time, gorgeously gilded. The monumental brass near the Communion table is to the memory of Sir Simon-de-Wensley, the priest who

Elm Tree, Wensley Green. [*Edmund Bogg.*

gave evidence at York (Richard the Second's reign) in the Scrope *v.* Grosvenor Arms dispute—"Azure, a bend, or." This brass is styled by Dr. Whitaker "one of the most beautiful and perfect brasses of a rector I have ever seen." On it is represented a priest robed in full canonicals, and the stone carrying the brass was at one time furnished with a brazen border, bearing an inscription to the memory of Sir Simon de Wensley. This, however, has been

torn away, and a smaller brass has been let in to the stone bearing the name of the Rev. Oswald Dykes, rector of Wensley, who died 1607. The later imposed inscription was for long a mystery to antiquaries, for both the brass and style of the vestments pointed to the 15th century. The puzzle was, however, solved somewhat accidentally by the Rev. Canon Raine, who having come into the possession of the Will of Oswald Dykes, found that therein the Testator distinctly instructs that *his* body shall be buried under the stone and brass which cover the remains of Sir Simon de Wensley, who died in the 14th century. Hence the pother, for there are those who wax wroth over Dykes' "borrowed plumes." But the site was probably by right that of the "rectors" in succession of the parish, why then blame good Oswald Dykes for wishing to sleep besides a foreholder of his office whom he doubtless admired, and also the beautiful brasswork he had charge of and had cherished in life? The moral may be, let antiquaries ponder well before coming to a conclusion on such matters.

Heart Burial was commoner once than now: the Rev. John Pickford, of Newbourne rectory, has written the following instance of heart burial, which came under his own observation:

> Many years ago, on July 9th, 1858, when the vault of the Powlett family, in Wensley Church, Yorkshire, was opened for the reception of the remains of an infant son of Lord Bolton, I entered it. At the east end of the vault, in an upright position against the wall, was placed the leaden coffin of Mary, Marchioness of Winchester, the eldest of the illegitimate daughters of Emanuel Scrope, last Earl of Sunderland, who by marriage with Charles, sixth Marquis of Winchester, the eldest son of "the great loyalist," who defended Basing House, brought the Wensleydale estates and Bolton Castle into the Powlett, or Paulet family. On the top of the coffin lay the heart of the deceased lady, in a leaden heart-shaped case, which I took in my hand. As there was plenty of room on the floor of the vault, which might have been 8ft. deep, it seemed singular that the coffin should have been placed in an upright position, and not on

the floor, and secured from falling by iron bands round it. There were niches round the vault, forming a columbarium for the reception of other coffins, and some of them were occupied. Upon the coffin there was no inscription whatever recorded, but the date of the death of the Marchioness might be, perhaps, 1680. No doubt the burial is duly recorded in the Wensley Church registers.

Wensley Church dates from the early 13th century, and was restored and added to in the 15th century, and on the witness of Anglo-Danish relics it is thought a pre-Norman structure even stood here. The churchyard contains the grave of Thomas Maude, the poet and historian of Wensleydale. The inn, its sign the "Three Horse Shoes," appears to be the most ancient existing tenement in the village, and it is certainly mentioned in the Itinerary of "Drunken Barnaby" Braithwayt:

> "Thence to Wenchley valley seated
> For antiquity repeated (reputed),
> Sheep and shepherd as one brother,
> Kindly drink to one another,
> 'Till pot-hardy, light as feather,
> Sheep and shepherd sleep together."

Yes! so they do still, the one as soundly as the other, in true charity.

Our other itinerant, Leland, says, "From Middleham to Wensley, a little poore market, about a mile, and there is a greate bridge of stone made many yeares since by a good parson of Wensley, called Alwin." But there was a *pont* here long long before Alwin's time, he dying 1436, for Richard Lord Scrope, who died 1403, left by Will £40 to "the repair of the bridge of Weynese Lane." The way over this bridge leads to West Witton, Swinethwaite, and the Temple under Penhill. These places we shall consider presently.

From Wensley, a walk of a little more than two miles through Bolton Park and the adjoining woods brings us to Redmire. The road through the Park runs past Bolton Hall, built in 1678 by the

first Duke of Bolton, after Bolton Castle became untenable. The Powletts obtained possession of this princely estate by the marriage of Charles Powlett to Mary, daughter of Emanuel, Lord Scrope of Bolton, whose heart burial we have already mentioned. The first duke was a most eccentric character. One pastime of his was hunting during the night, by the light of torches, and sleeping during the day. He was also notorious for his long feasts. At

Head of Ancient Cross found at Wensley.

times his dinners would last over twelve hours, the guests being allowed to sleep in their chairs, if so minded, but on no account to leave the table until the host arose. Numerous other anecdotes are recorded of him. It was his grandson who married for his second wife the beautiful actress, Lavinia Fenton, the original of "Polly Peachum."

The "dukedom" of Bolton (on Yore) became extinct by the death of Harry, sixth Duke, in 1794, but the Marquisate of Winchester is still in existence. Bolton Hall contains valuable portraits of the Scropes by Vandyck and other great masters.

The riparian woodland of Bolton is of great beauty and extent, its scenery where the Yore flows for much over a mile sequestered in dense afforested ground quite as suggestive of the silvan halls of the fairies as Bolton's ducal demesne upon Wharfe, but without its Priory, its hapless boy of Egremond, or its despairing Alicia. It has one long beautiful avenue however, and the woods afford some delightful walks. In them the blue-bells of Endymion flower

in sheets of cœrulean azure, varied with ivory white and a pale lavender-pink, while the turquoise forget-me-not varies in the same way, and the primrose takes on a redder buff than the familiar cool tint, owing, probably, says the botanist, to some peculiarities of soil and shade. Through such silvan woodland and river scenes we may reach Redmire, pausing ere we enter to look at the little

The Ure, near Wensley.

Norman church, sanct to our Lady the Virgin, its position a well-chosen one—as monkish sentiment ever dictated—resting in the richly flower-jewelled mead on the north bank of the river, its one bell hung in a bell-gable, clasped in the loving embrace of ever-green ivy. The antique porch, with its Norman doorway, is of stainless whitewash; the exterior walls clad in Virginian creeper, a brilliant red when the autumn dyes the leaves with its chemic change, and in due season bedecks itself in red holly-like berries; and here the birds fearlessly fly in and out of the leafy coverts, fluting, chattering, and no doubt in Springtime busy with brood-

ing cares. Prior to the Reformation this church was a chantry chapel; when their dissolution came about, these chapels fell for the most part into private hands, whence the private chapels in some of our parish churches. A chantry, however, might be built miles away from a church, and in the case of Redmire, the Commission which enquired into the question of dissolution considered it sufficiently distant from Wensley to be permitted to continue for

Bolton Woods. [*Albert Haselgrave.*

the administration of the various sacraments. It was the same at Thoralby, the Report made was that if the chantry priests were worthy for their work, they should remain in spiritual charge of the chapel. The little edifice was judiciously restored and reopened by the Bishop of Richmond, in October, 1904. A tombstone at the east end of the church tells of one Hannah Mason of Bolton, who died in 1812, aged 105 years.

Just below Redmire two rather important streams join the river, one flowing from the Bolton Moors above Carperby, and

Apedale Beck, from due north, which, after passing for some distance through a most picturesque woodland gorge, enters the river below Redmire. Formerly, large shoals of salmon ascended these two streams, as well as others in the vicinity, and old people still relate wonderful stories concerning fish captures in bygone times. The scenery in this locality is most charming. The name of a house (Mill Farm), which here adjoins the river, bespeaks the former existence of a mill, the ruins of which can be traced half smothered with branches and profuse vegetation, in a hollow by the water. Those who love silvan seclusion and river scenery (ever the same in general effect yet every instant changing its particles, like everything else in Nature), will find both holy days and holidays here, perfect dalliance in the lavish lap of mother earth—old yet renewing her youth with each Springtide, and setting an example to all to renew their youths too in her company ; to be not less patient in storm and the dark days, and never to pause in the similar high aspiration, growing upwards in heart towards the light. Would that we could ever remember this, for Wordsworth's long song of God through Nature Worship, says—

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her."

We imagine the place-name Redmire to be derived from a *mere*, the water and earth of which was chalybeate, *i.e.*, impregnated with the red rust or oxide of iron. Such iron nodules are particularly common in the shale beds betwixt the limestone layers higher up the Yore (where Prof. Sedgwick noted them), down to the lower scars of Preston and Penhill. The village, covers a wide area and is straggling, parked by groups of trees in a setting of moorland scars, with the ever-shifting clouds for its canopy. None of the ordered trimness of Wensley, but pleasing because quite natural jumble and disorder in those details of roof-tree or gable so precious to the antiquary.

An open space in the centre has for its hub the base of the old maypole, and near by a gnarled and twisted oak that still casts a shade in sunny summer days over a small spring of water. Redmire lies in the heart itself of Wensleydale's choicest scenery.

Old Oak Tree, Redmire Village.

Two famous local characters who are still remembered by the aged, are one Parson Calvert, and William Willis, a blind man, whose powers in finding his way abroad was marvellous.

To descend to the mundane: one has a choice provided for the comfort of "the inner man"—there are two good inns, the King's and the Bolton Arms. From experience, one may say that at the former visitors will find a most comfortable hotel to stay at, and the village 'characters' who assemble here afford fine field of study to those gifted that way. The prospect from near the railway platform, looking down the slope of swarthland on to the mossy roof-flags of the clustering village dwellings replete with its beautiful combination of form, colour, light and shadow; the further scape softly and magnificently varied with mountain, stream and valley.

Some twenty years ago there dwelt at Redmire, a "Seer," whose inward vision could (it is asserted) pierce the mystery of the Future. On 'dree' dark nights, this warlock was wont to take his stand in the narrow green lane leading to the church, where the 'spirits' of those persons who were 'soon' to die came to him in that vigil the Scot calls 'Second Sight' in the form of some Spaewife. If the one 'to pass' was a friend or of his kindred,

Quaint Cottage, Redmire.

the Seer *kept silence*, or only disclosed the secret to his wife in 'the witching hour' during disturbed slumber. At length he received his own dread summons, and the local community breathed again, relieved if not overtly glad of his decease. Certainly as the story goes there was a fine 'uncanny' ambiguity about the Seer's powers—a sort of vague threat overhanging everybody about, which must have been disturbing to folk prone to superstition.

Castle Bolton.

The title Castle Bolton derives from "bodl," a house, or indirectly "bythian," to build; "ton," Anglo-Saxon, an enclosure; hence Boleton, a fortified village, in later days with the castle predominating Castle-Bolton. "Ruins," says one writer, "are best seen in winter weather, when the storms are abroad, and the trees are leafless." It was so when we first stood before this massive structure of feudal days, Bolton's ancient pile, which seems to frown darkly on the landscape which it dominates. In keeping with it, the wind sighed and moaned around the dilapidated walls, storm clouds throwing blacker shadows upon the grey fortress, giving to it a weird and awesome expression. And as we stood contemplating it, with no human sound to break our reverie, the flutter of some night-bird's wing in the ivy, or the rustle of sere oakleaves, scenes from the past with their actors, leaders some, puppets others, traversed our mind's stage: Mary Stuart, Scotland's Queen, here spent seven lonely months hoping for succour, and praying her cousin (England's Queen, Elizabeth) for at least a little pity, a moiety of mercy, that "droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven," as the Bard of Avon, of their day too, put it. But for her there was neither; in place, a long dreary existence, sorrow-worn, her Faith even sorely tried, and a prisoner. Other figures and actors in her life's drama also pass in review—lords and ladies of high degree come and go, some curious only to see her, but more out of the intense compassion, and the love they bore the imprisoned Queen.

These were anxious months for Lord Scrope. Once, tradition says, the Queen escaped, and was overtaken by her captors on Leyburn Shawl. Since that time the spot has been known as the "Queen's Gap." The scene changes. Yonder passes Richard

Norton and his eight good sons, one of whom, Christopher, the soul of old English chivalry, has already enrolled himself a devoted adherent of the fated Queen.

> "Thee, Norton, wi' thine eight good sonnes,
> They doom'd to dye, alas! for ruth."

This devotion ended in disaster and ruin to his house. The Duke of Norfolk fell in love with Mary and even aspired to her her hand, instead, however, of gaining a Queen for his bride, fearful was the vengeance which fell on all who linked their destiny with the Queen. Figure after figure, dim and shadowy, passes to the

Queen Mary looking from the Battlement of Carlisle towards Scotland.

headsman's block—for opposition must be broken, although Faith itself be slain. Other risings and plots to rescue only rivetted the links of fatality more firmly around her. Thus we see her for nineteen long weary years, led from fortress to fortress, whence neither force, guile, stratagem, could be brought to open her prison doors, by reason of a rival Queen's jealous fears. Hark! why the solemn toll of a muffled bell—*not here*, but at Fotheringhay, far to the south, in 1587? The final scene is near enaction. Faithful attendants are weeping bitterly. To her aged servant, Sir Anthony Melville, she used the memorable words, "Weep not for me, my

good Melville, but rather rejoice that an end has come to the sorrows of Mary Stuart." Centuries have passed since that day, but the dark deed "of precaution" done by Elizabeth Tudor remains a blot on her illustrious reign—for as the brave frail Lady herself said in effect, "What is a life absolutely bereft of all joy, behind prison bars, worth to a woman?"

Could any more pathetic memories cling to a pile of stones than these? Yet it is well to ponder awhile; we are apt to be too hasty and sentimental over the tragic scene of Fotheringhay, and we forget the many trials, vexations, and jealousies so long endured by Elizabeth. In the eyes of the Catholics, Mary was looked upon as the rightful Queen of England, the Pope adding a further share to the trouble by excommunicating Elizabeth and absolving her Catholic subjects from their allegiance to her. New plots to rescue the royal prisoner were ever brewing. Not a year passed without some conspiracy being discovered, until at length, Elizabeth's patience became exhausted, and her anger and jealousy was only to be appeased by the death of her rival.

Bolton Castle remains one of the most complete strongholds that has escaped the ruin of war and time. It stands on the sloping moorside, a mile above the Yore*, and is the most conspicuous object in the landscape for miles around. Seen from the south the mediæval fortress rises nearly as perfect as when the lordly Scropes trod its ramparts, and their banners floated from

* Although so near the Yore, and 400 feet above the river, no part of the river can be seen from the fortress. The Castle is some 800 feet above sea level. Within the Castle, Lord Bolton has been for several years gradually forming a Museum, and it now contains many objects of great local interest. It forms a fitting place for such objects, where they will be secured for future generations to inspect, and kept in their own location. Why should everything go away to enrich great collections which have not space to exhibit what they already possess? I only wish other noblemen would follow his example, and form collections in their ancient ruins, so that the public can have the advantage of the information a Museum gives to all. The old horn of Bainbridge is here, Ancient British and Saxon remains as well.—W. H.

its towers. From the east the scene is most romantic and picturesque. The quaint little village of Bolton seems yet to cling to the pile as for protection. The smoky greyness of the fortress stone is matched by the hue of the village walls, relieved by the fresher tint of the little green. The golden green of the 'medal-Lichen' on the flagstones of the roofs furnishes a foil to the prevailing sombrous grey, while for flank or wing to the picture the dismantled castle's corner towers shoot up majestical and stern high over all. Westward the eye is gladdened again by a lovely softer landscape, melting mistily away into the blue film line of the far away hills.

Entering Bolton Castle, Queen Mary's room is approached by a narrow doorway from the corridor, the room is large, and the thick walls pierced by windows looking up and down the vale. The pane of glass on which the Royal lady wrote her name was long preserved, but, on being removed to Bolton Hall, was accidentally broken. Pilgrims to this shrine would confer a great favour on the custodian of the castle by finding some other scroll on which to hand down their name and fame to posterity. The dungeon, a most dreary place, is on the north side; the entrance hole is covered by a flag let into the floor overhead. This tomb-like prison is eight feet high, and five yards by four in width. Words cannot describe the fearful agony and mental torture of the helpless captives immured in the darkness of this tomb-like prison house.

Report says there were two chapels at Bolton, of one of which (St. Anne's) not a vestige remains. St Oswald's adjoins the castle, and its architecture is of about the same period. There is a Norman sectinal font, fine sedilia piscina, decorated windows, and a curious bell-tower, containing one bell.

The Scropes of Bolton were some time wardens of the West Marches, and it was a sharp and bitter lesson indeed which the

Castle Bolton. [*Gilbert Foster*

"Bauld Buccleugh" taught the keen Lord Scrope in his gallant rescue of Kinmont Willie from the keep of Carlisle Castle, where, according to the rules of border law, Willie had been illegally imprisoned. This is a soul-stirring story, but as the incident did not take place here (although Lord Scrope was Carlisle's custodian at the time), we cannot fairly find space for its inclusion.

The Scropes possessed the Manor House at Bolton as early as 1240. Of Norman extraction to begin with, the family settled in Gloucestershire soon after the Conquest. In 1240 one of them obtained a Charter of 'Free Warren' in his domain lands of East and West Boulton. The first Scrope to consolidate his ownerships was one Sir William le Scrope. He in 1399, got licence to 'impark' his woods of East Bolton. The Scropes, too, were regarded as the founders of St. Agatha's, Easby, in consequence of Henry le Scrope, Lord of Bolton, having bought that demesne of Roald, the constable of Richmond in the time of Edward the Third. One Richard le Scrope fought at the battle of Crecy in 1316 – a distinguished soldier, he was raised to the Upper House as Baron Scrope of Bolton, and was afterwards appointed Lord Treasurer of England. In 1379 he had conferred upon him the favour of license to 'convert' his manor hall in Wensleydale, 'or a place within that manor' into a castle. He it was who fought at Crecy, and who refused to issue grants of Rents of deceased persons under the Great Seal to avaricious Courtiers: which grants was counter to the law, though the request came from the King. So, the King being wroth, sent messengers to Scrope with instructions to yield up the Great Seal to them. He refused, and the envoy had to return empty-handed. Others were then despatched, but with a like result, Scrope remarking, "I am ready to resign the Seal, not to you, but to him who gave it into my keeping, and between him and me there shall be no intermediary. I will only give it back into his own hands." He himself went to the King, and did so. The

King having it, acted very foolishly with it, old Richard le Scrope went over to the Cause of Henry IV., but his eldest son, Earl of Wiltshire, lost his life in the Cause of the monarch who was deposed. The hitherto unsullied glory of the Scrope was, in some degree, tarnished by the treason of Henry le Scrope, Lord of Masham, Upsal and Kilvington.

Leland says,

"From Wensley to Bolton a 3 miles. The toun is very rude, but the Castle, as no great house, is all compacted in 4 or 5 towers. There is a pretty park hard by it. It was finished ere King Richard II. died. Thence to a place in a great rock a 2 miles off, where my lord Scrope seeketh for lead."

This "pretty park" was the work of Sir William Scrope in 1399. We cannot do better than again use Leland's words, being those of one who had seen what he wrote of: —

"Bolton village and Castell is 4 miles from Midleham. The Castell standeth in a roke syde, and all the substance of the lodgyngs in it be included in 4 principall towers. Yt was an 18 yeres in buildyne and the expencis of every yere eame to 1,000 marks"—£12,000, at least £200,000 of present money, which is incredible—"It was finichid er Kynge Richard the II dyed. One thinge I muche notyd in the haulle of Bolton, howe chimeneys were conveyed by tunnells made in the syds of the wauls betwixt the lights in the haulle, and by this meanes, and by no covers, is the smoke of the harthe in the haulle wonder-strangely conveyed. Moste parte of the tymber that was occupied in buildyng of this castell was gett out of the forest of Engleby in Cumberland; and Richard Lord Scrope for conveyance of it had layde by the way dyvers draughts of oxen to carry it from place to place, till it cam to Bolton There is a very fayre cloke at Bolton *cum moter solis et lunæ*, and other conclusyons. There is a park waullyd withe stone at Bolton. There is a hill with a leade mine."

Space does not allow of amplifying further our account of the truly "great Scrope" race, but it is a name that, without further words of ours or anyones, will never perish 'from out the land,' their scroll is a blazon for ever in history.

About the 'fifties of the nineteenth century, few figures were stronger in evidence at Bolton than that of Bella Jackson, a strong-boned masculine woman of swarthy features, whose life was one long round of hard incessant toil, which probably soured her temper, for the village lads were terribly afraid of Bella. She kept a drove of donkeys to bring coals from Bishop Auckland and other places into Wensleydale, and a sight it must have been to meet her and the long string of patient beasts in her charge crossing the lone moor. Her house, a thatched one, stood at the east end of the village by the old village elm tree, now also gone.

Just to the east of the village, Bolton beck, with wide stone-strewn bed, falls through a delightful glen, rich in the aroma of pine-cone, and a flowery silvan Eden to wander in in summer. The pink lily-bell Winter-green grows therein, with Paris's Herb, the True-Lovers' Knot, and abundance of Sweet Cicely, or Aniseed Kex, along with Ramson's (wild garlic) and other flowers of equal beauty though less notoriety—the last named 'looks loveliest' *growing*, the eager hand that plucks it for the posy soon knows the reason why.

Following the road along the north side of the river from Castle Bolton, two and a half miles, we reach Carperby. The village is pleasantly situated on the edge of the moor. On our way thither we turn to look at the grim old feudal relic. A spirit from the past seems to brood over the ancient towers, holding sentinel above the valley in pride and lonely grandeur, giving a touch of majesty to the landscape, and forming a fitting memorial to that noble family of Scropes.

Thoresby, a tiny hamlet of four farms, was at one time a considerable village—in proof of this foundations of buildings are often found; beautifully sheltered in the hills, the land is excellent for corn yielding, and also for potatoes. Its very name bespeaks

great antiquity, stands about midway between Bolton and river, and was in its old age when that goodly castle was in its infancy. "Thor" was the name of one of the chief Scandinavian gods, and here, it is supposed, stood a temple for the worship of the pagan god—hence "Thor's" dwelling-place, or Thorsby. The village is also renowned as the birthplace of John de Thoresby, Archbishop of York, and Chancellor of England. He was a younger son of Sir Hugh Thoresby, considered the most learned man of his time.

Falls, near Redmire. [*Owen Bowen*

His greatest monument is the magnificent choir of York Minster, which he is said to have built chiefly at his own expense. He transcribed into English an exposition of the Ten Commandments, and used the memorable words, "Hear God's law, taught in thy mother tongue, for that is better than to hear many masses." We are told that both Saxon and Danish relics have been found here at different periods. In 1861, Mr. Wm. Horne discovered

the upper part of a Saxon cross, and other relics of antiquity. Here it is supposed stood a Saxon or Danish church. At Thoresby much of the land is arable, which in Wensleydale is of rare occurrence. The highest cornfield in the dale in the late 'eighties was at Carperby. An old track from hence leads to the ford (Slapestane Wath), over the river to Swinithwaite and West Burton. These places we shall refer to in another chapter.

Connected with Thoresby is the following curious, yet truthful story. Some fifty years ago, a young servant girl, living on a farm at Thoresby, dreamt more than one dream with which she was much impressed. The subject of the dream was always a large treasure buried in the earth at a certain place on the farm. At length she went and dug there, and found a bronze vessel containing a great quantity of coins, many of which she distributed amongst her acquaintances and friends On hearing of the discovery of the coins, the lord of the manor made claim to them. The young woman, having disposed of most of them, became so fearful of the consequences, that she fled from Thoresby and never returned. There are people in this district possessing bronze coins, given to them or their friends by the young woman from this 'treasure trove' that miscarried.

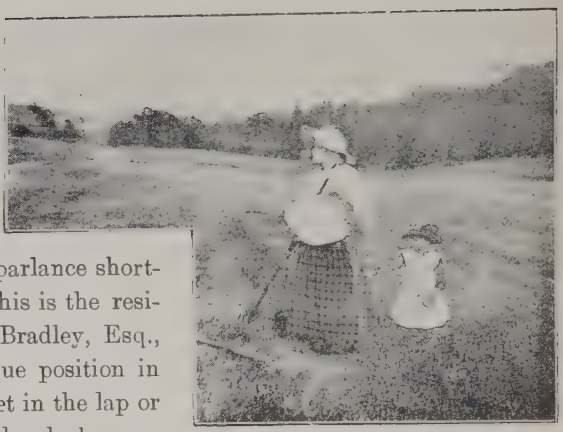
Carperby is mentioned in early Norman times as Kerperbi. At the east end of the village is a house known as Chapel House, which bespeaks the existence of an ancient chapel. This place was long a stronghold of Quakerism. At the west end of the long street is an ancient cross. The village is pleasantly situated near the moors, with a fine open prospect to the south, and advantageously placed for visitors to the celebrated Falls of Aysgarth, and within ten minutes walk of the station. The late Mr. Thos. Willis, the famous shorthorn breeder, and Mr. Edward Chapman, the naturalist, dwelt here. The latter, after many wanderings in Tasmania, settled here and obtained a more than local fame as a stuffer of birds. Almost one of the last pairs of Merlin-hawks breeding on Carperby Moor were trapped in 1884 by Keeper Cherry, and preserved in a case are now in the possession of Dr. F. A. Lees. John Percival, a blind man of the village, was a very

remarkable character, his knowledge of the dales and his ability to find his way across the moor alone is quite as extraordinary as the stories told of blind Jack of Knaresborough. He was a local preacher, and his duties led him as far afield as Carlton in Coverdale, and even to Horse-houses, a distance of nine to eleven miles, the nearest way being by the moor path from West Witton to Coverdale. Such a feat seems almost incredible. Among the strange duties performed by a blind man was that of thrashing corn with the flail. This primitive mode of thrashing he performed at George Storey's farm at Thoresby for some 20 years.

In the Freeholder's Wood by the river, botanists say there is to be found a greater variety of wild roses than in any other district in Yorkshire, added to which, a jungly spot in the wood is one of the very few localities in England for the dawny whorl-leaved yellow Loostrife. On a rich carpet of verdure we rest to admire the scene. Hereabouts, the land is full of dell, dingle, and leafy copse of hazel bush, bramble, and wild flowers. Behind us slumbers Thoresby, forgetful of its past; in front rises Pen Hill, half hidden in a dark gloomy cloud, and over its western ridge looms faintly from a mystic sea of sunbeam, other billowy hills—the moors of Walden and the heights of Great Whernside. From under a wavy curtain of shimmering mist, which is ever rising ghost-like up the hillslope, Bishopdale Beck comes twining and glistening towards us like an enchanter's wand.

CHAPTER XI.

Bear Park and Wood Hall.



In the time of Haying. [*E. Bogg*

Less than a mile along the north bank of Yore from Aysgarth's one high arch bridge is the mansion of Brear Park, in popular parlance shortened to Bear. This is the residence of Thomas Bradley, Esq., and has an unique position in the dale. It is set in the lap or hollow of a central vale howe—a "moraine of glacial drift"—in a hill among the hills, a jewel in a setting of a 'golden land' when the sun-cistus, like a yellow rose, and the auranial horse-shoe vetch a chaplet of gilded butterflies, are in blossom. But there are other flowers here and almost all of them are yellow, avens and golden-rod, hawkweeds and tormentil, silvan loosestrife and the troll's globe-flower by the water. Its gables, stout stone mullions and ivy-clasped walls present a pretty if not pretentious picture, in a very garden of delight, its emerald lawns ringed in by a choice variety of trees and a very many rare alpine plants in the rock borders. Part of the house is very

ancient—probably 15th century, for Brear (which means briar, and this part of the dale is remarkable for the great variety of its wild roses) was 'of eld.' The word Brear reminds one of a local preacher who, descanting on Abraham's sacrifice of his son Isaac, came to the words "a ram caught by his horns in a thicket," and enlightened his hearers by saying, "I'll tell you clever Stillington folks what it means, it was an auld tup that hed got his heade fast in a bunch o' brears." This was the homeplace of a younger branch of the Metcalfs of Knappa, a "Brian Metcalf of Brear" being mentioned in that old ballad, "The Felon Sewe of Rokeby" that Sir Rafe of Rokeby gave, in a spirit of mischief, to the Friars of Richmont for the fetching! Friars Middleton and two of the brethren were sent to hale her to the Priory.

"With him took he wight men two,
Peter of Dale was one of tho';
T'other was Brian of Beare,
That weel durst strike with swerde and knife,
And fight full manly for their life,
What time as musters were."

The trio found the wicked sewe,

"Liggan under a tree,
Rugg and rusty was her hair,
She raise up with a felon fare,
To fight against the three."

The story has already been told in our account of "Richmond," to which we refer the reader.

Continuing our walk along Yore bank, where wild hyacinths bloom, and also the blue bird's-eye speedwell, the round-petalled stars of stitchwort, cresswort, and other Spring flowers flourish in all their native beauty; where a small tarn which, like the 'Kettles' near Croft, rises and falls somewhat with the state of the river, and in which grows an alpine Pondweed of some interest and variety; we soon reach the eastern confine of the large and famous

Rabbit Warren, where in a great colony live a race of silver-grey coneys, with black muzzle and tail. The warren covers about 75 acres, but was formerly more extensive. It belongs to the Vyner family, to succeeding members of which it has descended for over a century, from their ancestors the Metcalfes of Knappa. The warren is a rocky pasture, overlaid, near the banks of the small beck that traverses it by peat-sand and glacial 'till.' On the occasion of our last visit hundreds of "bunnies" were to be seen frolicking about, sitting up or placidly basking in the sunshine. Judging from their numbers this peculiar breed is not likely to soon die out. The railway line crosses the lower stretch of the warren, which lies on the hillside rising from the Yore, and is in some parts densely riddled with burrows. It is surrounded by a high half-battlemented stone wall, and in the centre a knoll of dark firs forms a clump conspicuous as a land mark for many miles around. Save these firs and a number of stunted thorns, hardly bush high, and elder trees, the warren is devoid of wood—the only vegetation flourishing within its bounds being what bunny does not relish. Bracken, green or russet, according to the season, lends colour to the grey scene, and the wild bluebell (whose bulbs are uneatable, and like the rabbits, burrow deeper and deeper each year) is abundant too, while the bitter but wholesome wood sage rakes its grey-green foliage over the rockier ground, whilst another grey-green plant, the ground 'ivy' (not an ivy, but a mint) diffuses its aroma about where it trails and climbs the shadier banks and bits of limestone scar. In wet places by the stream the mealy-leaved bird's-eye primrose flourishes, forming, in flower, splotches of puce on stems a foot high. There is "free warren" here in this "coney-borough" (to use the old name) for the 'sacred' Silver-Grey only. Let stray dogs or cats, stoats or foxes intrude, woe! to such varmints: the chances are they will never leave the chace alive. A merciless war is, under the commercial circumstances of the rabbit-

farmery surely justifiable, waged here on all flesh eating animals, aye! even birds (of prey) seen within the boundary wall. Now and again the common white-scut rabbit will effect an entrance, *not over* but *under* the wall. All such are at once shot: by intermating they would degrade the strain. Formerly there were warning boards like the one still to be seen at Kilvington, telling of man-traps, and spring guns, etc. In those days, or nights shall we say, the Swaledale miners used to raid the warren and leave with huge bags of rabbits. Sir Walter Raleigh (who visited Knappa in Elizabeth's time) is credited with introducing this cinereous breed, and likewise the cray-fish or fresh water lobster; but no clear documentary evidence is adducible in proof. It is said this knight turned down about a hundred pairs in the warren—that is the local tradition. But in past days, even now to some less extent, the fur of this coney commanded a good price in the market. The warren, however, with its unique denizens—a 'preserve' *not* for 'game'—lends interest to this part of the dale.

Old Lane, Thoresby. [*Edmund Bogg.*

To the west of the warren is the small hamlet of Woodhall—the name, too, of a mansion here placed in a bowery ultra-

umbrageous situation. The present resident is John C. C. Routh, a representative in lineal descent of many another Routh of Wensley's dale. A Sir William de Routh held lands in this valley nearly 600 years ago; and in the middle of the 14th century, a Sir Peter de Routh was chief-forester of the Wensleydale forest, then a Royal Chace, Woodhall Park being a part of it. In 1252, Henry III. granted "free warren" at Woodhall to Thomas Fitz-William de Wood-hall. And in all truth this reach or lap of

Old Woodhall *Owen Bowen*

Wensley's dale is a delightful bosky silvan 'Arcadia'—natural wood-clothed scar and slope, arcaded by ash and hazel (growing quite a tree), wych elm, rowan and holly tree, the green air in summer noons full of aroma and the multitudinous hum of insect life, and in the summer dusk cloven by the wings of innumerable bats, and resounding with the 'whooting' of the great brown wood-owl, which is common here. Yes, Woodhall is a verderer's Arcadia. Bird-life, from the owl to the golden-crested wren—largest to the least—is peculiarly abundant here.

CHAPTER XII.

Aysgarth.

Harking back, we recommence our peregrinations at Aysgarth, even before reaching which we catch the prevailing 'note' of the locality—the loud drum-like sound of falling water; when Yore is spiteful in spate it is more like the rolling of distant thunder. Reaching the broad and curtain-like Lower Fall, one cannot but be impressed by the awesome merciless power of the swirling flood, the seething foaming coom of water leaps the channel's lips of rock, wedged tightly in (as it seems) between two not high but iron-jawed trap-like cliffs. The grandeur, sublimity, or varied beauty of the actual force, changes with the seasons, but it always charms. In autumn, the golden hue of the underwood fringed by silver-grey rocks, cracked and sheer or staircased, divided by the speeding brown or foam-crested flood, dark firs sentinelled on the high southern bank making the background, the scene is unforgettable. In times of drought the sky-reflecting river is a lace-like filagree of silver-blue upon a ground of olive to emerald green moss: an almost inconceivable contrast to the turbulent water which as it rushes over step after step of the 'falls' with deafening roar, can be likened only to the tossing manes of stampeding wild horses, as with the crests of breaking waves at sea.

From the Lower Falls a footpath through the remnant of the old Wensleydale forest, now the Freeholders' Wood of Carperby, brings us into the highroad just above the bridge at Aysgarth. In the sequestered paths, not overshadowed above as are glades,

The Lower Falls of Aysgarth. *Edmund Bogg*

but more like natural mazes, a great variety of wild flowers (roses especially) flourish, and the botanist, whether his study be flowering or flowerless plants, (mosses) finds pleasure in bewilderment.

Here lie the most picturesque and superb river scenes in the whole vale of the Yore. One beautiful picture is the bend of the road leading to the bridge, with the river on the left, above which is the mill; beyond, grey and white-walled dwellings. The ancient bridge in front, beneath which rushes the gurgling river, is embowered in rich foliage. Just above, to the left, and overlooking them all, is the church; such a variety of picturesque details is rarely to be found grouped into such a small space as here. Passing on to the bridge, an artist's dream of nature's beauty is unfolded before us. Round a curve some three hundred yards beyond, the river sweeps along over a fissured bed of limestone enclosed and adorned on both sides by fine hanging woods, which present to the eye of the spectator the appearance of a mighty river flowing through some primeval forest. All the hues in the woods are reflected in the brown waters, here musically joyous of voice, so that the beauty of the scene is rendered more beautiful when thus interpreted in this magnificent mirror.

Dr. Pococke, the eminent traveller, who died in 1764, and whose search after the sublime and marvellous brought him to this part, was said to own, with exultation, that these cataracts exceeded in beauty those in Egypt, to which he was no stranger. Turner painted the Low Falls.

Close by the bridge John Drummond kept a school. He was a Member of the British Mathematical Society, and at one time the best mathematician in England. He was of direct descent from the Earls of Perth. His grandfather lay hidden in Bishopdale after the Pretender's defeat, 1745. The old cotton mill was built about 100 years ago, thence converted later into a corn

mill and worsted spinning mill. Story says here was spun the yarn for jerseys knitted by the dale knitters, which afterwards became the red shirts of Garibaldi's army.

The church here is indeed dominant in situation, standing high on the southern bank, and from its yard splendid vistas of vale scenery are unfolded to the eye which looks, many a village, nestling low or set high on some sunny terrace, several lateral dales, and Bolton's ancient four-square keep most prominent of all, with the moor ridge dividing Yore from Swale, a dim purple-grey for the prospect's high horizon; whilst Yore makes a series of streaks and curves diminishing in perspective, to far away beyond Redmire, although its eversounding treble or bass accompaniment remains insistent in one's ears.

Aysgarth finds mention in the Norman Domesday Book. Its name is derived from *Ay* or *Ea*, water, *scaur*, a rock, and *garth*, an enclosure: that is, the rocky enclosure by the water. The township is a very extensive one, some eighteen miles by six. The church is dedicated to St Andrew, is therefore 'mother' church to all the district of Upper Wensleydale, including even Lunds. The primal structure was built sometime early in the 13th century. A thorough, but hardly a judicious, 'restoration' took place in 1864: at that time many relics of interest there were either destroyed or lost. J. H. Metcalfe says there were two shields of glass, one "commemorating Richard Lord Scrope of Bolton, the other James Metcalf of Nappa" (it is supposed). The two had been Companions in Arms on the field of Agincourt: these shields had lain side by side in the east window beyond the memory of man, and were cast out as 'worthless.' They were, however, rescued, and are now in a window in the Scrope Chapel, near Ulshaw Bridge. The beautiful elaborately-tooled rood-screen was *brought here* from Jervaulx in an undivided state, borne upon the shoulders of twenty men. The

A Peep of Aysgarth from the Road. [*Edmund Bogg*

church has several stained glass windows. The one in the vestry illustrates the parable of the Good Samaritan, and was the gift of the Rev. John Winn, sometime vicar here, in gratitude for his recovery from a wound received during an attack on his house and person. In the reredos of Caen stone is a very beautifully carved relief, representing Leonardo da Vinci's picture of the Last Supper of our Lord. In the reign of Richard II., Alexander Neville was vicar; he afterwards became Archbishop of York. The churchyard is very large and there are many curious epitaphs; the one selected says:—

"Here lies interred the body
Of Lenord Wray, formerly of Thorsby,
Who departed the life the 12th January,
1774, and in th 79 year of his age.
You who are in health, as once was I,
Freed from great trouble in the dust does lie,
Remember this, that you must die.
May church and state ever defended be
From Popish plots, pride and conspiracy."

A copper plate let into a block of gritstone says, "This marks the grave of John Wray, of High Gill, better known as 'Deaf Jack,' who died July, 1847, aged 82. In manhood strong and daring, in old age firm and God fearing." That impresses one, since it is strong and simple—a wholesome contrast to much of tombstone sentiment. The body of the late Betty Webster, longtime of Appersett, lies here. She died June 14th, 1896, aged 106 years,—a remarkable instance of longevity.

The name "Palmer's Flat" speaks eloquently of monastic days, and tradition says that on this site stood a hospital for the entertainment of palmers and pilgrims. The quaint village of Aysgarth stands bleak enough, 800 feet above sea level. The village is not very picturesque, nor perhaps, at first sight, inviting, but for advantageous situation, charming surroundings, and pure,

The Falls, Aysgarth. [*Edmund Bogg.*

invigorating mountain air, it has few superiors. To those seeking health in rest would do well to visit this village. From the terrace of Kelspring Cottage, finely situated, and other points of vantage, a magnificent view of the upper Dale country, with the Yore winding and glistening through meadows and the receding hills which feed its fertility, can be obtained. Due west, Addlebrough, the Sanatorium of the Romans, eighteen miles away, Shunner Fell, the gathering ground of at least three rivers, and Baugh and Wild Boar's Fell, twenty miles or more away,—the extreme west of vision with all the lesser peaks and hill-tops sharply defined, the slopes in deep shadow, are to be seen in the departing twilight. There are a few ancient houses still remaining. The old hostel is a typical inn of bygone times, one of those which reminds us of the rhyming description Drunken Barnaby gave in his madcap tour through this valley. We were very much surprised to find not a single member of the great Mecca clan resident in Aysgarth. The Thompsons are the most numerous family here. Between Aysgarth and Thornton Rust, and about three hundred yards south of the road leading to the latter place, is a large half-circular trench, perhaps Celtic work. Gill Beck runs past its south-east end, and further south, near the old disused road leading over the Stake into Lancashire, etc., is a circular camp of Celtic construction. Neither the trench or camp have yet been explored.

High Gill House, nigh half way between Aysgarth and Thornton Rust, is an old dale residence, formerly owned by the Robinsons, tenanted for upwards of 300 years by a family of Wilsons, the first born of whom usually bore the name of Humphrey. The original yard thick walls, are still in evidence, as is natural, but there has been a 'restoration' here, too, and the old stone mullions have been replaced by modern style window frames. Here is an ancient draw-well, and several very aged yet hale sycamores and elms. The former must be much more recent than the original house, as

it is not a native tree, and was only first brought to Scotland early in the 16th century—according to the first writers on Forestry. Being very hardy it was largely planted on the suggestion of Linnæus, as also the still hardier Norway maple with red scaling-off bark which is even now confounded with it because of their great similarity of leaf.

Betty Webster, who died at the age of 106. [*Smithson.*

CHAPTER XIII.

West Witton, Bishopdale, and Thornton Rust.

Before ascending Bishopdale, we revert to Wensley and there cross the fine old bridge, built early in the 15th century. The scenery from the south bank of Yore is full of charm, supplemented by the voiceful stream; whilst only some three miles away, we have before us, to the north, Bolton's grey tower, enhancing the view with the glamour of historic romance it suggests On our

A Bend of the Yore.

route to West Witton we see high up on the sloping side of Pen Hill, below Capple Bank, what looks from the distance the ruins of an ancient fortress—it is only a summer-house and hunting lodge erected for the pleasure of the famous Lavinia Fenton, the original "Polly Peachum" of Gay's "Beggars' Opera." This

character has led to the peerage no less than three actresses, and here in this summer-house oft times sat "Polly" during the great deer hunts, watching the brilliant array of huntsmen moving hither and thither in that grand landscape picture. At other times, in the tranquil charm of summer evening twilight, she would pour out her sweet voice like a nightingale in beautiful melody, which was eagerly listened to by the natives. West Witton is a large village, yet with an amount of decay about which speaks of better days. Its situation is most commanding, built on the northern slope of Pen Hill, and high up above the river, overlooking the woods of Bolton with magnificent views beyond. It is of great antiquity, having had an existence in early Saxon times, probably Celtic; "Pen," meaning a hill, is undoubtedly Celtic, and the Anglian settlers, not knowing its signification, added 'hill' to the 'pen,' which already denoted the same thing. There are several old houses in the place; the most ancient is Catheral Hall, for many generations the residence of a family of that name. It is now divided into two houses, and has not been improved, from the antiquary's point of view, by the adaptation to modern requirements. The church (St. Bartholomew, its patron saint) is a neat building, without pretence to architectural dignity; it, too, has been restored, and only slight portions of the first structure remain.

Part of a Saxon cross and other relics of an early age seem to point to the existence of a pre-Norman chapel here. The most notable monument in the graveyard is a memorial to the memory of John James, F.S.A., author of "The History of Bradford," and other works. One of the older tombstones bears the following inscription:—

"William Latham, died 18th October, 1715, aged 61.
My lenes wound up,
My laths and slates are gone,
My pins and nails are drone,
My work is done."

Another mural stone records the ministry of fifty-four years in this parish of Edmund Loures: "Here lies all that was mortal of Edmund Loures, for fifty-four years minister of this parish. He was buried ye 9th day of July, 1773." Jane, his partner in life, preceded him to the grave some eight months; she was buried Nov. 11th, 1772. In one of the registers, this minister has inserted the following couplet:—

"As time and seasons pass away,
So doth the life of man decay."

An ancient silver-headed staff, once the property of Edmund Loures, is still preserved by a resident in the parish. The village feast begins on Saint Bartholomew's Day, and lasts for several days. The week's festivities terminate in a very ancient ceremony, known as "burning owd Bartle." Its origin is lost in the 'mists of Time,' but the particulars were given to the writer from the mouth of the Rev. Wm. Whaley, for many years vicar of the parish. Hunters Thorn, Capplebank (a 'capel' being a layer of a thing placed over another of the same material), Briskill and Wadham are well-known locations. An effigy, supposed to represent the Saint, is fashioned, after which it is dragged up and down the village by the younger generation. Then a large fire is prepared, on which the effigy is tossed, and while it is burning, the following 'nominy' is chanted, over and over again:—

"At Briskill Beck
He brake his neck.
At Wadham's end
He couldn't fend.
At Briskill end
He made his end
In Penhill crags
He tore his rags.
At Hunter's thorn
He blew his horn.
At Capplebank Stee,
He brake his knee

Of Penhill, Leland says: "Ther standithe the ruine of a Castlet or *pill*, in the top of an hill, and it is called Penhill. It standith a two miles from Middleham. It 'longed to Rafe Fitz-Randal." On the sides of Penhill above Witton village, winding woodland paths have been made, with rustic seats, etc., and the water of a beck runs in a series of small cascades along a veritable fairies' glen, shaded by splendid trees, the ground a carpet of such flowers as love silvan thickets. In 'Jack-wood' (part

Street Scene, West Witton. [*Edmund Bogg.*

of the north slope) grows the odorous agrimony, and the cœsions (blue-leaved) hawkweed. The dim distance is suggestive of romance, the near hand of simple natural beauty. Not far away is "Chantry" (now a farm), the name conjuring up memories of monks burning tapers and religiously observing both fast and feast days. Here was a private chapel, attached to the Abbey

of Jervaulx. In the vestry window of West Witton church are portions of old stained glass, bearing the arms of the abbots of Jervaulx. An old custom at Chantry was the firing of a gun after sundown, to guide benighted travellers on Penhill, to a place of safety.

Lovers of the antique should call at the Wensleydale Heifer Inn at Witton, and inspect the fine array of old pewter, etc., preserved there.

Penhill is a National Beacon, and was used as such in the days of the Spanish Armada. Again, in 1810-14, the time of the scare over Bonaparte's threatened invasion, it was the firing of this beacon which set the gallant hearts of the dale's volunteers in such a flutter as they marched to Masham, to there find the alarm a false one. And again, during the Jubilees of Her late beloved Majesty, the flare blazed upwards brightly from old "Pen's mighty crown." From its summit there is a magnificent prospect, embracing all points of the compass, the far-away Trinity of York's Minster towers can be descried, south-east, and the bluer line of the North Sea beyond the blue ridge of the Cleveland, with Roseberry's cone-like 'toppin.' To lovers of "solitude profound," it would be an experience to wander on a mid-summer eve, alone, up to the Beacon 'raise,' and contemplate, aloof from man and his ingenious constructions, the infinity of Nature's productions, and the infinitesimal importance of even 'the highest animal'; the very silence seems to speak through the occasional bleat of a mountain blackface, the ominous wail of a curlew, or the whirr and 'beck' of grouse changing their ground. To sit there awhile at night is indeed to know

> "The silence that is in the starry sky—
> The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

And now we pace meditatively down by the lovely deserted farm with garden (now a wilderness of weed, with a few old

English perennials still surviving), until we gain the ancient trackway from West Burton into Coverdale, that runs high up over the sloping shoulder of Pen. A walk along this now green turfed road, a great gulf of keen air between us and the vale and hill ridge to north and west, is another impression not soon to be obliterated from memory. Presently we come to one of the most interesting sites for the antiquary in the whole dale. This is the Temple, the remains of the Preceptory of the Knights Templars. It lies prone on the lower northern knee of Penhill, a short furlong above Temple Farm. What adds to one's wonder is the fact that the site had been completely overlooked prior to 1840, although the name "Temple" adhered to the district! One Thos. Ewbank was carting debris from a mound when he struck the fragments of the chapel. Mr. Anderton had the spot carefully investigated, and among the relics found were several stone coffins containing bodies in 'a good state of preservation,' but, of course, falling to dust when the lids were lifted and air had access to them. The whole bounds of the chapel and grounds were laid bare, revealing horse-trappings and other remains. The foundation walls are still *in situ*, and there are several stone coffins, two being only five feet in length. The pedestals of the high altar and a piscina are still left, and the threshold stone is deeply worn by feet which have long since done with shoes. At the Templars' downfall, all their properties were transferred to the Knights Hospitallers who, having let these lands on lease, doubtless deserted the preceptory, and so gradually Time and wind and rain worked their will on the place of thanksgiving and prayer, and the rich green grass of a limestone soil covered the grave mound of Nature over it all. As said, the very site became forgotten until accident brought man once again to bear upon it. A few hundred yards from the farm on the West Witton road is a stone built into the wall, with the double cross (‡) cut into it. Also an ancient and suggestive in-

scription preserved over a doorway at the Temple Farm reads:—

WHOSO THAT COM
E TO THIS HOUS O L
ORD DO THEM PROTE
CT AND WHO DOTH P
AS FORTH OF THE SAM
E JESU THERE WAYE DE
RECT. P AMA 1606.

Old Mill, West Witton. [*Edmund Bogg*

A mile west from Witton is the old hamlet of Swinethwaite; the name is very suggestive of its early use —the terminal Thwaite means a clearing in the forest, where the husbandman fed the herds of half-wild swine—hence the name Swinithwaite. Here is a goodly mansion, held in mediæval times by the Nevilles, and later,

for several generations, by a branch of the Metcalfs of Nappa; it now belongs to Sir George A. Pilkington.

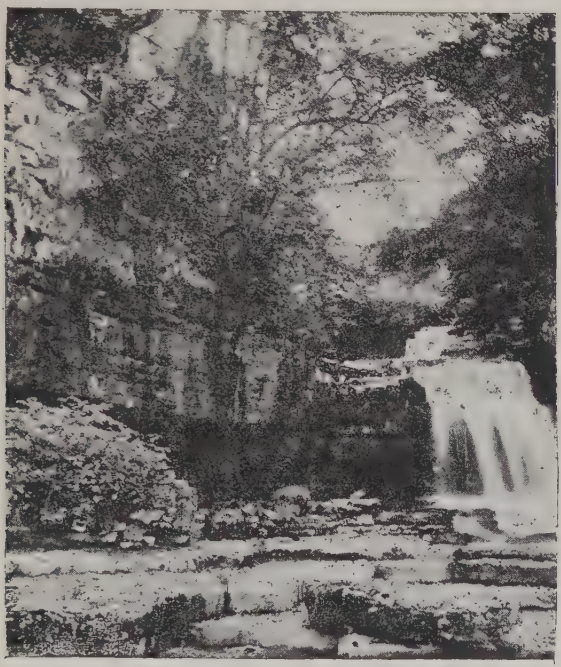
Now through green pasture, by the banks of crystal becks where foxgloves (the soil here being sandy) swing their spires of bells, and the giant throatwort displays its campanellas of pale blue, and ferns rear their urns of frondage in every nook of shade, and the willow herb and loosestrife glow in the sunlight—we tread a 'flowery way' to the delightful village of West Burton, with lovely waterfalls leaping past its very doors.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Bishopdale District.

West Burton, one of the most enchantingly picturesque of the dale's villages, whether for wood, hill, or water, stands on a terraced elevation in a little vale, near to where the Walden and Bishopdale becks unite. Wal-den—the wolf-den—is sufficiently suggestive of the wild forest days of 'wild' beasts and almost as 'wild' men, ever waging mutual war, the one on their flocks, the other on their depredators. The beck drains from the north-facing slope of the shelfs, curving and sweeping between Kettlewell-dale and Coverdale. Walden indeed presents a scene of lone moorland grandeur, especially looked at from some point towards sunset, its swales and combes, nay *corries* would not be too strong a term, suffused with richest amber, saffron and purple grey lights and shadows, which wrap the moor in mystery as the sun's rays cease to penetrate its hollows and recesses. At such moments, vistas uplighted and then as suddenly withdrawn, one might imagine one's eyes were pixy led or troll struck like "bonny Kilmeny" who "ga'ed up the glen," in Hogg's fairy tale, transported to some remote land never trodden by the foot of living man! Not a human shape of any sort, hardly a straying sheep, enlivens by its movement the landscape, dumb and motionless, unless it be for the glisk of sun-struck water, the quiet purl of a distant beck, or the call of some moor-fowl. That dark passing speck may be the flight of a curlew, and except for its wail, silence reigns supreme. At other times the moor assumes strange guises,

expressions of moods, and fantasm-like semblances, amorphic and all the more awesome because formless; rain-mist hangs curtain-like, vaporous and shadowy, or the wind moans and skirls, the storm bursts, and the spirit of the waters are let loose. It is an eerie dale with few farms and few inhabitants, this of Walden.



The Falls, Burton. [*Edmund Bogg.*

In Leland's day, Walden and Bishopdale were an appanage of the King, and down quite to the 18th century, Walden's 'Chace' was the home and lairage of the wild red deer; whilst for companionship in freedom they had the shy pine-marten and the true yellow wild cat, outlasting them in these denny fastnesses even down to the 'fifties of the 19th century.

After a course of five miles, the beck falls over a cliff of limestone layers just on the outskirts of Burton itself. It was early Autumn on our first visit, and the branches and sere golden leaves of elm and ash were drooping feather-like over the rocks, in part outlined against the blue sky; under this leafy screen the crystal waters flow towards the lip of the scar, leaping over with tumultuous sound, then, whirling into eddies and a series of small falls shoot under the most picturesque of bridges thrown here and there across the beck, which courses along in merry career, past the creamy lime-washed walls of Burton; the overhanging trees stoop, as it were, to be kissed by and reflected in the beautiful water. The village of Burton is mentioned in Domesday Survey, but of its history during this early period little is known. There was formerly a good market here, but, like many other places in the dales, it has long been given up. The fairs are held here on March 10th and May 6th. The green is the perfection of what an English village green should be; there is nothing formal or symmetrical, everything picturesquely irregular. In the centre stands the market cross; its crest, a Cock, and decorated gaily at the May feast, when the sports are still held and once again are enacted the rustic Comedies of the Old English open-air life. Here still stand the stocks, where the law-breakers of the village were fixed as a punishment for their misdeeds. "Ye Black Bull," an ancient inn, with white lattices and yellow walls, stands near the market cross. A row of quaint cottages also trespass on the green, where, peradventure, a flock of ducks, of spotless hue, lie half buried in the grass, or perhaps there may be some farmers gossiping anent the value of their sheep, whilst the dogs loll about on the grass. Taking all things into consideration, we feel inclined to say Burton is one of the 'prettiest' villages in Yoredale, so cascaded and bannered by Nature.

West Burton, Bishopdale. [*Gilbert Foster.*

The big beck flowing through Bishopdale, so rich in emerald-turfed grazing land rises on Kidstones Bank, some mile north of Cray, and, draining the north-west slopes of Buckden's Pike, enters the Yore just below Aysgarth Lower Falls. The Wharfedale highroad from Skipton and Kettlewell winds about Buckden on a high curving terrace bank, past Cray, musical with its waterfalls, and over the Pass's waterparting into Bishopdale, affording from the heights above Hubberholme fine prospects of 'Langstrothdale' Chase. It was by this route the Roman soldiery passed and repassed to Bainbridge and over Swale to Bowes and the North.

A mile and a half from its source the beck is spanned by its first bridge. North east of the bridge a beck known by the name of Foss Gill leaps from the hills, and in a continual chain of reaches the main stream, nearly a thousand feet below; during flood times these falls form one of the grandest scenes in Yoredale; altogether there are fourteen falls, varying from ten to fifty feet. The lowest of the large falls is a fine sight. In front the waters have a sheer leap of fully fifty feet, then the stream widens for several yards and again contracts, and, in a series of step-like falls, plunges down the abyss some one hundred and fifty feet lower. South of the bridge is "Smelter House," a quaint-looking structure; here, as its name implies, was formerly a smelting mill. It is now the residence of the gamekeeper in those parts, as numerous stoats, weasels, magpies, and tails of wild cats nailed to the doors testify. On the north side of the beck is West New House, only its name is a misnomer, for it is one of the oldest in the dale, over the entrance are the initials "C.E.C, 1635"; in front are six fine old mullioned windows. On the opposite side of the vale is "Ribba Hall," another ancient farmhouse, and near to, at "Newhouse Gill" and "Myres Garth," are three or four houses, formerly the abode of Quaker families. In a field a few yards from the road are two tombstones, which mark the burial-place of the

Looking up Langstrothdale, from near Cray. [*A. Haselgrave*

Quaker Friends. Still passing down the vale, on the right is Dale Foot House, over the doorway of which are the initials "C.E.C., 1640."

This is a curious specimen of an ancient Dale house, with its dark ivy-clad front and fine old mullions; within the house is an interesting semi-circular arched doorway, evidently not built for the use of tall men. The twisted stone stairway, winding round to a narrow aperture at the top, is still more curious; evidently the architect has not intended anything very large to pass up. One of the large rooms upstairs is used as a cheese room, and on our visit there was a choice array of cheeses; this part is renowned for prime Wensleydale's and rich butter: one, two, three, and sometimes as many as four cheeses a day being 'set' in 'press,' the season for this rural economy being from May to November, here and in the adjoining dales. In weight they range from a couple of pounds to the hat-shaped Stilton of Midland fame, which is here, as in Swaledale, 'imitated' in quality as well as form through that pride in manufacture which is, as the saw has it, the sincerest flattery.

The soil of Bishopdale produces the finest grass in the county, in some instances the land has been let at £5 per acre. Here in the upper part of the dale is the Rookery, the beautiful residence of Major Lodge. In passing towards Thoralby, and some two miles distant from that place, will be seen by the roadside an old shed, which bears the curious name of the "Devil's Hull"; adjoining is a peculiarly shaped tree, better described as a triplet of trees, and a dark pool of water, the depth of which, the natives tell us, is immeasurable; this is named the "Devil's Hole." Many people fear to pass this spot after nightfall, for a mysterious being, in the form of a spectral shade, some say the Evil One himself, has been seen there. The apparition appears in divers forms and manners,

Foss Gill. [*Owen Bowen.*

according to the different temperaments of those who "tell the tale." Bishopdale must be a kind of El Dorado, for we are told by one who knows, that there is not in the whole dale a single pauper. Happy people who dwell in this region! Old Age Pensions not needed here! Newbiggin—*biggin*, a building— as its name implies, is not of ancient date, and is a straggling hamlet, on the south-east side of Bishopdale; the surroundings are rustic and picturesque. In the moorland district beyond are rich veins of lead ore. Midway between this hamlet and Thoralby is an inn called Street Head. At Street Head there was a dalesman hale and hearty at the great age of fourscore years and ten. We met him some fifteen years ago, and, being then 90, he will doubtless have ended his pilgrimage on planet Terra. Answering a comment of ours on his years, he sadly replied, "Ah, but ah'm nearly blind, ah can't see nowt." Offering him a drain of his favourite beverage, our friend naturally put the glass near his hand, thinking he would not see it; noticing this movement, the old man called out, "Ah can see it weal eneaf! Why bless ya, it's weal eneaf to see."

The village of Thoralby (Thorald's town) stands on the east end of the northern slope of Bishopdale. In 1360 a chantry chapel was built here by Marie de Neville, Lady of Middleham; it was suppressed at the dissolution of monasteries; the site is still known as Chapel Close. Littleburn House, now a farmstead, was for some time the residence of Matthew, fourth Lord Rokeby. The outlook from the garden up the rich green valley is very beautiful. On the bridge near the mansion is to be seen a Latin inscription.

TRANSLATION.

IN GOD THE ONLY SECURITY.

This Egerian Bridge, at the expense of the neighbourhood thrown over this river, awkwardly narrow and at times most dangerous, in memory of peace and security, is, under God, dedicated to Wellington.

O chieftain, courageous arbiter of war, who bringest peace, as patron

of this bridge, receive floods of this bounding water. May the Great Ocean take these floods of the fountain, and may this arch to thy triumph shine.

Rustic Bridge, near Newbiggin, Bishopdale. [*Gilbert Foster.*

Here also at Sorrell Sykes for some time dwelt the well-known Mrs. Montague (the Blue Stocking Queen), at whose house in London the famous "Blue Stocking Club" was held. Her maiden name was Robinson, and she founded the club to encourage "Rational Conversation" (a most useful much needed thing now as then, some may say). It is said the term "blue stocking" had its origin in the wearing of blue stockings by one of the club's most scholarly pedants, Dr. Benjamin Stillingfleet. Mrs. Montague herself was one of Fortune's favourites, rich, handsome and clever,

Thoralby. [*Edmund Bogg.*

and a wit to boot, with hardly a sorrow to embitter her days. No wonder her society and friendship were held in high esteem of the great men and women of her time. Her 'literary' breakfast-parties were centres of intellectual life in London. Born in York, 1720, apart from her "Dale" life, in Retreat for rest, her husband had a Country Seat at Alverthorpe, so that the Blue Stocking Queen can fairly enough be claimed as one of the Yorkshire Worthies.

The inhabitants of Thoralby received much benefit by those distinguished visitors dwelling in their neighbourhood. Near to

the village is Heaning Gill, locally known as the Silver Chain, a succession of waterfalls and cascades bursting from the wooded heights, and silvering through scenes of remarkable beauty to the vale below.

> Maude says when viewed from the bottom, the stream appears like a silver chain, whose highest link seems connected with the clouds descending through a display of lowering branches and shading foliage, which in proportion to the thick or thinner weaving of the boughs, now bursts and then twinkles in a manner most captivating.

Instead of returning by way of Aysgarth, we leave Bishopdale by the path leading from Thoralby across the moors to Thornton Rust. This is indeed a favourite walk for those who delight in breadth, the pure exhilarating mountain breeze, and the loneliness of the moorland—not that anyone need be lonely. High up here is a fine contrast to the valley below, a strange indefinable sense of freedom and mystery comes over us, we breathe freely in this wide expanse, and life seems far more pleasant than in the bustling streets of a crowded city. A thrill of joyous feeling pervades us, toil and sorrow seems far remote. The soft notes of flowing water come from Gill Beck, and as we tramp along a snipe arises affrightedly from under our very feet, and with a sharp drumming note darts swiftly away. A pewit circles about our heads, swooping down as if with disabled wing, and seeks to tempt us from the straight way; a whinchat flits about uneasily uttering its "twit-twit" not unlike the clink of two stones struck together; and the wary sentinel curlews give out their wailings (not of the earth, they sound) with the breeze. If undistracted by these you tread softly and keep eyes on the turf, you may spy an adder basking in the sun on some bare spot of ground, or you may see the brown-green lizard darting like quicksilver into hiding among the heather. Such are the things arresting attention until we drop down upon Thornton Rust, the village resting on a shelf, an Auburn not of the plain but of the hillside.

This out-of-the-way 'Ton'—a place to rest and rust in, truly —is certainly to the lover of quietude one of the gems of Wensleydale. It perches on a long scar that runs high up along the north-eastern slope of Addlebrough. Its charm lies in its reposeful simplicity—a place *par excellence* to rest in, to dream of a life apart from rude contact with a bustling world, an age of new ideas and inventions.

Thornton is comprised in one long street, a wide level road and green combined. Many of the houses are ancient and of curious construction, some of which date back 250 years; the one, formerly the village inn, being particularly interesting. Thornton House is the substantial residence of the Chapman family. Scarcely a vestige of the Catholic Chapel, dedicated to St. Restitutus, which formerly stood above the east end of the village, remains above ground, and, more strange still, its very memory seems to be completely forgotten by the villagers, for to my repeated inquiry, not one seemed to know of its former existence, and two persons I questioned were well past three-score and ten, and another eighty-four. We found some difficulty in locating the spot—the house where our forefathers worshipped is fallen, and remembered no more. Relics of the ancient Chapel survive in the shape of an old bell and two tankards for the supplying of refreshments to mourners.

An ancient custom which lingered at this place through the changeful centuries, was on the death of an inhabitant to carry this bell through the village, and ring it by hand as a passing bell, a warning that whosoever heard it should pray for the soul of the departed; and on the day of burial, another peal called one member from every family to attend the funeral. The old custom of "Bidding" is still observed here: a member of the household of the dead person knocks at the door of each house in the village, and bids *one* from *every* family attend the obsequies.

Perhaps the most famous character that Thornton Rust can claim was the Ex-Master of the Wensleydale Hounds, John Chapman, who died at 85 years of age, at Thornton, in 1878. He was a 'Nimrod' indeed, and a man of such iron constitution that he, with impunity—it is related—after wading for most of a day with the Otter Hunt, never changed his clothes. If he had an attack of lumbago—his son in his "Reminiscences" says—he would go down to his beloved river and wade up and down, immersed to his waist for twenty minutes! Others might find his example deplorable—not he. When eighty-two, he sat in the garden until the rain soaked him, remarking that it "did him good, softened his old skin"; and no long time before that he hunted two or three days in succession, unconscious of having had *two or three ribs broken* by a fall! His son, Captain Chapman, who inherited his father's love of sport, has now been a cripple for many years by an affection of the spine. He even in his day has been a record-breaking sportsman: 67 salmon in the Yore in one season, and 85 brace of grouse on Bowes Moor in 1872, on the opening day, over dogs, all to his own gun.

From Thornton Rust the road west runs along the natural terrace by way of Cubeck to Worton, and then down across Yore to Askrigg. Northwards, a fine view is had of Nappa, its towers shewing to fine advantage among the woodland scarred slope; further away the bone-grey moor road zig-zagging above Askrigg's clustering houses up Green Mea ascent the pack-way to Summer Lodge and Low Row, and Muker 'over the tops,' used for long centuries by stalwart dalesmen, drovers, and brawny Scots' packmen.

Just where the road bends to the right and descends to Worton, stands Cubeck, a very old hamlet. A hale and robust man, John Horner Mudd, whose age was nigh four score years,

The Late John Chapman

and from whom I had oral information, as to his grandfather having been born here about the middle of the 18th century, and dying at a good old age. Dropping down the old lane to Askrigg, we pass in our way through Worton, a picturesque place, with an ancient Manor House, date 1600. This house will be found interesting both to the antiquary and historian. It was probably built by the Robinsons, one of whom died at this house, 1627. It was members of this family who were besieged for three days in Raydale House, by Sir Thomas Metcalfe of Nappa, with a force of sixty men, all fully armed; a person named Hodgson was killed in the affray, which is known in history as the Raydale House riot.

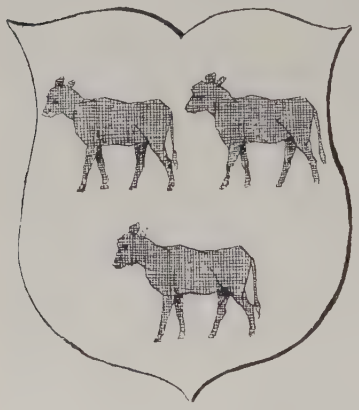
Of Worton, prosaic enough to-day, there hangs a legend. It runs that, once upon a time there was a 'Flower' of Worton, one Alice Smith, for whose hand were two rival claimants, between whom naturally there was a deadly feud. A fight ended in the death of one, Johnstone by name; his slayer hid the body and fled the country (for 'Sanctuary' had by then ceased to be a respected unwritten law). Alice grieved long over her absent lovers, dying at middle age twenty years later. Now for the sequel. Forty summers and more fled before there came to the hamlet an aged, toil worn man, who took up his residence there, unrecognised, and he wisely held his peace till upon his deathbed. He then told of the fatal fight, and the death of his rival in fair combat and of his own long nourished remorse. The story seems incomplete, somehow, but perhaps it is none the less like things in real life for all that. Ill deeds pursue us in their consequences: no real reparation or atonement is possible for the taking of life.

Nappa.

Before entering Askrigg we must make a pilgrimage to Nappa, the Hall at the foot of the Knapp or Knoll, a place so impregnated with Romance and what has been called the "Comedy of Race"—

the rise and fall, the ups and downs of a great old-time Dale clan, that of the Metcalfes, every visitor unto Wensley's dale must surely visit it, since it is the veritable "Shrine of the Mecca's." The clan is still as numerous as of yore, and every churchyard in the dale is eloquent of their fame and numbers.

It is "a lile mile" east of Askrigg, and the etymology of the name is not only apparent but redolent of the soil, of the ground where it is planted: Knab or Nab, Knap, Nap, or Knape, are allied words signifying a projecting portion of land—a ridge or rock—such a Knop jutting out here by the house. The Meccas, *i.e.*, the Metcalfes of Nappa, are in themselves a storied family of romance; and their old grey stone house, half castle tower, half manor-house, set sturdily and firmly under the protecting wall of scar at the back, faces down on the wood fringed meads between its cloistral garden and the sparkling reaches of the river Yore, with Bear Park and Wood Hall to the left, and Askrigg's dotted stone-walled pastures to the right It has been dubbed "No-Castle," although seen at a distance its two grey castellated towers of unequal height, certainly resemble one. A Metcalfe—one need not trouble ourselves here about the tale of how he got his patronymic—covered himself with glory at Agincourt, and his son bought land here, and built himself the hall, and established the name and fame of the Metcalfes in Wensleydale for all time. Old John Leland says this second Metcalf "waxed rich and builded the two faire towers" connected by the great hall. A Sir James Metcalfe



The Arms of the Metcalfes.

led 300 dalesmen *bearing all his own name*, and "in very known consanguinite," at Flodden, as his forbear had the Wensley Archers to Agincourt. The ancestry is traced back to Adam de Metcalfe, of Deneke or Dent, during the reign of Henry III., and from him to Arkefrith, a Danish chieftain who came over to England in the train of King Knut, and story says that Royal blood flows in their veins. The original coat bore "three black calves on a silver

Nappa Hall

shield"—a man of earth, a rearer of horned-stock. The view of Nappa Hall from the south is most striking, as the building is seen side on, and its bosoming of forest trees adds the foil of a varied green to its silver grey lines. In the Croft just to the east are foundations which no doubt mark the site of the old steading that sheltered the Meccas before and while the present hall was building. It is a peculiar, perhaps anachronistic, structure from the architectural point of view, with its high and low embattled

towers, and its modern Gothic 15th century doorway and Tudor windows, now half hidden by a trained-up evergreen—a *Pyracantha*—that in due season is beset with scarlet berries; but the story of the head of the Clan who dwelt here is more strange than any fiction one might make up. History, however, tells us, in chapter and verse, how Sir Christopher Metcalfe of Nappa mustered 300 men of his own name and ken, all in his livery, and mounted on white or grey chargers, and rode together to meet the Judges of Assize and conduct them to York; and Fuller says of this display, "that even the Roman Fabii, the most numerous tribe in the Latin City could not have made so brave a show." Tradition reports, too, that King James, the second Solomon, was once a guest here. We cannot swear by this, we give it as told, but we see no reason to gainsay the tradition, but of a truth, 'upon a day' a beautiful captive Queen was brought as a guest here, and a Guide used to show one the very bedstead—an Elizabethan four-poster—on which that lovely Queen lay: to sleep, *or* to be troubled by dreams of what had gone before, who dare say? But here in the great hall the Metcalfes entertained the Scropes, the Rouths, the Whaleys and the Robinsons, aye, and others farther afield. Here are quaint rooms and curious corners, and huge beams and ribs of oak, adze or axe-shaped, to last a thousand years. Access to the hall is gained through an arched gateway leading into a spacious courtyard—quite in the olden style; and the platform of the great tower is reached by a winding staircase. The great hall is open to the roof like the nave of a church, and finely proportioned. Seeing all this, it follows that while under its spell, one muses, and muses, the mind glimpsing and linking up scene after scene in those bygone days. It shows us the hall richly decorated with curious tapestry and carved oak panelling, coats of arms, trophies of the Metcalfe clan adorn the walls, and flowers lend brightness to the scene. To-night the

Queen Mary is a great guest of Sir Christopher Metcalfe, and the banquet hall resounds with song, mirth, and minstrelsy, and the illustrious guest-prisoner gracefully leads off the dance with Sir Christopher.

The ghost of Mary Stuart is said to hover around Nappa.* If that is so, the reminiscences of her two days' visit must have been of the pleasantest. Yet ghosts also haunt the scenes of their murder. The carved oak bedstead on which the Queen slept was preserved at the Hall until a few years ago, as was also a pair of hawking gloves, lately in the possession of Mr. Barwick, of Low Hall, Yeadon, near Leeds.

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* A lady staying at the Hall describes the apparition as follows:—"I was in the hall, playing hide-and-seek with the farmer's little girl, a child about four years old. The hall was dimly lighted by a fire, and by a light from a candle in a room in the east tower. While at play, someone entered the hall from the lower end, and walked towards the dais. Thinking it was the farmer's wife, I ran after her, and was going to touch her, when she turned round, and I saw her face. It was very lovely. Her dress seemed to be made of black velvet. After looking at me for a moment, she went on and disappeared through the door leading to the winding stone staircase in the angle turret of the west tower. Her face, figure, and general appearance reminded me of Mary, Queen of Scots."

CHAPTER XV.

Askrigg.

Continuing 'up dale' from Nappa, while the sun was raying down a suffused glory over the rims of the western hills, and the portals that give access to Semerdale, and the lake of the fabled "City"; we, ere long, attain to the end, almost, of our peregrinations: grim grey hard-featured old Askrigg, as keen cut and sombrely stern as the furrowed slope to which it seems to cling, nay—that has given it birth, for it is built of the local grey stone known as 'Greet.' Unique in some respects, architectural, and in its medley of character-lines of roof and chimney stack, on this evening of our approach it conveys to us an impression the reverse of "Drunken Barnaby's":—

> "No handsomeness about it,
> Askrigg—market noted;
> Neither Magistrate nor Mayor
> Ever was elected there.
> Here poor people live by knitting,
> To their trading, breeding, sitting."

Three things are to be noted in this jingle: first, in the 17th century, and later, it was a *market* town, more notable than Hawes; second, magistrates nor mayors were not there to see—a sarcastic allusion to an old annual custom of electing a kind of local Corporate Body, known as the 'Four Men,' who act as a sort of Parish Council, which is still observed; third, Barnaby's reference to the Knitting Needle, people whose handiwork was a staple industry not confined to the ladies, down to the closing decade of the nineteenth century.

In Askrigg we have a place-name derived from *Æsc*, the ash, and *rigge* (Anglo-Saxon), of elevated ground, that is, a ridge; an accurate designation for both are abundantly evident features of the vicinity—yet the prefix *Æsc*, water, may point to a stream which flows past the town.

Askrigg presents a grey, solitary, and grim aspect, for the old town partakes of the sombre hue of the surrounding hills; on closer acquaintance, however, the quaintness and beauty of its situation grow on the observer. It appears to best advantage when viewed from the moor road, east and north, leading from Askrigg to Reeth, for then Semmerwater lying amid encircling hills comes into view, quietly nestling at the foot of the hills; and the town standing on the last small ridge above the river. Seen thus, with the grey roofs of the old street twining, rising and dipping, and the large church and tower set apart a little; with the spirally ascending smoke adding tone to the view, and the scars ramifying on every hand—the scene is both romantic and picturesque.

Addlebrough uprears itself above the wooded rock ledge of Thornton rake as if designed by nature, in the first instance, for a fortress, or place of refuge. Entering the town from the west, the church is the first conspicuous point of interest, and is dedicated to St. Oswald; it is of 15th century date, and probably built on the site of an earlier structure, as this place is mentioned in Domesday Survey. The east end of the south aisle was formerly a private chapel of the Metcalfs of Nappa, and the burial-place of the family; only two defaced memorial slabs remain, from which brasses have been removed. It is likewise the burial-place of the Thorntons, the Lightfoots, the Aldersons, and the Pratts. A stone in the churchyard records that Miles Alderson, of Bainbridge, died in 1746, aged 76; and if we read this brief memorial aright, it leaves the impression that an honest lawyer must have been very

rare in those old days, for the epitaph further records that Alderson was "an honest attorney." How changed is the profession since those days! Who is bold enough to assert there is no honest lawyer to raise a memorial to now?

In the yard sleep at least four centenarians, last one buried here being Betty Webster, aged 106; it is to be hoped there are more such to follow. An entry in the Register tells of the baptism of Luke Stones, a foundling left at Askrigg on St. Luke's Day, December, 1780, on the hard flags, by some person 'unknown.' The name, Luke Stones, seems a very appropriate one. Another entry informs us that "*no Fox Heads will be paid for in Futer.*" Prior to this the destruction of that 'element of Sport' must have been strongly in evidence, or perhaps fox-hunting was only then beginning to have a vogue. The Wensleydale Hounds of the late Mr. Chapman would call for their quarry: otter mainly, but on occasion hares and hill foxes as well.

The ancient Toll-booth, that until late years stood besides the church gates, has been destroyed. It was a small two-storied building, the lower rooms being used as a lock-up. The fine Market Cross on many steps, still remains, and near hand it is the stone into which was fixed the ring to which bulls were tethered securely while being 'baited' for the amusement of the people. Opposite the Cross is the early Jacobean hall, with its antique balustraded balcony, a coign of vantage whence the sport of the bull-baiting could be viewed. It was built by William Thornton, in 1678, and with its nail-studded doors, its mullions, gables and balcony, forms an arresting feature of the bygone days. This building is the "Yoresett House" of Miss Jessie Fothergill's fine book, "Kith and Kin"; she took the poet's license in saying it was erected in the first year of the reign of Queen Bess (1558), near enough to give her story its romantic setting. Further up the

street, on the same side, is the King's Arms, a most commodious and comfortable hostel, typical in its furniture and rooms of those olden times when the "inn's best room" gave its "warmest welcome" to the weary journeyer with money in his pouch. The street winds in new-moon curve the gradual ascent to the apex of a ridge on the hill-slope, falling then a little into a depression from which it again zig-zags upwards to the moors past the riven

The Market Cross, Askrigg. (*Gilbert Foster.*

cleft of Green Mea ('mea,' a boundary) Gill. Nearly all the dwellings in Askrigg are of sombre uniformity, with a touch of the antique, over which the mystic spirit of Eld hangs dimly suggestive; in pre-railway days it was a remote place, resorted to by few except drovers, horse-dealers, and peripatetic pedlars and chapmen; the dalesmen dwelling round about it, and thronging its stony street, keen enough at a bargain but withal simple-minded and credulous enough where aught of mysticism and quackery was involved; belief in petty charms of all sorts was rife—the virtues

of goose-grease were not confined to the lubrication of cow-hide boots, and 'crane' oil (melted from the heronsew, and the fish-catching birds) was esteemed a sure cure for stiffened joints. Puff-balls were in use for staunching blood, and spider's webs too, whilst bunches of mugwort and bogbean were to be seen hung up up to the joists over the kitchen for use in fevers and other ailments in well nigh every dwelling house, with strange leathery-leaved kexes, and Saracen's woundwort, masterwort, and monk's rhubarb, grown in the angles of waste ground about the laithes and mistals where hay and horned stock were cared for. The "Vet" was almost as important a man as the human doctor—and even better paid, loss of 'stock' by death involving what could be immediately reckoned up at so many golden coins. Aye! sure enough, the very "Clink, clob-clink, clob" of our nailed boots as we pass up Askrigg's cobblestoned way, carries one's thoughts backward over a century or more, and makes one ponder on the vast changes that the roundabout of the years has brought. The fair's whirligigs themselves were first pushed round by hand, then by ponies, then by steam, and now—Ye Gods!– by the Lightning's applied force–Electricity; whilst sachets of strange smelling charms and philtres, long discredited, are now no more hawked about for country fair maids and herd-lads to spend their 'fasten-pennies' upon. Another change deserves mention: the now discontinued very singular custom, but one of great local importance, the "Garland" Race. Here it was run upon St. Oswald's day, the patron saint of the Church as of the Feast. It was instituted by a Lady to punish flirtatious lovers of the male sex, several of whom had laid siege to and captured her affections, but all had failed when the *real test* came, that of leading her to the altar. As year after year thinned the lady's cheek, and robbed her of its roses, she became embittered exceedingly against the gender she could lay no claim to, successfully; so, at her death, she left a small field, a mile north of

Askrigg, the rent thereof to be competed for annually in a race for males, to be run *up* a very steep incline known as the 'Garland Course.' The winner had to have a Garland of beautiful Flowers placed like a crown upon his head. The custom is obsolete, but as so often happens, the place of its performance retains the old name, to turn over the leaves of memory. There are, however, people still alive who have witnessed this Garland tourney, which

Askrigg from the East. [*Owen Bowen.*

tried to the full the powers of longest and strongest-winded, but it seems a strange punishment for the neglectful in Love—a gift in coin and a crown of blossoms.

Up to 1880, perhaps even later, as at Hawes and other places in the dale, the industry of hand-knitting engaged the fingers of many persons of both sexes: men in charge of carts, or herding sheep and cattle, would ply the needles, and on a visit to other

dales carry their unfinished work with them to fill in the time and pauses in conversation; even lovers went courting with their knitting. And as late as 1880, Dr. Lees informs me how, calling at Carperby on the late Thomas Willis (father of the noted sheep farmer), he found him knitting a quilt. On the long winter evenings, in kitchen and parlour alike, callers would congregate, and both music and song, or 'gossip and tale-telling,' would be punctuated by the 'click-click' of the bright steel needles, one of which rested in a holder affixed to the waist belt of the knitter. Up to the middle of the 19th century there were two or three yarn mills in the place.

Askrigg was also noted for its Grandfather's Clock-makers, and for that other open weighted sort known as a "Wag at the wa'." This craft dates back as far as 1670: men had time, then, for these deliberate occupations which occupied time and patience. The Caygills were the earliest makers of clocks, and their productions are greatly valued. Steel (on a small scale) was formerly manufactured here, and Art work in wrought iron. On the black signpost of the Past, not yet forgotten here, is the murder of the Scots' Laird on the moor above Askrigg. Two of the inhabitants bearing well-known dale names were keenly suspected of being the authors of the dark deed. They were, it appears, seen in the company of the Laird at Richmond, and it is supposed waylaid and murdered him. This story, too, has been woven up into a novel by Miss Caroline Marriage, "The Luck of Bare-Rakes." A dalesman, at the grey hour of evening murk, was 'out' after two strayed 'staggs,' when he heard fearsome cries of "Murder!" and the sound of heavy blows struck. A variant of this, told to the writer in Askrigg itself, is to the effect that the agonised shriek of Murder was overheard by a couple of lovers who had wandered far in love's absentmindedness, saw the culprits in the act of removing the corpse, and sheltered in the lee of the wall of a laith what

time the dead body of the Laird was temporarily hung up on a hook inside! The perpetrators seemed to have gained some knowledge of this, and offered the young people a substantial sum as "hush-money." It was accepted! and the pair were promptly wed, the man taking a small farm on 'the Rakes,' but ill luck dogged his efforts in all his projects. His cattle died mysteriously, and hard upon a good 'deal' in sheep a great flood burst from the hills and swept them all away. A Judgment! the Askrigg whisperers said. Old, and even middle-aged people will tell one that should any dispute arise and one of those concerned bear *the well-known name* of the men to whom the murder was imputed, the taunt of the relationship would be flung in his teeth instantly! Lads at play, even, will take an unfair advantage over their rivals by a cowardly use of the patronymic taunt.

Gilbert Bradley says that the old people in the dale "bemoan the time when fowk hed a menceful funeral, when men hed decent hat-bands, and crape, and silk scarves; an't wimmen hed silk hoods; an' them 'et belong't tut deead hed a bit o' nice crape." In those days, too, the practice of "Bidding" to a burying was by sending a piece of sponge-cake in a black-edged envelope to nearly every house in the place. The village draper who supplied the silk, attended with a stock of black leather gloves; and the parson always 'came in for' five yards of silk! In all this we have the reason why the lapse of the custom is so lamented, and also why the wife of the parson wore a silk gown, if not of numerous patches like Joseph's Coat, still one of varying qualities and shades. The pall was made of black velvet, silk-lined, and when used the coffin was borne on the shoulders of stalwart dalesmen all wearing hat-bands with streamers. Only the very poorest failed to give a funeral dinner of roast meat and baked funeral cakes, which were washed down by beer handed round in a real silver tankard. One story says, that a droughty old dalesman attended a burying without hat-band and gloves, but he was usually thirsty, nevertheless; on being rebuked for his omissions in his tiring, he answered, "Ah but I'm sore eneugh previed, but 'a mourn inwardly, ye knaw!" A dalesman will, perhaps warn one from crossing the moor when the mists are hanging around, and say, "Doan't gae far frae heam when't mists gannin' up, for what gauns up is sewer to cum

Askrigg from the North. [*Owen Bowe*

doon wet."—"T'mune's laaid on her back, sho hauds watter, and we sall hev a terr'ble sloppy month." These old weather-prophets have also a great dislike to sea-gulls flying about and skirling in the time of haying, as their presence so far from the sea shore is a sure portent of tempest. Perhaps their doggerel 'nominy' has some foundation behind it, they say,

"Sea-gull! Sea-gull! Get thee on't sand—
It'll nivver be fine while thou's o't land."

We have not exhausted the lore, but we must leave others to fill full the cup of local wisdom and superstition.

Yet we have something grand and charming for the eye to see, so hasten on to Whitefell Gill, with its two silver-sheet Forces, both so contrastively beautiful. As the westering sun gilds the Yore in its curving course into a succession of golden sickles laid on an emerald field of sweet turf, and the becks sound their lullabies as they hurry to their couching in the same river bed, we follow a field path past the mill—once a Yarn-Mill—towards the lower cascade. It is only about half a mile north-west of the village, at the upper end of the lower of two glens which are separated by a comparatively level terrace of pasture land. Mill Gill is a precipitous glen full of natural wood, with some planted larches, more of which trees form the sparse stunted hanging copse we can see on the fell side two miles away, climbing they seem to the steep scree below the White Fell ridge. The path leads us past the ruinous yet picturesque mill, over a rustically quaint bridge, and along the glen side until we reach the gate that leads us gradually down the west side of the steep gorge to the foot of the fall. The sides of the gorge are beflowered with blossom, and sprayed with ferns and diamonded with drops of water. Looking upward towards the rim of the rift, the stream above appears to leap out of the blue sky, a snowy flushed volume, which darts as it falls this way and that into the olive-hued pool eighty feet below. Many are the rare wildings that exist inaccessible to all but daring hands here: filmy Ferns and yellow-

starred Yorkshire Pride, the lesser Wintergreen and the Baneberry, the silvan yellow Snapdragon and the wild red Rock-currant, are all here, or nearly all, washed down from the wilder finer Force in Whitefell Gill a mile or so higher up. The upper fall is more difficult of approach and is much wilder, and has the torch of the Lady's Slipper Orchis to light up its tangled shades in their noon-

The Lady's Slipper Orchis.
[Photographed from a Plant found near Askrigg.]

day twilight in one place: but exactly where, is known only to one or two local residents, and to reveal a shrine of that sort might lead to a desecration.* Whitefell Force should be seen: clad in summer foliage it is a wild Norwegian mountain temple of Nature; in winter, snow and ice around one, seen under those conditions, it is like the fabled cave of the Vennsberg, lighted by a million jewels in their native ore, a scene of sparkling grandeur quite indescribable.

This evening, the sun sinking slowly as we wander up above the falls, the scene that like a portfolio opens its pictures before us, is indeed soul satisfying. The sunset sharpens the contrasts, the ravines in dark shadow, the hill slope opposite in purple and grey, yet a marvellous sea of shimmering gold-dust seems to rest on the church and on the roofs of Askrigg, whilst the Yore can be traced, a deep blue line at intervals away to our right hand until Ten End and the bulk of the ridge about Mossdale Head cuts off the view in that direction. Bainbridge slumbers, as it were, in a nest in its hammock of hills, although the far-away ridge line beyond Semerwater shield-shaped mirror is framed in glowing lines and points like the pinnacles of the Turkish Capitol, the "Golden Horn" seen as if in a dream through unaccountable magic.

We have now reached the wall barrier and look down on the steep winding gill of Whitefell, with the sharp table-top summit of Addlebrough rising squarely like some castle's keep, over Thornton Rake. Dropping down from Stag's Fell (2,215 feet), we gain

* The valuable specimen of the Lady's Slipper Orchis, from which this photograph was taken, was gathered in one of the steep gills of Upper Wensleydale, in June, 1906. Mr. J. G. Baker, the author of "The Flora of North Yorkshire," and one of our greatest English Botanists, said that it was the first time he had heard of it in the dale. In this place, as in the adjoining valley of the Wharfe, where the plant still lingers, its habitats are carefully kept secret.

the ancient trackway that in olden time led from Bolton Castle past Nappa, through the lone hamlets of Helm and Skellgill (with its deserted lead mine outbuildings now showing spare and stark like gallows), over Castle Rigg and Lunds Fell into the West Country. At the foot of Whitefell Gill is New Park, and from there to High Seat (which embraces all the district known as High and Low Abbotside) the Earl of Wharncliffe is Lord of the Manor.

Helm is only the smallest of settlements, and a mile west of it on Sargill Beck is another, that of Skell Gill. Formerly both were of more importance than now, being on the road from Lancaster to Richmond, and had two or three inns. The mines were worked too in those days. Skellgill was for long (it is said) troubled by the ghost of one Nichol, who could not rest. At one farm his visitations compelled the farmer in occupation to remove: Nichol went with him! Things at last got to such a pitch that the services of a cleric, celebrated for "reading ghosts down" were requisitioned, and with "Bell and Book and Candle," ye Parson despatched him so successfully that Nichol was never heard of more. It sounds incredulous to-day, but there are oldsters who vouch for it—we do not express an opinion

From Sargill's banks we may follow the beck and trip it down to Bow Bridge, which dates back to the time when the Abbey of Fors was in course of construction. Just above the bridge is the Waterfall of Fors (Norse for a force), whence the abbey got its name. The antiquity of the bridge can be most readily grasped by observing the four ribs on the under side—it is now twice as wide as originally. On the west bank stands Coleby Hall, a Tudor structure, built out of the ruins of the adjoining abbey. There are evidences of this: the initials I C., with the date, 1633 (when the hall was built), but this outer arch of the porch is late

Norman and has evidently come from the abbey. The under doorway is square headed, has seen a prior use, and is likely enough derived from the same source. The massive oaken front door is Tudor in design, studded with squared projecting nail heads—and such of which we have seen many in the dales—are most interesting, but whether these double-planked pinned and nailed doors were for ornament or to resist marauding attack we cannot say. Besides a ponderous double lock, there was formerly a stout oaken bar on the inside to further barricade against entry. The front windows have mullions and plain label mouldings. There is a massy chimney stack, and the whole forms a most impressive example of the early 17th century Tudor structure, having adapting

Coleby Hall. [*Edmund Bogg.*

to their uses the pre-existent Norman-Gothic doorways. The owners, the Colebys, were notables in the dale, and for some time early in this same century a Coleby tenanted Nappa—he had lent money to Sir Thomas Metcalfe on their estate. A John-de-Coleby, of Coleby Hall, seems to have acquired the character of being wild and reckless, and broke his neck whilst galloping a white mare after a drinking orgy one dark night, from Bainbridge to his home. Dalesmen, of course, cap this short course by telling of a phantom horseman to be seen "on a dark night," chasing between Bain's brigge and Bow brigge, and he they asseverate, if they don't quite swear it, is John-de-Coleby.

Bow Bridge and Grange formerly shared with other places hereabouts the craft of Clockmaking, the most esteemed maker of clocks being John Ogden, and now and again an antique, with brass face, is inscribed with his name.

Opposite the mouth of the little river Bain where it falls into Yore, formerly stood the Abbey of Fors. For a fuller account we refer the reader back to our chapter dealing with Jervaulx and its origin here. There are now only few remains determinable with certainty. The inequalities of the ground suggest covered up foundations, and the earthwork, "the Monks' Wall," shews the bounds of the monastic grounds. There was one curious privilege among others the monks were allowed. They might take to their own use all game and beasts of chase that were found "wolf bitten," which goes far to prove the wild state of this district at that period. Fors Beck runs through this area. A few splayed or moulded stones lie about, and a small lancet window is walled into a later building near by.

Immediately across the Yore here, on the south bank, east of the Bain running northwards from Semmerwater, is upreared the bold bastion bulk of Addlebrough. By the Bain, at the

foot of Addlebrough, on the east, is the earthwork that meant, long before the monks' day, the Roman camp of Bracchium. To us the Abbey of Fors seems to have been planted in a pleasant spot, but the monks of the 12th century thought differently. In their day it was a god-forsaken land enough, wild enough with wilder neighbours, on the confines of nowhere. Superstition ruled even then: the wild cry of the Bain and Grange becks when in

Grange Beck. [*Edmund Bogg.*

flood, were compared to the cry of the dreaded Water-Sprite of Evil in chase of human prey; and dales' folk in the olden days gave the spot as wide a berth as they could when the waters were out, believing devoutly as they did in the weird wiles that beguiled men against their better judgment. Let us leave this lore at that in its lair. It is easy to understand how such superstitions originated—the rivers evolve the same sounds to-day as they did a thousand years ago.

CHAPTER XVI.

Bainbridge.

A very few minutes' walk from Fors, across the fine substantial bridge over the Yore, and we soon enter Bainbridge town—a place that if we take the green area for a bay, resembles a seaside town. Up-dale, Hawesward, the farmhouses are not numerous but lie snugly sheltered by plantings on the lower terraces of Wether Fell, up which the stone-fenced grass-grown green road leads by a long easy ascent to Cam End. The lower undulations of this south slope west of Bainbridge are known as Catriggs. Across these huge land-warts, the river has in the course of ages had to carve out many a course, and the whitewashed farm houses, set in their swarth, make a fine foil, the olive brown of the pasture land and the gaunt grey barn buildings, here called laiths. In this view, with the clustering roofs of Burtersett nearest, and the glistening slates of Hawes in the further distance, with the promontory-like hill capes of Ten End, Cotter End, Lunds and Wild Boar Fell forming a wall-like back to the whole, we have a picture that we must perforce dwell upon with a sense of satisfaction such wide prospects evoke, ere we turn to taste the more immediate hospitalities of 'bonny Bainbrigge' itself, a townlet that endears itself to all the more they know it.

Bainbridge is a brown and grey village, set as on the strand of some pristine bay scattered round the rim of a large green sloping various ways, making a foil cool and refreshing and spacious to the irregular circle of dwellings which encircles it. As one sees

it from the diminutive Friends' Meeting House and its burial ground on the brow of the brae, we ascend from the Yore bridge. We make a mental note of it, for it is the key to the view. Above the humble unpretentious dissenting God's acre where the stern old Friends sleep, their names in life unindicated and nothing to show their clay's whereabouts save the grass grown mounds of

Bainbridge. [*Smithson*

earth. It is the season when rooks are busy nesting overhead in the lofty umbrageous sycamores and wych-elms, amid a running fire of "Caw-caw-caw!" Lads sport on the green, an old dalesman driving a horse hooked to a cart painted a bright red adds a martial splotch of colour to the scene; blue smoke curls lazily up from the lichen-coloured roofing flags, and is wafted hither and thither by air currents; the Bain can just be heard

swishing (as it were) its way to its fate—the Yore, indifferent as it sounds, for the rallies behind are unceasing; above the town, a white hill road reaches round and over the lower swells of Addlebrough, a guide-post pointing the way into Wharfedale over the 'Staked' high brown moor pass; to our right, at the north end of the green, stands the Rose and Crown hostelry, one of the oldest licensed houses in the dale, if not the oldest existing still. It dates from 1415. The Forest Horn is still blown, as from days immemorial, and the village Stocks still 'adorn' the western margin of the green, for Bainbridge and its vicinage is a place of historic antiquity, and its occupation by restless Man goes back into the mists of time before such things as Charters were.

Over the Bain stream is Brough Hill, a great mound of glacial drift age, set almost in the centre of the valley (as it is now), and upon it the Romans judiciously planted their camp of Bracchium. Good was their choice, for with enemies on every side among the wild hills, it would be held impregnable, in spite of the many desperate attempts that one would imagine were made upon it, in fact, this district has been a stern battling ground, and one can almost catch the sound of arms clashing and welling up from the aisles of old time. The Camp covers about five acres of ground, and the entrenchments, shewing the plan of its compartments, are still plainly evident to any eye which knows what to expect. It was the 'Winter' Camp—that occupied during the Summer Solstice was on the very top of Wensleydale's 'Table-mountain,' Addlebrough. It was a bold natural stronghold, with an impregnable front bastion of rock, one against which the old British might waste their strength in vain. From these two camps, Roman roads ran north, south and west into Swaledale, and so on to Bowes and Brough, over the furrow of the Wether Fell ridge to Ribblesdale, and south over the Stake to Ilkley's Olicana. What a change has come to pass since those days of un-castled Latin strongholds of

nearly 2,000 years ago! And yet vestiges and relics of both camps and engineered approaches still testify to the thoroughness and foresight of this Island's Eastern Conquerors. There were truly

George Terry. [*Ernest Forbes.*

"giants" in those days, although some stalwart specimens of dalesmen are still to be met with in the 'degenerate' race of the dale, tall, lank, bony men, whose years count up nigh to a century. It is no uncommon sight yet to see farmers, whose ages range from

80 to 86 years, going out to milk the cows about the upland sheds. The last time the writer was in the 'town,' Peggy Thompson and Margaret Coates were fast approaching their century, and George Terry (whose portrait is given) in his 86th year is a fine example of an Anak of our dale. The Roman Camp is on the land in his occupation, and relics from it can be seen in his garden.

In Saxon and Norman times, Wensleydale was a vast forest, the haunt of numerous wild beasts. In 1228, Fitz Randulph, Lord of Middleham, was summoned by Randulph (De Meschines), Earl of Chester and Lincoln, to know by what warrant he made towns and raised edifices in the Earl's forest of Wensleydale. His answer was, that the town of Beyntbrigge was of the ancestors of the said Randulph, by the service of keeping that forest, so that they should have there abiding twelve foresters, with a horse for each. In the time of Richard I, we find a Metcalfe, ancestor of the Metcalfes of Nappa, chief forester of Wensleydale forest, and the Metcalfe clan are still the most numerous in the valley. One tradesman has over fifty different Metcalfe families on his ledger list. Many years ago, a Richard Metcalfe paid his marriage fee in Farthings, and the nick-name "Farthing Dick" has stuck to him and the eldest of his house ever since!

In 1345, we find Sir Peter Routh, chief forester of the forest, and his descendants dwell in the district unto this day. How changed is the aspect of this district since then! Enclosed by stone walls, and, in parts drained, few reminders of the Old Forest remain.

Yet an old custom still lingers at Bainbridge, linking the memory to the past: every night at 10 o'clock, from the feast of Holy Rood, Sept. 27th, to Shrovetide, the forest horn is sounded, as a guide to benighted travellers who may have lost their way amongst the mountains—a not uncommon event, as many a one has found to his undoing in the past when more travelling afoot was done than now. The long drawn sounding

wail of the horn conjures up pictures out of the dim past. Shadowy figures of huntsmen in old-time costume flit before our mental gaze. The horn now in use is that of an African ox, slaughtered at Pietermaritzburg, Natal, in 1864, and was presented by a Mr. Harburn, of Bishop Auckland. There were formerly two horns in existence; the first of them was blown by old James Metcalf, known in the village as "Aud Jim Purins," to distinguish him from the many other families of that name. He gave up office in 1864, at the age of 87 years, having blown from a youth. He excelled as a blower, keeping up a long, loud blast. James

The Horn-Blower of Bainbridge. [*Ernest Forbes.*

Metcalf, son of the above, was next in succession, but he failed to blow at the proper hour, so a new horn was procured. Of the two old horns, that one blown by James Metcalf, locally "Aud Jim Purins," tradition says was many centuries old; and the other one, which "Jimmy Blead" blew, is said to have been used as far back as 1611. One of the ancient horns is preserved in Bolton Castle, and occasionally blown for interested visitors. It is now many years since (I think) the late James Horner, at our request obliged us by several long deep-sounding blasts, which soon brought all the children of the village around us, it being 'drinking' time, and the news having already spread that "Oud 'Orner was to hev his likens ta'en." Jim 'Orner, as he was locally called, had only a chequered means of subsistence, and in winter time was often put to sore straits wherewith to find a meal Summer time was Jim's harvest; the gentlemen to whom he acted as guide on fishing excursions, as a rule, acted very generously towards him. Jim was ever a sure guide, as he invariably pointed out the dubs—holes that held the fish. He was wont to say to fishermen, throw into this or that dub, "it's a smittle spot," a curious mal-use of the word smittling—which means contagious—in the sense of good for catching fish.

It is a wild walk in stormy weather to the Roman Summer Camp on Addlebrough, though only 1,550 feet above sea level. The natural rocky plateau has something artificial about it: one cannot banish the impression of the sounding tread of the long gone cohorts, and the feeling is deepened by the evidences of a still earlier occupation—dwellings of the old British, who were gradually dispossessed. It is a fine natural stronghold, huge blocks of gritstone lie stranded at the base of the hill, their position suggestive of having been hurled from the plateau's scarp by some defenders on an attacking force; but geologists say this is very doubtful, regarding the huddle of boulders as due to some natural "slip" with cracking of the higher beds of rock. The writer, however, will not soon forget the day of tempest when he visited the spot in the company of Owen Dinsdale, of Gayle, "Soldier Owen" (so dubbed because an ancestor of his was at one time a soldier), an interesting companion, being well versed in the local

topography. The wind wailed a Requiem for the long gone, until it seemed verily as if the place was rife once again with warring voices. Near the summit of the mount is an isolated rock of vast size, with a large groove running round it. A second huge stone, on the east scarp, bears the name of the 'Devil's Stone.' The curious markings on it are accounted due to the pressure of the Devil's fingers. Few traces of the Roman Camp are to be seen now, although Camden saw some in his time, but so naturally protected is the site that probably the Romans needed to make but little alterations by entrenchment, &c., for a temporary summer stay here. There is an immense uneven circle of stones which Professor Phillips thought were of Druidical origin.

Aaron Knaggs, a well-known Dalesman.

On the moor edge, half a mile south of the farm standing by the 'green road' leading to Buckden, locally known as Carpley Green, is a vast stone Raise or Kist-vaen of stones. It is of course reputed to inurn a rich treasure, known for generations as the Golden Chest of Greenhey. Strange are the tales told by the local people of "unheard of wealth" lying buried, and of weird sounds as of conflicting armies. The woman at Carpley pointed out the

cairn to us, but added a warning note that when we got there "Ye'll find nowt bud a great heap a stanes." Well, this Kist-vaen *was* opened, many years back, and the skeleton of a chieftain of great stature was unearthed; the treasure chest of that or some other primeval savage was not, and has not yet been discovered—for, take heed ye matter-of-fact money hunters, it is said *the lucky one* must first see the wraith of the ancient warrior to whom it belonged, who will *then shew under which part* of the immense Raise it is hidden! May this help any reader who is imaginative enough to find it—having seen the wraith he must keep silence—*he has then but to stretch out his hand, and draw it forth.* Ugh! it is an eerie lonesome spot this monument of an old world; not a human habitation in sight save one, wild mountain wastes all around. The stones that go to make up the 'Raise' are nearly uniform in size, and about eight to twelve inches across. The centre of the cone is hollow, either through some antiquary's curiosity or the greed of gain, the chieftain's resting place has been disturbed and his bones removed. If the visitor be sufficiently imaginative, he will hear in the wind's voice strange sounds as of conflict; it is the confusion of battle welling up the centuries. Perhaps it may be that dire strife of the Celtic race, in their long struggle with the all-Conquering Roman; or, peradventure, mingled with the shriek and wailing of the storm blast and roar of mountain torrents, he may hear the spirits of the long since departed bards sorrowing over those slain in battle, or bewailing in mournful chant the desecrated tomb of their chief.

We return to Bainbridge after this excursion to the Celt's grave, by the stony 'Stake' road, which leads south, and where the stone fences cease is *staked* out, so as not to be missed in winter time when snow lies thick on the ground. Old Addlebrough's rough slope rises to our right, and to our left lies Semer-lake in its lap of earth dimly seen under the dark clouds that hang above it.

The scene is never unlovely whatever the day, but most beautiful, of course, on one of those blue and silver days

"When clouds are highest up in air"

and the heart shaped tarn water can be seen reflecting them as in a mirror; and the varied background of olive pasture and beryl-hued scars can be discerned in all their beauty of contour and colour. We have dealt with Semerwater already—this is our last view. Accident makes it one of melancholy wind harping to colour effects of the most sombre, as we take the downhill road to Bainbrigge—"far from the madding crowd"—an old-world village that we cannot better bid farewell to than by describing in the heartfelt words of a native-born poet, the Rev. William Scarr, who was educated at Yore Bridge Grammar School, and in after years in a Lincolnshire town, and in his "My Mother's Book," he writes, as a homesick alien, of Bainbridge as resting, contented and contenting in itself,

"Within the folds and mountains far away,
Where waters rushed the clefted rocks between,
And lifted up their voices night and day—

. . . . . .

A land of ivied crags, and dancing brooks,
Of purple heath and valleys green and gay,
And dim old woods with fairy wild-rose nooks—
Oh! Home among the mountains far away."

The Tale of Wensley's Wild Flowers.

F. ARNOLD LEES, M.R.C.S, ENG.

The story may not take long in the telling, but in these days of largely awakened interest in that aspect of a country ramble which gives the most pleasure to the largest number, it may well supplement the account of the history antiquities and folk-lore of the people which Mr Bogg supplies in this volume.

A moment's reflection will account for the popularity of the posy; rocks bear mute witness to former cycles of wild-life, but they need special education to interpret their history; and birds and animals can fly or run, and so largely avoid observation, while plants at every stage of their growth (except as winged seeds) are stationary. Plants, too, are decorative, many of them clamorously pretty, and the heart is sad or callous indeed that does not give a leap of joy when eyes first chance, after a long cold winter and backward spring, on a group of nodding daffodils—of which there is a plenty in lower Wensleyvale, or a ready-made handful of odorous violet, sheltering in the lewth of some hedge of blackthorn crowned with silver-white thorn-beset stars of blossom. And who can pass a bank with a score vedettes of glove-fingered Foxgloves without a thrill, or the first buff boss of Primrose in the arcaded stool of a nut-tree, or a sheaf of turquoise Forget-me-nots by some quiet creek of a babbling beck that alone of all things can hurriedly pass them by?

Well, then, it only need be added that just as all flowers do not show off their beauties all at one time, so they did not clothe the surface all from the same date; some are much more ancient squatters than others, and they all tend, more or less quickly to vacate their sites and make way for others. Gaps or breaches are quickly filled, in a sort of natural rotation, and it has always been so. Formerly pines, oaks, and alders grew where is now a trenched and quaggy peat moor; and so, as the centuries roll on the silting-up Semmer-lake that now nurtures the yellow Water-Lily and the three-petalled floating Alisma natans in its bosom, and the golden Fleur-de-lis,

the purple Loosestrife, and the great Spearwort buttercup on its marge, with bronze-plumed Reed and "Water Caltrops," as Dr. Fothergill of Carr End called it, will be things of the dead past there, and where swam the bream will browze the Kyloe on daisied bent! That seems a long look ahead, but it is no greater transformation than has taken place, eons ago, on the scene of our remarks. Without shadow of a doubt there was not any Semmerwater once; tho' whether it appeared suddenly, whelming a community through some convulsion of nature blocking the outflow of the Bain is another matter; the fairy tale of the vicinity had some foundation, just as truly as there is no smoke without fire.

To our subject, then. An intimate acquaintance, as assiduously followed as a friend, with the dumb but none the less lovable wild-flowers of Wensleydale impels me to take Dr. John Fothergill's list of 121 "Plants Found in Wensleydale" (as given in Barker's "Three Days" volume of 1854) as my text, and first analyse it and then amplify it with double purpose; (1) to interest the expert visitor and lead him all agog over enchanted ground to see—what he shall see! and (2), yet more important, to show forth the general accuracy and therefore reliability of that list. It was, truly, a wonderful one for the state of knowledge in his time, more than three-quarters of a century ago, considering as well the many interests—humane as well as scientific—which claimed his physicianly attention and time.

During the writer's connection with the district, added to which was the labour in search of Prof. Percival (now of the Kent Agricultural College, but then of Carperby), only some dozen or so of distinct species of fine flower-bearing wild plants were added to the Fothergill tale; but between us we verified and confirmed the occurrence of each and every one of the Fothergillian "finds" save and except *four* out of the 121, or perhaps only *three*, since by one name, Pyrola "rotundifolia" may have been meant not the rare true Linnean "rotundifolia" but rather the rotund-leaved Wintergreen, Pyrola *minor*, which I found growing, in a great patch, like a pink wax-belled Lily of the Valley, on a slipping, shady bank on the western lower side of Mill-gill gully. In "Raydale," Fothergill's station, it may very well yet occur (altho' only minor again, was seen by me there), to add still another leaf to the wreath with which botanists would crown the brows of that much-beloved man of medicine.

In all Fothergill's names there is only one probable error, the inclusion of Salix "*reticulata*"—the little oval-leaved, net-wrinkled Scottish Alpine 'Saugh' or Sallow. It affects only the most exposed braes and corries of alpine heights in Perth, Sutherland, and Westerness now, but from its

remains, as skeletonised leaves, found in the deepest layers of the peat deposits, we know it grew, in bygone days at much lower levels over a wider area. Its little brother, the "Least Sallow" *(S herbacea)* still just survives on Whernside and Dod and Cross Fells; so, if a case of misname, what the Doctor found may have been that; on the other hand it would surprise no botanist to learn that it was really what he thought it, for there must be many hundred square acres of uninviting moor rigg waste on which the eye of an expert herbarist has never fallen. On the likeliest ground known to the writer, and there only, he confirmed the Fothergillian record for the Alpine Rue (*Thalictrum alpinum*) which grows on the wet, barren chert stony shoulder of Dod Fell nigh the summit. There the limestone has undergone some change or decomposition, and a peculiar sparse flora characterises the flinty-strewn and black merly soil, an Alpine Rush, with three flowers only at the apex of its two-inch stem, and in such small clefts and niches as there are the vase-like tufts of the gland-clothed alpine Buckler-fern *(Lastrea alpina)*; many yards above the ground where the Knout or Cloud-berry manages to flourish among the Crowberry, and mingles its orange rasp-like fruits with the clustered dead-black pellets of the other.

One sure misnomer there is, too, in Fothergill's list. His "Musk" Orchis ("*Ophrys Monorchis*") is really the small inconspicuous white-flowered "Frog" Orchis, *Habenaria albida.* This dots the steep fine turf on the slopes of Semmerdale, above the Gayle slate-flag quarries, and, with the sweet scented "Clove 'goss'" *(Gymnadinia conopsea)* in Fossdale and Grange Gill on the north side of the main vale.

For the rest, the hairy-leaved rock Red Currant, and the red tasteless Alpine Curant *(Ribes petræum* and *R. alpinum* respectively) grow both in Grange Gill, among the rock-fringing thickets over Hardraw Scar, and in plenty, quite a grove of *alpinum*, on the very steep scree wood just above Aisgill Force on the east side.

One beautiful star-flower, the Chickweed Wintergreen, grows in vast profusion in "Widdale Car" pine plantation, which being the only British plant with seven stamens Dr. Fothergill would surely have mentioned had he seen it. The writer appears to have been the first to wander through that particular plantation, but—this is the point!—the car is a planted grove, so may not this lovely wilding, *Trientalis europœa*, its Latin name, have come into being there since Fothergill's day? That is the 'moral' of a flower 'find'; it may be a recent integer in the flora, its seeds or some part of its white, creeping rootlets carried there, and set there with soil among the interlaced fibres of the seedling firs. We know this to be a naturally accomplished fact in the case of the Creeping Pine Orchis (Goodyera), in that way introduced to

Houghton Woods in the York East Riding, and (probably) the same afforestating method accounts for the two-leaf May-lily in Forge Valley, and the twin-bloom Northern Belle named after Linnæus, the Adam of botany, which has been known for a decade or more on Silpho Moor, Scarborough; all these items doubly interesting as being probable *replacements*—substitutions for the loss of others through draining or other human interference with pristine conditions of the soil. Other flowers, in seed state, have actually been known to be conveyed from one place to another in the cakes of mud adherent to the legs and flanks of cattle, or in the matted, dirty tags of wool about the rump and hams of sheep. Everyone knows how rivers in spate transfer germs of herbs, but too few are aware of the more curious incidental shuttlecocking and shifting which bird and beast and man himself occasion among the wild flowers in the great garden of the woods and fields. A while back an American arrow-leaved prickly Knotgrass sprang up in a certain district in Kerry, Ireland, and as mysteriously 'budded' as the Rod of Aaron, its coming being at last accounted for by the fact of its places of growth being where *returned Emigrants* from the far North-West had emptied out their palliasses, the steerage mattresses they had brought back with them—the Knotgrass undoubtedly came in the straw.

Another class of Wensleyvale herbs, found growing by Dr. Fothergill about gaardies and laithes, and persisting, are those with some real or supposed virtues, as cattle medicines. The Masterwort *(Peucedanum Ostruthium)* is one of these, it grows about Rookhurst, Gayle. The Sweet Cicely Kex, which got its name from Cicely, wife of William de Meschines, foundress of the Priory at Embsay, was largely used as an aromatic and corrective in Norman times. The Monk's "Rhubarb," which grew by the Beck at Bow Bridge (Fors), in 1885, owes its plot of earth to Peter, the pioneer in the doubly 'lost cause' there; whilst the Danes and Normans undoubtedly are responsible for the Wild Wallflower of some old rocks and walls about Middleham, for the Bistort or 'Easter-giants'—the puce-spiked heart-leaved Snakewort of the low-lying meads; it had a great vogue as a pot-herb (the tops, boiled like Spinach), and its roots as a cure for fluxes. Returned Crusaders from the Holy Wars brought back with them the Saracen's Woundwort, which, neglected now, yet flaunts its untidy and torn pennons of bloom in many a garth-angle nigh orchard or farm.

The great bulk of "Fothergill's flowers"—how he would have 'prossed' with pride had he heard them so styled!—still adorn the 'tale' of Wensleyland, albeit space will not allow of our mentioning a tithe of them. The Goutweed—the Brethren needed it or they would hardly have fostered its growth—has spread along shady hedgebanks out of bounds in many a spot.

The Colchicum 'Crocus' tufts the fields from below West Witton with its tulipy blades in spring, and the same meads by the Iseur (Ure or Yore) with puce crocuses as the nuts begin to fall—plop!—in the Hammer Haggs and the glorious 'Freeholders' Wood at Carperby. The Enchanter's Nightshade, "Cinderellen" (as it is sometimes called) among flowers, in its haunt—the ground-floor department of shrubbery and spinney—Fothergill placed first of all in his list, companioned by the greasy yellow-butter leaved Yorkshire Sanicle—who "had it" needed "no surgeon," since its leaf was a cure-all salve—and both of these do their duty—to look as best they can, in the state of life in which it has pleased God to put them, as wholly as of old.

The Belladonna of that one of the Fates distinguished as Atropa—did she use it for her eyes, or were they death-dealing without?—still grows near Bishopdale's Burton, perhaps brought there, but its head centre is North Yorks; and by the larches on the flagrock debris a mile to the north of Leyburn in 1885 flourished that track-mark of Danish occupation, the flesh-colour flowered Dwarf Elder, which was used by the Flemings for making a blue dye, and up to late years was employed for the same purpose in the 'blanket' district of West Yorkshire, which accounts in some measure for its greater frequency in manufacturing areas (as a 'Persister,' tho' neglected now) than in the far-out country districts. It grows in a hedge near Leckby 'Pallace' farm, however, as already indicated by Mr Foggitt in his ample enumeration of the Vale of Mowbray *flora*.

The Herb Christopher 'Baneberry' survives in Whitefell gill, too, where our herborising doctor found it nearly a century ago; but, since his day 'the crown of glory' has been fitted upon the brows of that limestone gorge by the appearance and discovery therein of two notable wild flowers, never before recorded, I believe, for Wensleydale. The first one is the gaping wry-mouthed yellow Wood Snapdragon (Melampyrum silvaticum)—of which Dr. Fothergill perhaps had knowledge, *but he gave no locality*, and that still more remarkable floral mime, the gold and purple Lady's Slipper. Of the specimen of this *Cypripedium* gathered here, on a sloping shelf of the rocky steep, the exact spot for obvious reasons *not* to be given away.

The finder was not the writer, or he would have taken off his hat to it, and peradventure have fallen on his knees as Linnæus did before the Golden Gorse bush; I will say no more than that there was a reason why the "Lady" was not so saluted; suffice it, the "Slipper" was secured without the foot it fitted, so some fairy of nature should supply it with another upon subsequent occasion—which it did! The Lady's Slipper was there again in 1907, only an inch or two from its year-before 'chare' of a silvan nook. This locality will not be more than ten or a dozen miles as the crow

flies from the Wharfedale Kettlewell copse locality, in which "Cyp" reappeared in 1904-5, and, it is said, 1906. A poet says "the Orchis takes its annual step across the earth," but, as a matter of fact, it does not take such strides as the "Hop o' my Thumb" in the "Seven-league Boots" did in the never-to-be-forgotten fairy tale of our childhood.

After this recital one is afraid any further enumeration may come as a fatal anti-climax, but indeed there are yet a few more Wensleydale wild flowers that imperatively call for mention, so this tale of 1908 shall be consistently up-to-date. As in Swaledale, so here, about the Woodhall lead mines, certain maritime kinds of plants thrive among inland scars. Why, is not known for certain, one can only suppose them to be relics, left stranded where we find them when the salt waters drained away, or the land was uplifted, or both. These are the homely mauve *Thrift*, and the narrow-leaved Sea Plantain. With them grows the Lead-cress (*Thlaspi alpestre*) and among the flag-rock 'shatter' and *talus*, the black Maidenhair Spleenwort. In the Strands 'dub' nearer Carperby, the alpine Pondweed (*Potamogeton rufescens*) luxuriates. At the head of Bain-gill the succory-leaved Hawksbeard (*Crepis mollis*) grows sparingly in shade of 'scrub.' On a clayey bank of "till" by the Yore at Thoresby there are many tufts of the yellow-anthered form of the Blue-grass (Sesleria cærulea, var flavescens or lutea-alba), a rare variation in coloration, due to the argillaceous soil the species is forced to grow in, the natural matrix for its roots being alkaline limestone, which tends to produce blue in chemic-biology, whereas the silica of clay or sand is the-rather acid, and the flowers of plants growing upon it, or on peat, tend to be yellow or red, the oxidations of their tissue-colour never 'striking' cærulean. Another rarity, the Rock Violet (Viola rupestris), long known only upon Widdy Bank in Durham, with a hairy capsule and hairy blunt heart-shaped leaves, its early petalled flowers sparingly produced (the seasons being so backward where it grows that July finds it at its best) was discovered by the writer on the black platy shale banks in Mossdale, and the long-known Spignel (Meum Athamanticum) dots the turf of the stream bank with its plumy tufts of foliage; with the Swamp Bilberry (Vaccinium uliginosum) on the stony, heathery moor hardly a furlong away, these growing hereabouts in practically the same juxtaposition as in the Durham locality.

We have our flower basket almost full now, but it will hold one more, a 'freak' of a wild flower; this is the Red Broomrape (*Orobanche rubra*), unknown to Fothergill, for it affects and infests (being a parasite) one line of scar-slopes only, those between the Oxclose, above Carperby (by Locker's Tarn, there the green burrey Bedstraw, G uliginosum grows), and those above Preston to Leyburn's Shaw-hill "Shawl." This weird thing is of a burnt brick-

red colour, stalk and scale leaf, and hoody flower spike, and it grows out of the mingled yellow-mountain Beadstraw and the savoury Wild Thyme, which make a running fire along the limey shelves of the hill slope. Most persons would no doubt pass it by as a sere or 'fired' shrivel of a one-day succulent plant. It is as rare as it is curious, intermitting in its appearances on these slopes, for—it kills the thing that nurtures it, of which it exacts the milk of green life!

This dale is not, like Swaledale, the home of the Juniper—the 'blueberry.' That spirity shrub grows only in one spot—on the bold bluff of 'till' on Yore Bank, nearest to Askrigg Railway Station. How it came here is a conundrum! Wash down from Buttertubs pass, via Fossdale? Unlikely, unless by some unknown underground passage into Yore, via the Maze-Holes under Stag's fell! It is most likely bird-sown; that is, the seed having passed through the crop and trail of some berry-loving Merle, and been voided in the 'dropping'—then germinating. The Bird-Cherry' stones (of which Wensley has galore), spread their parent trees in this way all over the country, as do the Rowan and the thorn Haw. The 'choups' of the Rose-tree are much less often swallowed by birds, by reason of their irritating investiture of hairs. Still there are many more sorts of Wild Rose than of Bramble in the upper half of Wensley's dale, and little good fruit above Bear Park, for neither is this a land of the Blackberry any more than the Blue.

On the slope of Pen-hill, rocky Jack Wood offers a park of its own to our last rare wilding. This is the Odorous Agrimony (Agrimonia odorata) with two nuts in every bristly burr-fruit. It was discovered by Prof. Percival. The blue Hawkweed (Hieracium cæsium) grows in its company.

The last record is the latest in point of time to adorn the tale and point its moral—man's handiwork! The gaping yellow Monkey-flower of the Mill steam at Hawes, washed from some Gayle garden to begin with, prior to 1880, has spread by down wash to the shifting eyots of the Yore by Blackburn-sike spinney, where we may see it in juxtaposition with the dignified Purple-plume Wood Reed (Calamagrostis Epigejos)—as great a contrast in flower life as Wensleydale—lacking Palms and Pitcher plants—has to offer

F.A.L.

FINIS.

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